The Saturday Evening
POST
October 13, 1962 20¢

Can Accident Trigger a Nuclear War?

Fail-Safe

A Novel in Three Parts

By Eugene Burdick
Coauthor of The Ugly American
and Harvey Wheeler

Also in this issue

Key Political Race in Pennsylvania

Tip-to-Toe Fashions in Fur

The Catholic Church's worldwide Council

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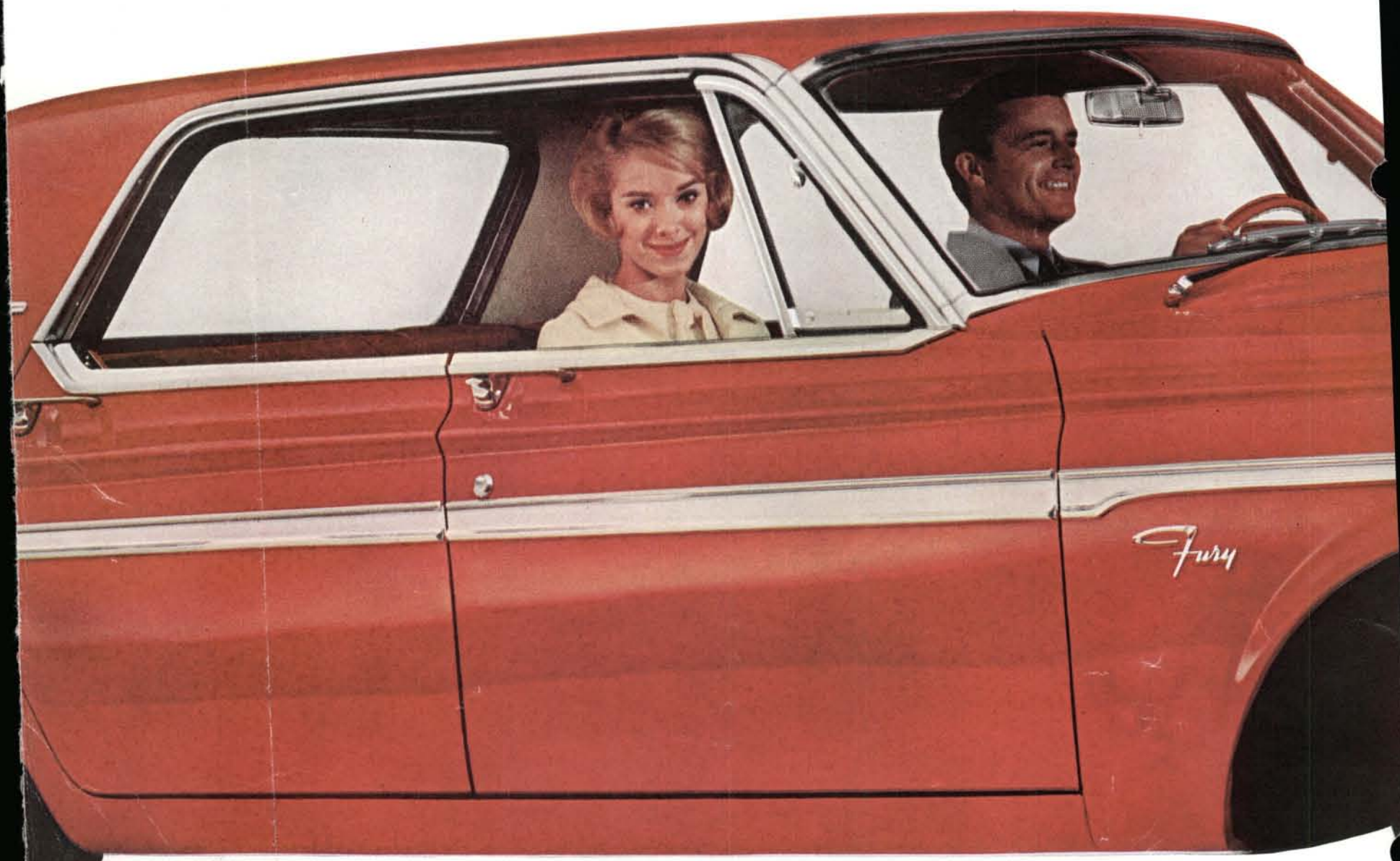

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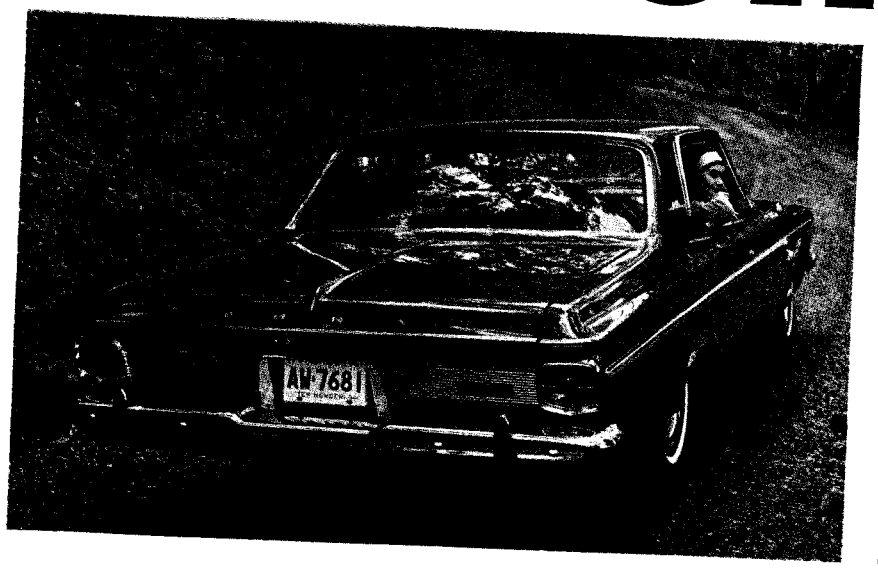

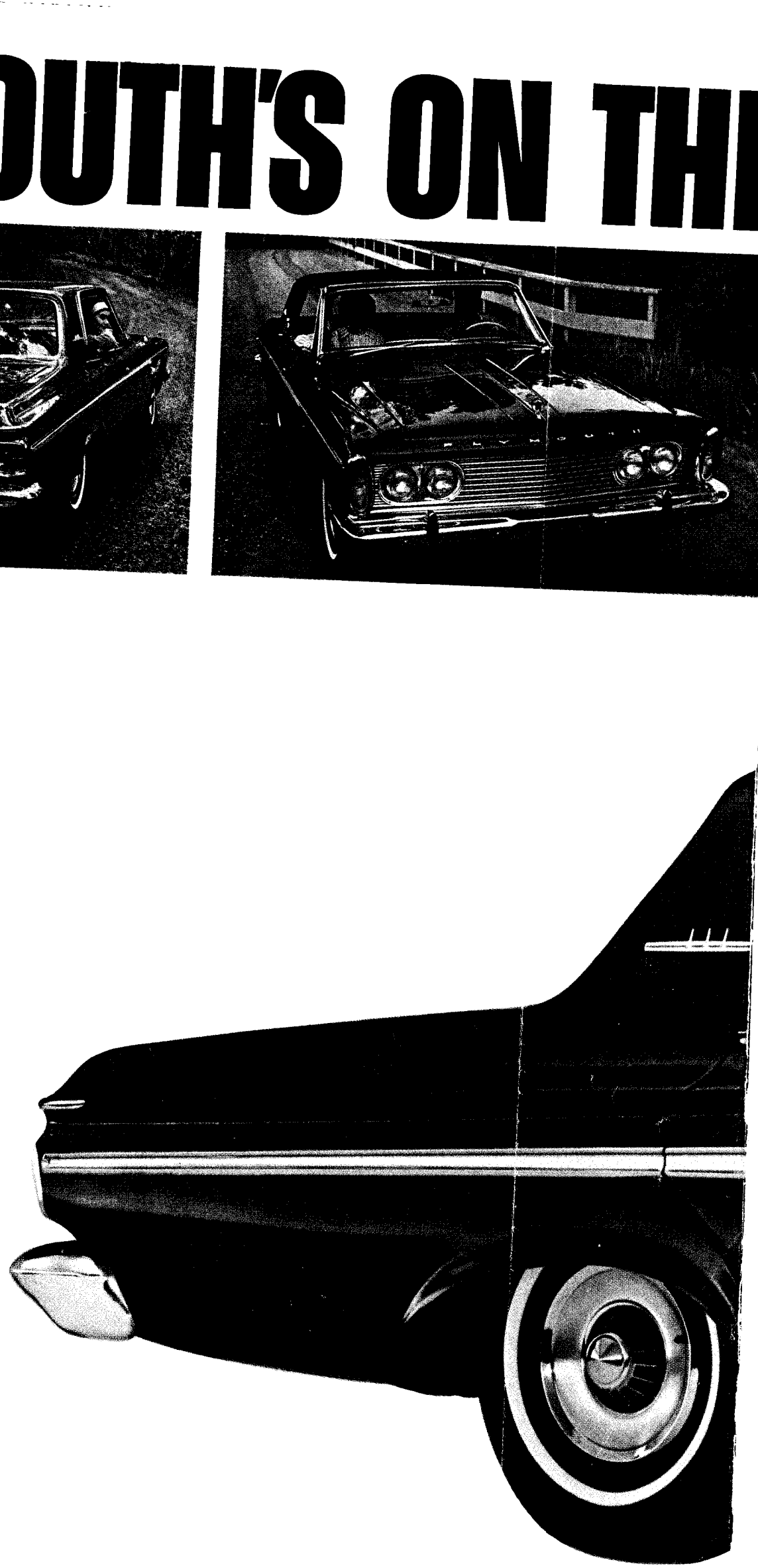

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The Post is proud to present a serialization of the forthcoming book FAIL-SAFE, this year's most timely novel. FAIL-SAFE describes in fictionalized form what might happen if a communications breakdown should cause nuclear-armed bombers to fly past their point of recall, setting in motion a train of events which world statesmen could not control.

COVER ILLUSTRATION: **By mistake, American bombers fly past the Fail-Safe point and approach Moscow. Can the world survive the Kremlin's angry reaction?**

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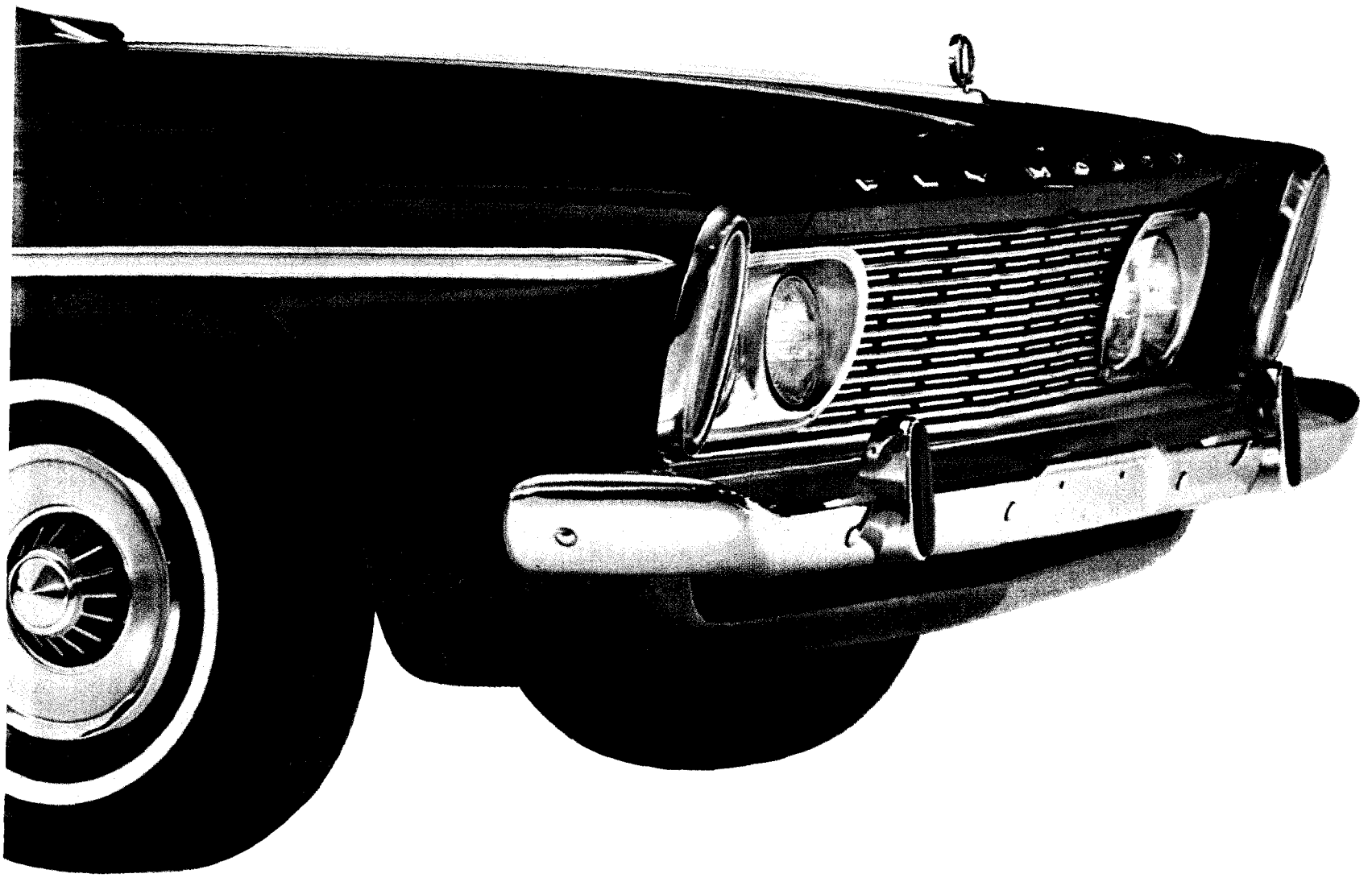

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IN THIS ISSUE. "The most exciting novel I have read in at least ten years," comments critic Clifton Fadiman concerning *Fail-Safe*, which starts in this week's *Post* as a three-part serial. "It supplies that modern, sinister shiver that comes of witnessing the operations of the most fantastically advanced technology," adds Fadiman, member of the Book-of-the-Month Club's editorial board which unanimously named the novel as the club's November selection. (It will be published later this month by McGraw-Hill Book Company.) Authors Burdick and Wheeler have done such a good job of making fantasy seem like fact, however, that *The Post* reminds its readers that *Fail-Safe* is purely fiction. The authors did not have access to any classified military information and admit that it is entirely possible that the war-crisis accident they depict cannot occur in the way they describe it. Yet they insist that the laws of probability dictate that ultimately an accident must occur that could plunge us into war. *The Post* editors cannot bring themselves to agree that an accident is inevitable, nor do we agree that the novel's horrifying solution is the only possible way out of a crisis precipitated by accident. But accidental warfare is a valid subject for consideration in these cold-war days, and we would do well to keep in mind the grave problems facing the President—and all of us—in keeping the peace. . . . **Eugene Burdick** and **Harvey Wheeler** are both 43 and both political scientists who write fiction only as a sideline. Burdick teaches at the University of California at Berkeley. Wheeler, a member of the faculty of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, is now on leave for research at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California. The basic theme of *Fail-Safe* was conceived as a short story by Wheeler and sketched out by him in 1958 at a luncheon in New York, where he met Burdick. Three years and many discussions later, Wheeler and Burdick decided to collaborate on a book that would expand the original idea. The writing was done late last year, with the authors turning out alternate chapters, then meeting to consolidate and edit. . . . Four women authors contribute to this issue: actress **Rosalind Russell,** New York *Herald Tribune* women's feature editor **Eugenia Sheppard,** medical writer **Alice Lake** and oil expert **Ruth Sheldon Knowles**. . . . The cover artist is **Robert McCall** of New York. . . . Last week's editorial page dealt with the haphazard sale of guns; this week's SPEAKING OUT concerns an allied subject, hunting licenses.

Harvey Wheeler (left) and Eugene Burdick.

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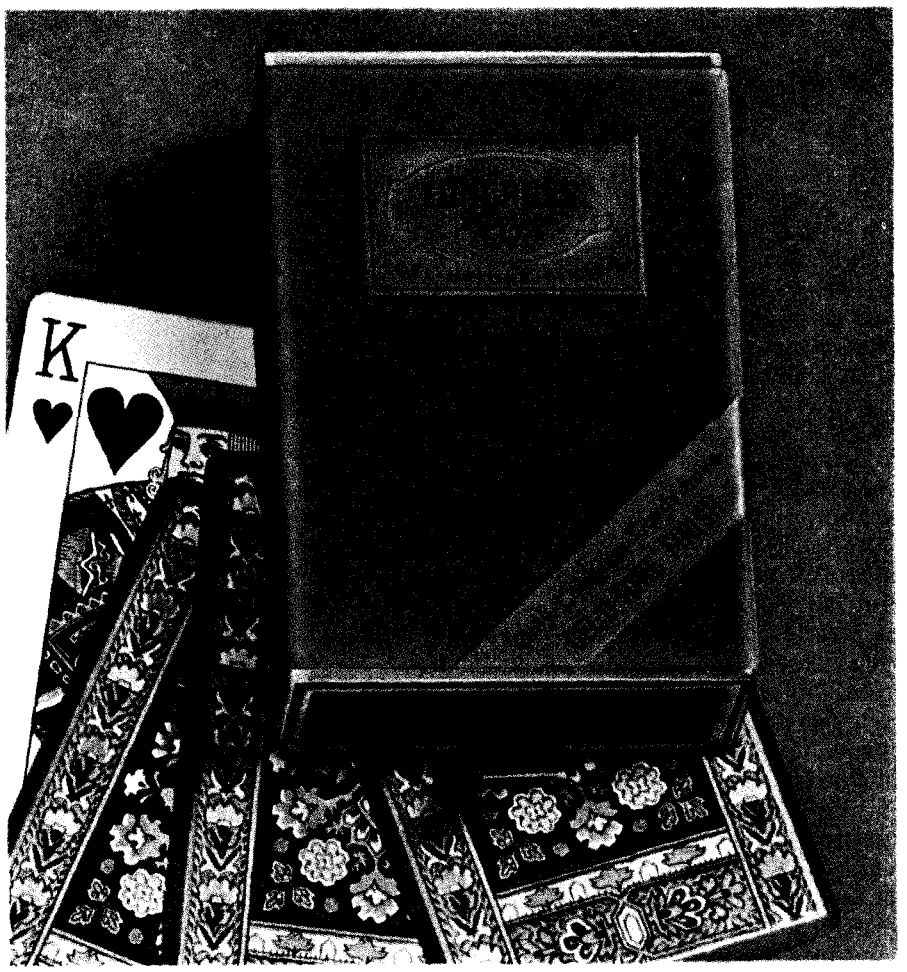

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LETTERS

A Friend in Need

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to *The Post* and Morton M. Hunt for THE DECLINE AND FALL OF FRIENDSHIP in your Sept. 15 issue. It was one of the most magnificent articles I have ever read. Immediately after finishing it, I *walked* nine blocks to show it to my friend. I only wish I could frame it and nail it to my front door.

MRS. PAUL P. GORDON
Frederick, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I have found it very hard to explain to my children what it means to have a true friend and to be a true friend. Your article will help me teach them the beauty of friendship.

MRS. CHARLES P. RUNYAN JR.
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Your article truly struck a personal chord because I was born and raised in France where friendship still means everything Mr. Hunt said it did. Ever since I came to live in America it's been a lonely struggle for me searching for such an invitation "in behind eyes and smiles where the real person dwells." My husband is in the service so we move around a lot. At times I've wondered sadly if I would have to abandon my ways of looking and feeling for the kind of friendship I'd always known and settle for what seemed to be the only substitute available in America: "the easy introduction, the quick invitation for a drink, the gift of the first name within minutes." Now I know I'll never have to do that.

MRS. ARTHUR STAFFORD
Fort Eustis, Va.

Reader Stafford: "a personal chord."

Dear Sirs:

Since finishing Morton Hunt's inspiring message just two hours ago, I made three long-overdue phone calls and wrote a sympathy card, get-well card and birthday note. I plan to keep his article nearby so that whenever I feel I'm too busy for friendship I will once again be willing to take time for this wonderful human relationship.

MRS. P. G. RECTOR
Decatur, Ga.

Caring for Kids

Dear Sirs:

I was most disappointed at the solution Vincent Riccio gives as the answer to the gang problem in his article [MY LIFE WITH JUVENILE GANGS, Sept. 15]. These kids are basically love-starved. They desperately need someone who will honestly love them—not just try to "rehabilitate" them or keep them from rumbling. And it must be genuine love. They can spot a phony quicker than anyone else.

ANNE MARTIN
Wheaton, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Vincent Riccio is an inspiration. He saw, he worked and—more importantly—he cared.

IRENE BRONK
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Vincent Riccio's failure with juvenile gangs was inevitable. His approach was wrong. Using appeasement and sympathy is akin to throwing gasoline on a smoldering fire.

JAY MURRAY
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Vincent Riccio states that it has been his experience that "social workers can't aid these warped little creatures. . . ." In our opinion these youths are not "warped little creatures." We would venture to say that Mr. Riccio's choice of words is indicative of the attitude that has served to create part of the problem. We would rather choose to believe in the essential dignity and worth of every individual, including the delinquent, and we are in opposition to anything that leaves the impression that there is no hope for them.

ALAN R. GRUBER
WARREN MCMANUS
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

It was interesting to read about Vincent Riccio and see that he worked with gangs in a teeming *Booklyn* slum. Another borough in New York is *The Bonx*. Or you might consider stories on the community affairs of *Baintree*, *Bockton* or *Bookline*—all in Massachusetts. Using your modern method of spelling, these towns look quite new and startling.

CLAUDE A. HIGGINS
Reading, Mass.

● *We will bing this to the attention of our poofreader.—ED.*

Support for Stars

Dear Sirs:

Hats off to *The Post* for Lois Dickert's refreshing article about Joanne Woodward [STAR WITHOUT AN IMAGE, Sept. 15]. I have read lots of rubbish about actresses recently; it was a pleasure to read about an unaffected, truly talented girl.

MRS. THOMAS A. HANES
Erie, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Joanne Woodward's idea of government support for actors is preposterous! Good actors don't need it; poor actors don't deserve it. I'm surprised Miss Woodward doesn't plump for government subsidization of press agents. Without press agents, most actors would be nowhere.

C. EUGENE MOORE
Lancaster, Pa.

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LETTERS

In and Out of the Doghouse

Dear Sirs:

After reading Pamela Gordon's article [SPEAKING OUT: MAN'S WORST FRIEND] in your Sept. 8 issue, I leap to my typewriter to request that you cancel our subscription. We would do better to spend the money on dog food.

MRS. MARTIN VAN WINKLE
Garland, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I never allow a dog in my house. I never go into a dog's house. If you get into the doghouse over this article, don't worry. A lot of us will be there with you.

MRS. HAROLD HUEY
Shelby, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Even though dog-lovers may grind their teeth at her charges, they'll have to admit she's right. After 60 years I still love dogs, but I love them on someone else's furniture, carpets and porches.

REV. BRIGGS P. DINGMAN
Lima, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Without saying which side I'm on, let me tell you that I've made a bet that Pamela Gordon's article brings one of the highest numbers of letters in *Post* history. No topic could be more dynamite to Americans.

LAWRENCE C. BASSETT
Yonkers, N.Y.

● *As this issue went to press Mrs. Gordon's article had inspired over 1,000 letters, postcards and telegrams.—ED.*

How Soon the Moon?

Dear Sirs:

Senator Clinton P. Anderson's article [SPEAKING OUT: LAST CHANCE FOR THE MOON, Sept. 15] points out the neglected area of nuclear propulsion in space research. However, his suggestion that we attempt to beat the Russians to the moon via a nuclear rocket is absurd. Admittedly, we will need the nuclear rocket in the 1970's and later for manned expeditions to the planets. However, if we want to reach the moon before the Russians, we will have to place all our efforts into one type of propulsion system. NASA has already done exactly that: the Saturn C-5 configuration (Project Apollo) has been chosen for the moon mission. It would be ridiculous to change horses in midstream.

HILMER SWENSON JR.
Abilene, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I simply do not understand why it is so necessary for the U.S. to overtake Russia's lead in space. We lead in material wealth. We lead in a religious and spiritual sense. We lead in moral values. We should double our efforts to maintain these leads rather than knock our collective brains out reaching for Russian pie in the sky.

JOE BRODY
New York City

Coming . . . in next week's Post

The Closeup Story of the
Thalidomide Babies

Irving Berlin: Back on Broadway

Henry Ford II Writes on
Choosing a Business Career

College Football Has Gone Berserk

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SPEAKING OUT

Boobs in the Woods

The countryside is full of incompetent gunners—and their human victims.

By DONALD E. FOLTZ

Last October an eighteen-year-old hunter of limited intelligence was sitting near a railroad track in Maine, waiting for rabbits. Hearing a noise in the woods, he jumped up and accidentally shot his fourteen-year-old hunting companion. An investigating officer reported that the eighteen-year-old had a hunting license, although he appeared to be mentally retarded. The report concluded: "The county attorney is not in favor of prosecution, because of the boy's mental condition."

This dull-witted boy had been given a hunting license without anyone's questioning his mental or physical ability to handle a gun. After the accident, he was allowed to keep his hunting license.

I am violently opposed to the idiotic policy of granting hunting privileges so freely. As director of the Indiana Department of Conservation, I am forced by law to issue hunting licenses to anyone who has the fee—even the feebleminded or half blind. And I must face the terrible consequences of such leniency. Each fall, as soon as hunting season opens, reports of accidental shootings begin coming across my desk. Last year my state was remarkably lucky: There were only three killed and twenty-nine wounded.

Mass Slaughter by License

Indiana's casualties were insignificant compared with the national hunting toll of about 700 killed and 9000 wounded in 1961, as estimated by the National Safety Council. Last year in the United States there were three times as many hunting deaths as passenger deaths in commercial-airline crashes, train wrecks and bus accidents combined.

Our states are strict about granting licenses to drivers, because a car can be a lethal weapon; but they will give almost anyone a hunting license. All states require drivers to pass eyesight tests, but no state checks the eyesight of its hunters. All states require motorists to prove their knowledge of safety rules of the road and car handling, but forty-seven states will issue a hunting license to a grown man who doesn't know the difference between a double-barreled shotgun and a Colt .45. And thirty-eight states will fork over hunting licenses to children after asking only one question: "Do you have the license fee?"

Consequently our hunting areas are overrun with dangerous incompetents—from the kid shooting rabbits in a farmer's pasture to the vacationing hunter stalking bear in the Rockies. If one of them happens to miss his mark and hit a human being, the penalty is slight. He may get a fine and a harsh lecture, but chances are he'll be out there blasting away again next year, maybe even next week. To be blunt, our hunting laws are not meant to protect hunters; they are designed to protect wildlife.

In my opinion we should be as tough with applicants for hunting licenses as we are with candidates for drivers' licenses. We could slash the hunting-accident toll by at least half, preventing about 5000 casualties a year, if all states would adopt three laws:

1. *Anyone who is granted a hunting license for the first time should have to prove that he is capable of hunting safely.*

Ignorant kids mistakenly put 20-gauge shells into 12-gauge shotguns, not suspecting the gun might explode. Hunters fire into water, unaware that the bullet can ricochet and hit someone. When parties of hunters flush a pheasant, everybody shoots wildly, instead of letting one man fire—the man closest to the bird. Who suffers from this ignorance? In three out of every four hunting accidents the gunner is unscathed; the victim is usually a child, a farmer, a passing motorist or a fellow hunter.

Typical of the untrained hunter is the thirty-eight-year-old Californian who went on his first hunting trip last year. He bought a deer license, borrowed a rifle and set off with a friend in a pickup truck. When they parked near a hunting site, a game warden approached them for a routine check. The novice hunter, not knowing whether it was legal to have his gun loaded, frantically ejected three of the shells from the magazine. Trying to get the remaining cartridge out of the gun, he fumbled. The gun fired and killed his friend.

Seeking Tests for Hunters

I say we should require all novice hunters to pass a course in safety rules and gun handling before we give them hunting permits. Since 1949, New York State has required its hunters to take four hours of safety training before they can qualify for a first hunting license. The course, given under the auspices of the National Rifle Association of America, costs the hunter nothing. Finally the student takes an examination that includes written questions and a shooting-performance test. If he flunks the exam, he doesn't get the license.

After twelve years of this testing and training, New York has slashed its hunting accident rate by 50 percent. From 1938 through 1949 the state issued about 6,000,000 hunting licenses. In this period there were 1744 hunting accidents. Since 1950 during which time the hunter-training law was in effect, New York has sold about 12,000,000 hunting licenses and has had only 1432 hunting casualties.

Twelve other states have recently enacted similar hunter-training laws but, except in Connecticut and Rhode Island, they apply only to youngsters—in some cases only to those under fourteen. All states should follow New York's lead and enact laws requiring proof of competency before issuing a hunting license to anyone.

2. *Before receiving a license, every hunter should pass an eyesight test.*

Hunters should be able to see the difference between deer and people, but no state demands that its hunters' eyes be tested.

Seeing "Game" in Woods

In Indiana, just before hunting season opened last year, a sixteen-year-old boy thought he saw a squirrel move in a hickory tree. He fired and out tumbled the body of his fourteen-year-old nephew—dead.

Last year a deer hunter in Michigan detected a slight movement 100 feet away, behind a couple of trees. He raised his rifle, thought he saw a deer's horns and fired. Expecting to find a dead deer, he discovered that he had killed another hunter with a bullet through his stomach. The only "horns" in the area were tree twigs.

There can be no doubt that faulty vision accounts for many "mistaken for game" accidents. Some of the cases are bizarre. Last October a West Virginian thought he saw a turkey in the brush; he took aim and fired. The "turkey" was a man. He jumped up. The shooter fired another round, this time thinking he had a woodchuck in his sights. Fortunately he was still off target, so his victim survived, although peppered from head to foot with buckshot.

Of the gunners who cause accidents, 77 percent have defective vision, according to the Minnesota Hunter

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A farmer with a Master's degree in Education, Donald E. Foltz served in the Indiana Legislature from 1955 until he was appointed director of the state's Department of Conservation last year.

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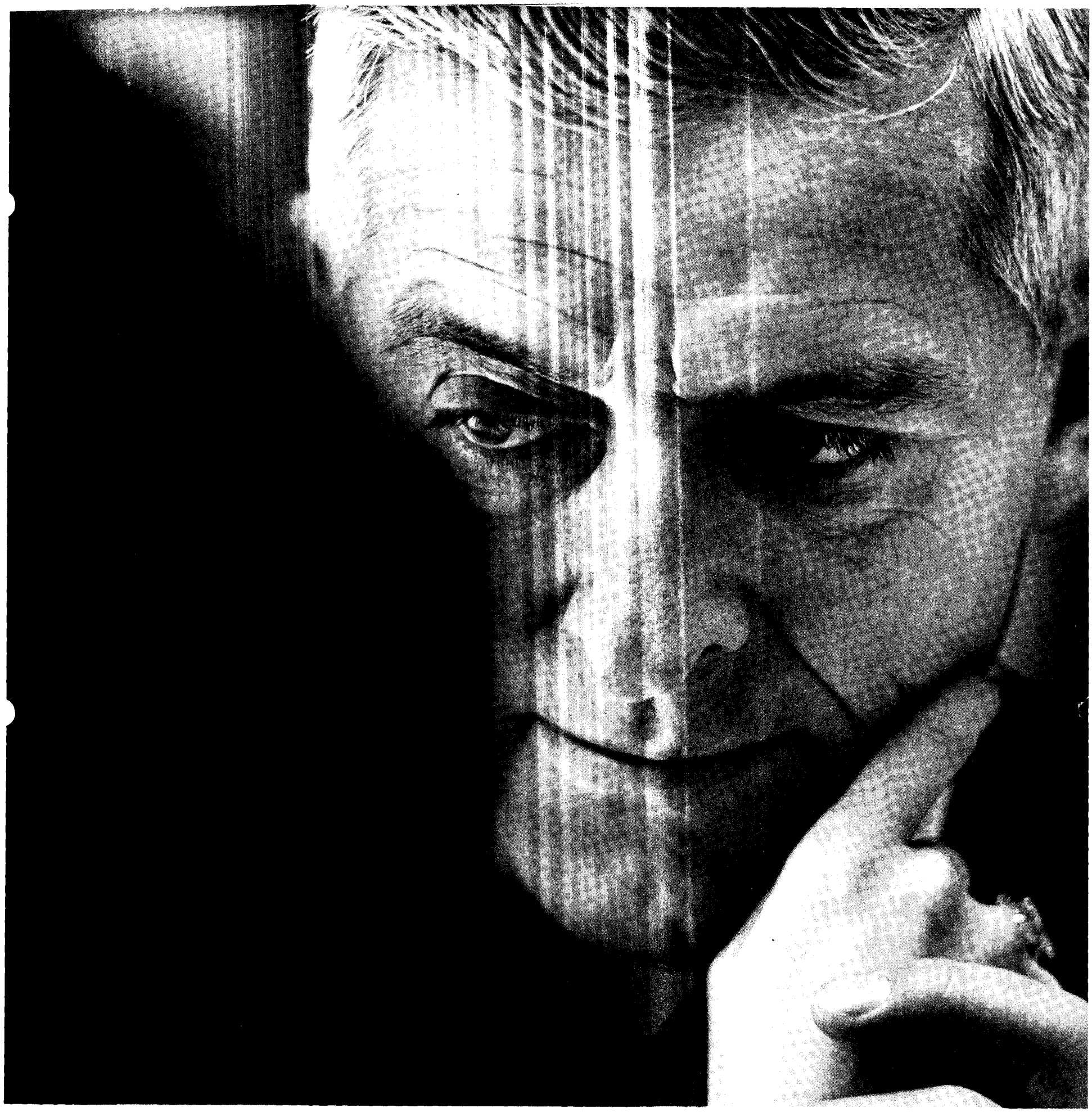

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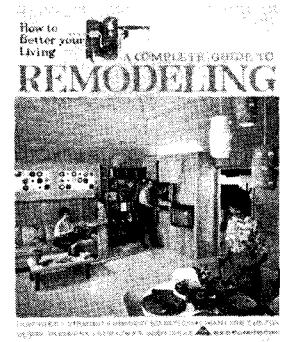

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SPEAKING OUT

Casualty Study, the most comprehensive analysis of hunting accidents ever made.

As part of the study, Dr. Roger O. Lindquist, of the Minnesota Optometric Association, tested seventy-four hunters—all involved in major hunting accidents in 1953—for visual acuity, muscle balance, depth perception and color recognition. He compared the vision of these hunters with the vision of a control group. Two thirds of the negligent gunners he tested had faulty depth perception—which would make it difficult for them to tell whether another hunter was within range of their bullets.

Doctor Lindquist found that all of the victims who were accidentally shot when mistaken for game wore red clothing; but 60 percent of the men who shot them were color-blind.

The most frightening fact in Doctor Lindquist's report was that most of the hunters with visual defects didn't know their eyesight was faulty. Three out of four color-blind men never even suspected their handicap.

A simple vision test would uncover these menaces. Certainly a man who can't see what he's aiming at should not hunt.

3. *No one under sixteen should be permitted to hunt.*

Right now kids can start hunting in most states at age twelve and sometimes younger, provided (in most states, not all) they are accompanied by an adult.

Driving No, Shooting Yes

An Ohio license seller told me recently, "I guess if a kid's big enough to carry a gun, and he's got the money, I have to sell him a hunting license even if he's only six."

If we know a youngster lacks the judgment necessary to be trusted with a car, why should anyone think he is mature enough to handle a gun?

Last November a fifteen-year-old Connecticut schoolboy and his seventeen-year-old companion walked down an overgrown logging trail to get partridge. The younger boy noticed that his rifle was fully cocked and ready to fire. Nervously he tried to set the safety catch. But his fingers tripped the hair trigger, driving a bullet into his friend's back. Seven months later the victim emerged from the hospital, paralyzed from the waist down. Even so, the tragedy is not all his. The boy who shot him was so anguished that he had to be put under a psychiatrist's care.

Statistics prove that children under sixteen have three times as many hunting accidents as other hunters. Although this age group makes up only 10 percent of the total hunting population, they were involved last year in 27 percent of the hunting accidents in Minnesota, and about the same percentage in Wisconsin, Michigan and Oklahoma. Although an exact count cannot be made, these figures indicate that youngsters below the age of sixteen were involved in nearly 3000 hunting casualties last year.

Many of these accidents were caused by horseplay. One twelve-year-old boy cracked a bottle over the barrel of his loaded rifle; it fired a shot into an eleven-year-old bystander. Another lad grew tired of hunting and began plinking shots at an old iron kettle; a bullet ricocheted, striking his companion in the head. A young duck hunter braced the muzzle of his shotgun against his chest while he leaned over to pick up decoys. He accidentally blasted a fatal hole in his breast. Another teen-ager, disgusted when he couldn't clear a jammed barrel, tossed his gun behind him; it struck a rock and discharged into his back, killing him.

Are these the kind of "mature" hunters you would like to have as companions in the field? I wouldn't, I can assure you.

Impose Harsher Penalties

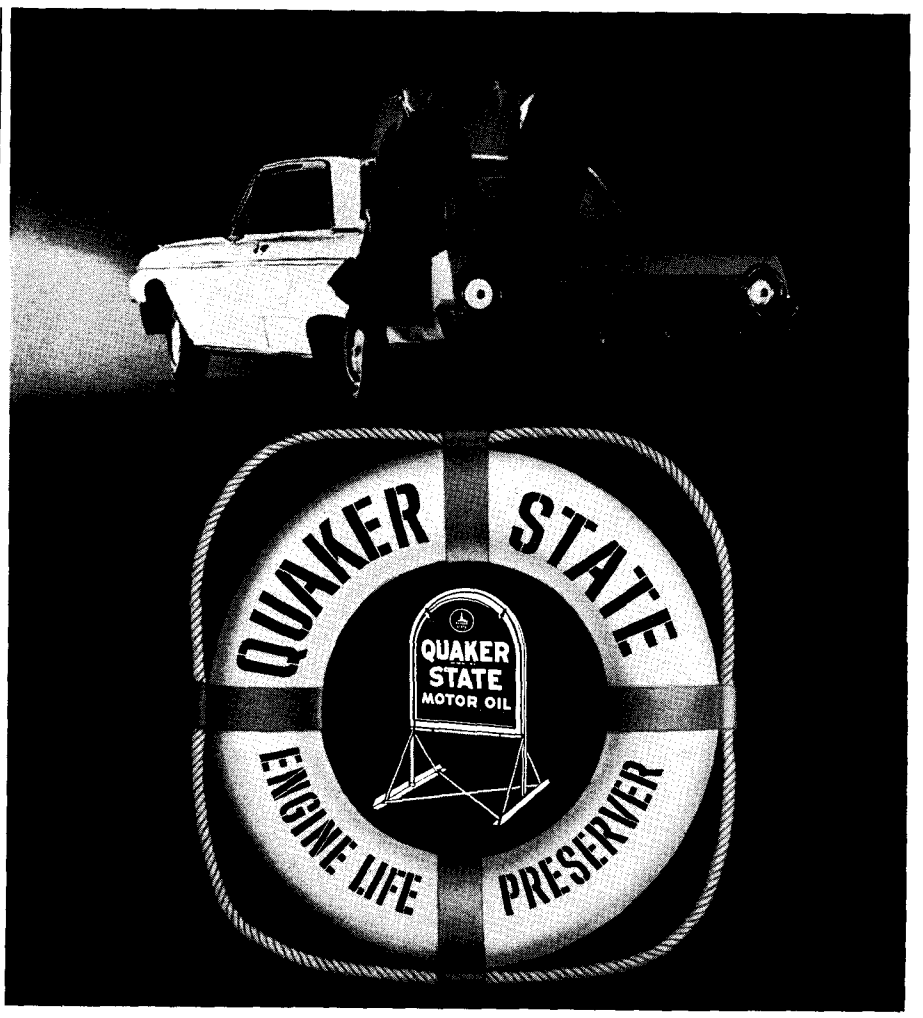
If all the states adopted the three proposals I have outlined, many dangerous hunters would be eliminated. To make hunting even safer, the states must clamp down on the negligent hunter after he has caused an accident. Right now, the penalty for wounding or killing another person while hunting is insignificant. At most, the hunter responsible for causing a death is fined a few hundred dollars, and perhaps deprived of his license for a year.

The states can impose harsher penalties, but they don't. In Minnesota, "mistaken for game" killing is a criminal offense, punishable by imprisonment from five to twenty years. But there hasn't been a conviction under this statute in fifty-seven years. In New Jersey it is illegal to hunt while under the influence of liquor or a drug, but no one has been prosecuted for this offense in fifteen years.

The classic case occurred in Colorado several years ago, when seventeen hunters were slain in a two-week preseason hunt. Not a single hunter who caused a death was prosecuted, but three men who killed a calf during the same shooting spree were fined $600 each and put on five years' probation.

In many states the hunting codes have not been substantially reviewed in twenty years. Indiana is one of the states that do not forbid people to hunt while intoxicated. When I asked one of our conservation officers what he would do if he came across a drunken hunter, he replied, "I'd run like hell!"

When the Indiana legislature convenes next January, we're going to ask for a law making it illegal to hunt while intoxicated. We're also going to press for adoption of my other proposals, in order to give Hoosiers the protection they're entitled to. Until we outlaw dangerous hunters, I'll stay out of the woods. During hunting season you'll find me behind my desk in Indianapolis—far from the reach of an incompetent's bullet. **THE END**



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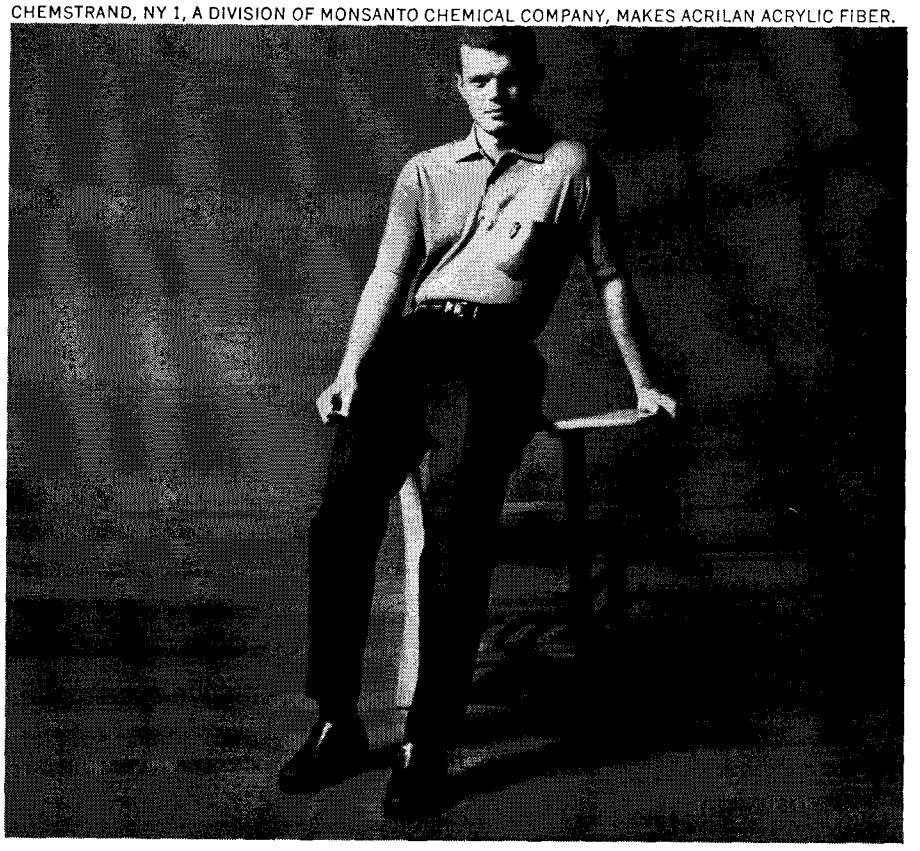

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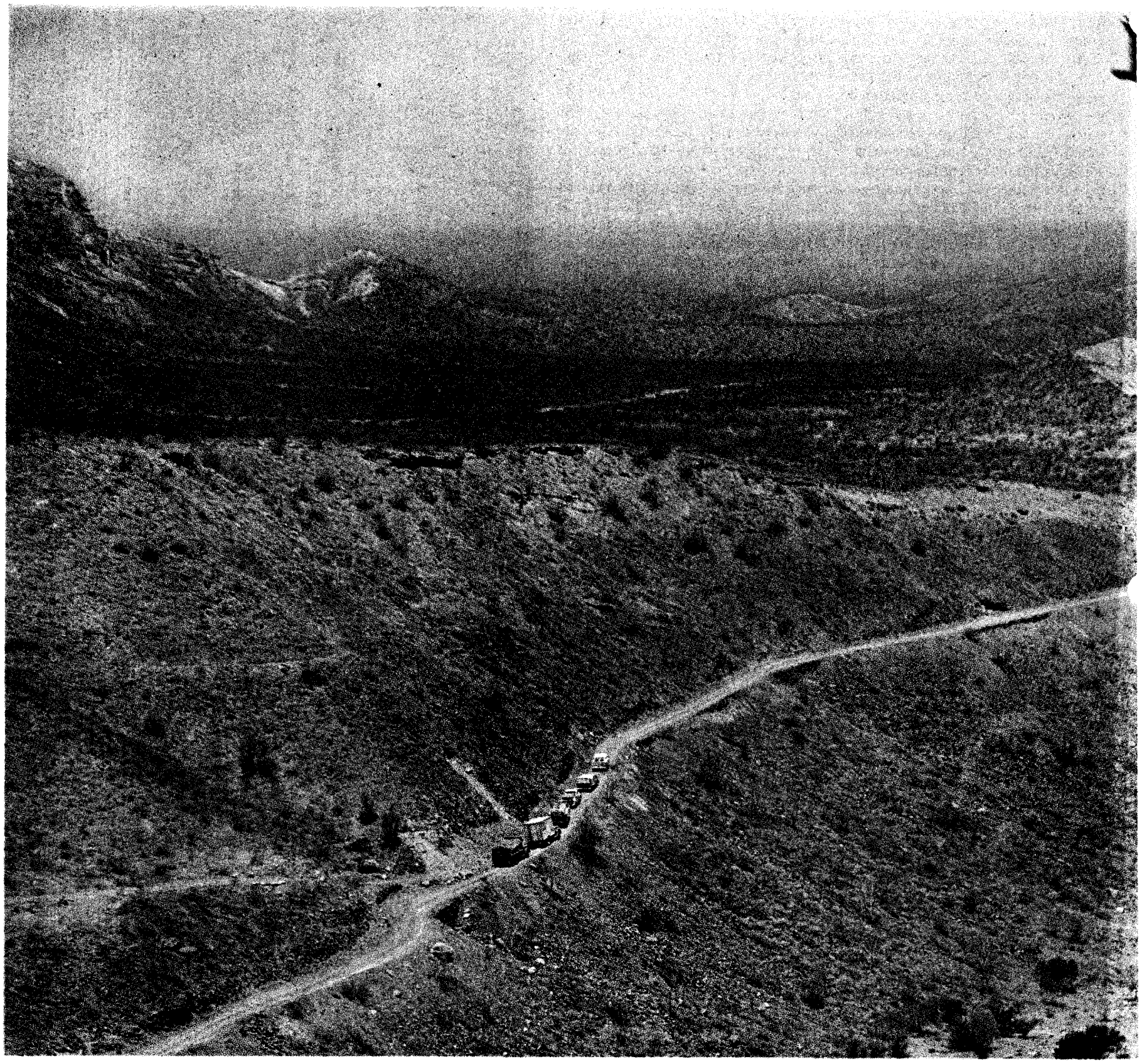
The Baja Run!

(WHERE, IF YOU THINK YOU BUILD A TOUGH TRUCK, YOU FIND OUT!)



To show the strength and value of new '63 Chevrolet truck engines, frames, suspensions and narrow front ends . . . we took on and whipped the toughest run under the sun—Mexico's Baja (bah'hah) Peninsula!

These are pictures of the trek down the peninsula—a thousand miles that seemed like a million. This part of the trip took 17 days.

Below Ensenada, the road turns into a winding trail studded with rocks and hard-baked ruts that bang, punch, jab and jerk the trucks from stem to stern.

Loose sand makes them struggle and strain. Dust chokes them. Heat roasts them. Rivers drench them. It's nature's proving ground for trucks—*a road that bears no resemblance to Mexico's modern highways.*

The truck Caravan was made up of a Carryall, a ½-ton pickup with new 230-cu.-in. 6-cylinder engine, a ¾-ton pickup with new 292-cu.-in. 6;* a Series 60 van, a Series 60 diesel tanker, and a Series 80 tandem. The expedition was self-sufficient—all food, water, fuel and other supplies were carried.

The farthest distance covered in any one day was 200 miles in 19 hours; shortest was 32 miles in 9 hours. Highest temperature encountered was 122 degrees F. at Dry Lake. Maximum elevation was 5,000 feet.

The trucks performed magnificently. Each day's run was completed on schedule. The trip helped to prove that 1963 Chevrolet trucks are the toughest, best-performing units we've ever built.

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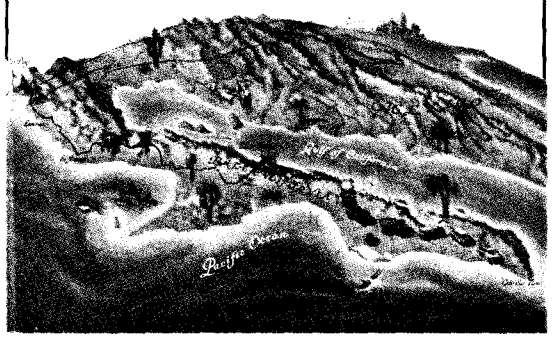
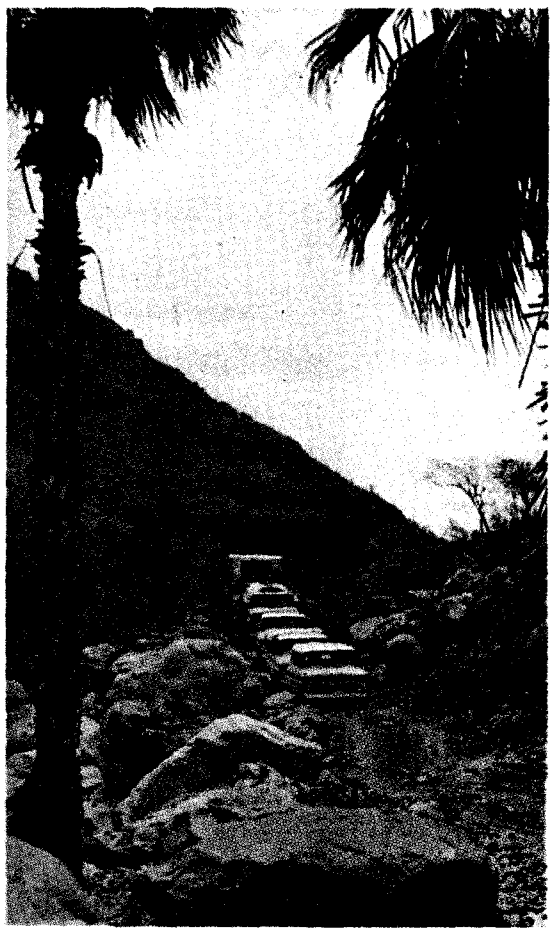
Round trip from Detroit to the bottom of Baja California, Mexico, is just over 8,000 miles. Here are pictures of the toughest part of the run.

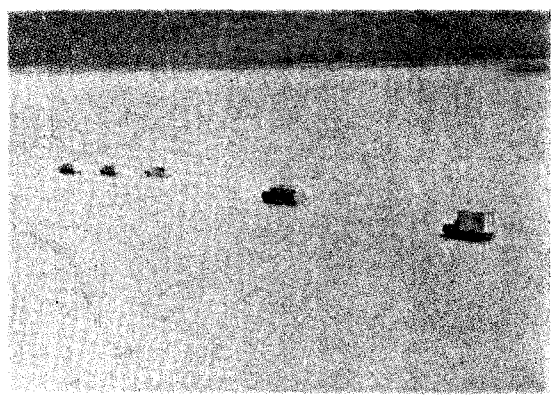


Entering El Rosario, second day out. The road's beginning to worsen. We see a few trucks, people on burros or horseback. The worst, we know, is yet to come.

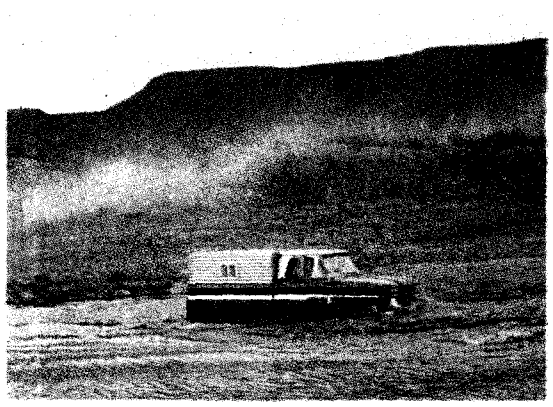
Pretty bad here. We creep along for hours in low gear. This road makes you appreciate good suspension systems. Look at that left front wheel feeling its way over the ruts!

Dust, dust, and more dust. We space out more so we can see where we're going. Oh, for a good cross-wind. And a bath. The trucks could stand one, too. Wishful thinking.



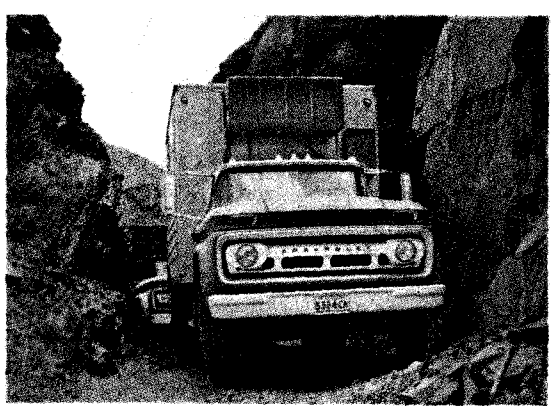


Dry Lake. Dry is right. And hot. It's 122 degrees F. The trail has disappeared here, but the guide knows where he's going. Trucks just keep rolling. No trouble.



Water. Fast and deep. A bridge builder would go broke down here. Nobody stalls out. But the brakes are really soaked; we take it easy. The rocks on that river bottom!

More rocks. Slow, weary going. Try to make time here and you're asking for trouble. If this isn't a test for frames and sheet metal, nothing is. Tight squeeze up ahead.



Need a shoe horn here but the big trucks make it. The narrower front ends pay off. A lot of users who have to operate in close quarters are going to like this new feature.

Hope nobody's coming the other way. Brakes are getting a good workout. Shifted gears 17 times in the last 10 minutes. We creep along. Better safe than sorry.

Not far from La Paz now. The country's beginning to flatten out. Then on to Cabo San Lucas at the tip. It's been a hard trip. We know these trucks are tough.

The "new reliables"...'63 Chevrolet Trucks

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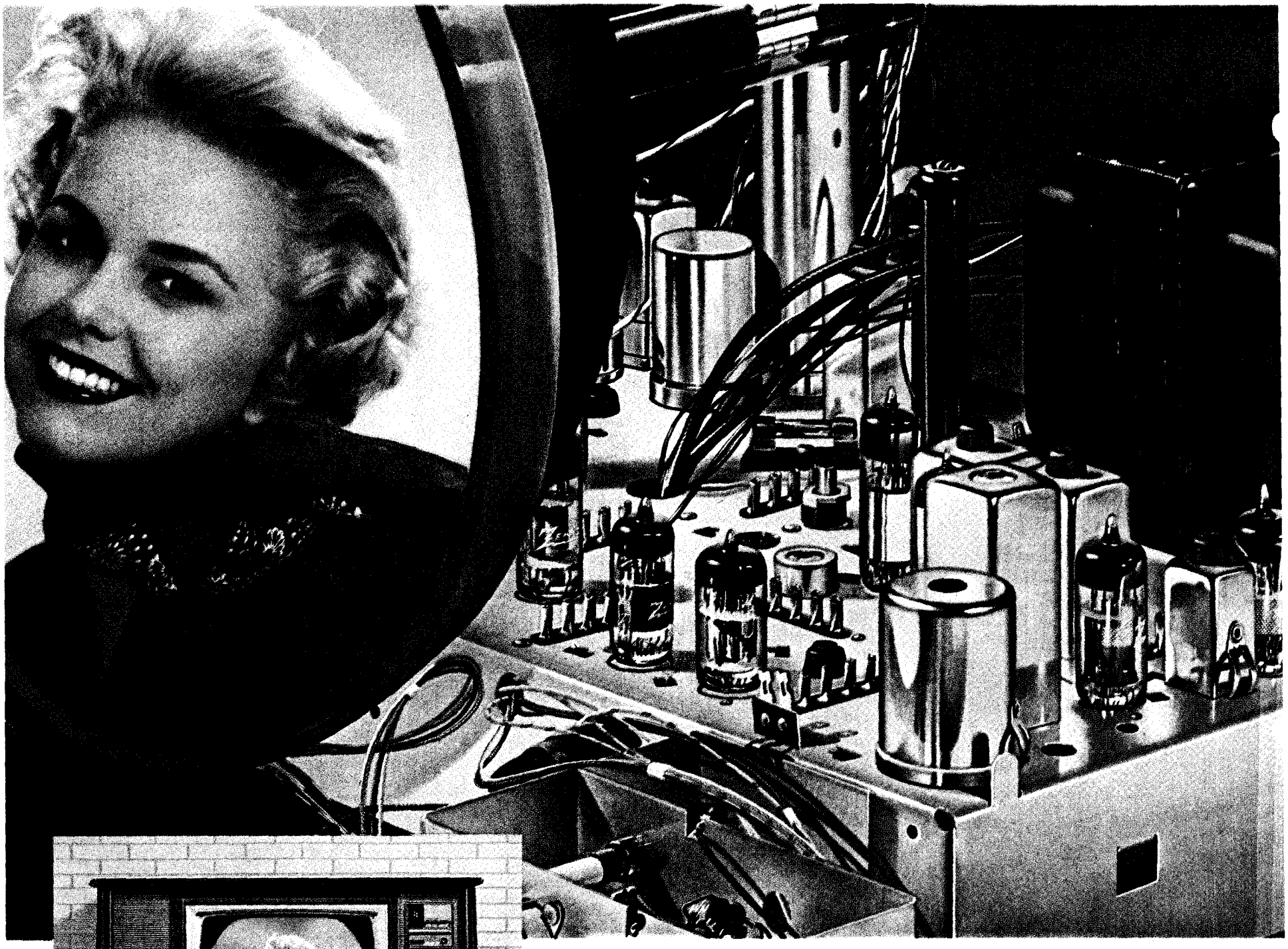

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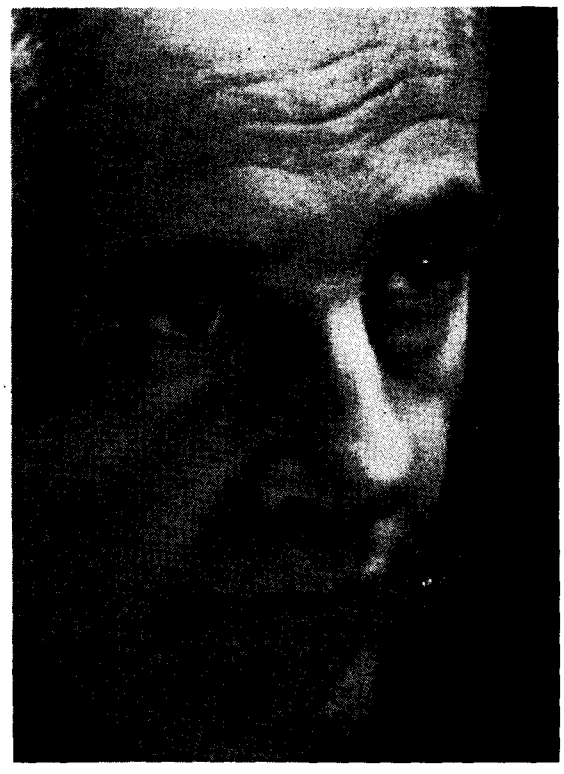
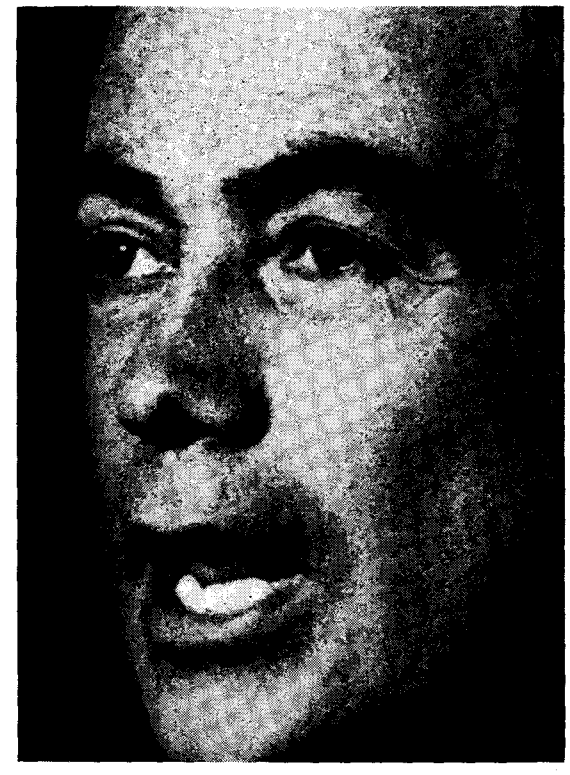


Dilworth—can he help the President?



Scranton—is he presidential timber?

Key Race in The Keystone State

Pennsylvania's toss-up gubernatorial fight will show how the national tide is running. • By HAROLD H. MARTIN

More than 5,000,000 Pennsylvanians will go to the polls next month to choose a governor, a United States Senator, and a hatful of lesser officeholders in an election which should tell the country a great deal about how the political tides are running in the second year of the New Frontier. It should also give President Kennedy a clue as to the kind of public welcome he may expect when he takes to the hustings in 1964.

Moreover, Pennsylvania's governor has power that extends deep into national politics. Under the state's spoils system that still prevails, he dispenses 50,000 patronage jobs—a potent weapon in influencing where Pennsylvania's electoral votes will go in the next presidential election.

There could hardly be a more significant testing ground than Pennsylvania in 1962. The 5,500,000 voters who will cast their ballots on November 6 are almost equally divided between Republicans and Democrats. They represent workingmen and farmers, steel tycoons and labor leaders, organized urban voters from the tolerant and somewhat sinful cities, and austere independents from the Bible Belt of rural counties. They are high-nosed bluebloods from Philadelphia's Main Line, and bird-watchers from the estates of the bedroom counties around the big cities. They are Negroes and Italians, feeling their political oats, and a grab-bag of all the ethnic groups of Central Europe, many of them in industries haunted by the specter of depression.

Many of the nation's problems come to sharp focus in Pennsylvania. With 350,000 out of work, the state has the highest unemployment rate of any heavily industrialized state in the nation. Her railroads, her textile mills, her steel industry and her mining interests are in deep trouble, and too few new industries are coming in.

The problems facing the man who will move into the handsome old executive mansion at Harrisburg are the same, therefore, as those which faced Mr. Kennedy when he moved into a somewhat more stately mansion in Washington. In a time of mixed prosperity and depression—of good times that are not good enough—what kind of leader do the people want?

The Republican candidate, William Warren Scranton, is an amiable young multimillionaire with a sense of dedication to his state, a freshman Congressman whose voting record reveals him to be a forward-looking but innately cautious Eisenhower-type Republican. His public utterances are not memorable. They are, in fact, sometimes almost incomprehensible.

But he has, according to the pollsters, shown a remarkable genius for impressing the electorate

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Scranton: amiable, young, forward-looking, but innately cautious.

Scranton gets Ike's support at a campaign rally.

with his sincerity. He has also, with unerring political touch, united the warring factions in his own party, a combination of attributes that has set his followers to burbling happily that he is obviously presidential timber.

If by chance the vagaries of Republican politics should place Mr. Scranton in opposition to Mr. Kennedy in 1964, tongues would wag in Hyannis Port and Boston. There Mr. Scranton is remembered as an old friend of the Kennedys, and a onetime ardent swain of the President's sister, Kathleen.

The Democratic candidate, Richardson Dilworth, the former mayor of Philadelphia, is a handsome, aging, but still vigorous veteran of the political wars, who wears with a somewhat antique gallantry the battered but still shining armor of an old-time New Deal liberal, crusader and reformer. His public utterances are both memorable and lucid, and sometimes so politically ill-advised that he wishes fervently his hearers would forget them. His genius as a vote getter has been tested in many a campaign against both Republicans and his own party's hacks. In 1951 he and his running mate on the current ticket, Sen. Joseph Sill Clark Jr., smashed a corrupt and complacent Republican machine that had ruled in Philadelphia since 1881. Clark went into City Hall as mayor, with Dilworth supporting his reforms as district attorney. At the end of his term, with the cleanup well under way, Mr. Clark passed the crusader's torch on to Mr. Dilworth and moved up to the Senate. Mr. Dilworth ran with it with such boundless zest that he became a legend among mayors.

Eager Leap Into Governor's Race

This caused no public clamor that Mr. Dilworth should offer himself for President. But it did convince Mr. Dilworth that the genius he displayed in enlisting Democrats, Republicans and Independents alike in common cause to lift Philadelphia out of a political and economic quagmire could as well be employed in the service of his floundering state. Last spring, therefore, hearing the bugles blowing on a larger battlefield, he resigned as mayor and leaped joyously into the governor's race.

Although their party labels reflect their differences in political philosophy, in other respects Mr. Dilworth and Mr. Scranton at first glance seem to be cast so much in the same mold that an indecisive voter might be inclined to toss a coin between them. Both are Yale-trained lawyers of impeccable social background and independent wealth—although in this respect Mr. Scranton is considerably more independent than Mr. Dilworth. Each can trace his ancestry back through generations prominent in Pennsylvania. Dilworth's forebears arrived in Philadelphia in 1690. In 1840 a Scranton ancestor started a foundry in Slocum Hollow in the hills of northeastern Pennsylvania and gave the family name to the town which grew up around it.

Both men have served their country valiantly in battle, Dilworth as a Marine in two wars, Scranton as an Air Force officer in World War II. Both have raised large families of handsome children, Scranton by one mate, Dilworth by two, and each today has a wife who would play the role of first lady with dignity and poise. And each learned at his mother's knee that the conservative Republican philosophy was the salvation of the state and the source of all economic good.

Here, however, the analogy of a Democratic Tweedledum versus a Republican Tweedledee begins to fall apart.

Contrasting the Two Candidates

Dilworth grew up to become a New Deal liberal—a departure from the Republican norm so disturbing to his mother that she put his modest inheritance in trust for him for fear he did not have judgment enough to manage it for himself. The late Mrs. E. Worthington Scranton, known as The Duchess, a Republican National Committeewoman for 23 years, kept a somewhat firmer grip upon the political thought processes of her son. He did drift away from her precepts in some degree, but only far enough to find haven in the ranks of the more progressive Republicans. This was not considered a fatal aberration, and his patrimony, which will amount to about $10,000,000 when the estate is finally settled, comes down to him unfettered by legal restrictions.

There are other basic differences. Dilworth at 64 bears the honors, and the scars, of 30 years of political strife. The hustings are strewn with the bones of the Republicans he has vanquished, and the renaissance of Philadelphia is a monument to his genius. Mr. Scranton, as a freshman Congressman with only one Democratic scalp dangling at his belt, is still relatively untested and unscarred at 45. He has had no reason to make a deep study of the inner workings of state government. Mr. Dilworth, like any mayor forced to fight for his city against a hostile or apathetic legislature, knows the power patterns of state politics as he knows the wrinkles in his own hand.

More important, Mr. Dilworth has had a gnawing ambition to be governor of Pennsylvania ever since he entered politics, and in his quest for this high office he has had to fight not only the Republicans but the ward-boss elders of his own party, who have found it difficult to back an Ivy League blueblood with a disconcerting habit of thumbing his nose at party discipline. Mr. Scranton, on the other hand, has never felt any overwhelming urge to be governor, nor to hold any other public office. He got into politics, his friends explain, merely because he felt that a man in his position should do all he could to serve his state, and an economic philosophy, which had been so kind to him and his family for so many generations. In Congress he was happily fulfilling this obligation, and the elders of his party had to twist his arm severely to persuade him to enter the governor's race.

Curiously, in the early days of the contest Mr. Scranton seemed to be the more eager of the two. Tall, slim, poised and smiling, he, and his wife Mary, sought out the voters with such beaverlike intensity that a house painter high on a ladder was startled to find Mr. Scranton climbing up to shake his hand and ask for his support.

Mr. Dilworth strolled about on his street tours at a slower pace, and his approach to the prospective voter seemed diffident, even shy. With his silver hair, his collar-ad profile, his beautifully tailored clothing of antique cut, he looked—and acted—somewhat like an old-time movie actor half hoping that his public would recognize him, half fearing that they wouldn't. Nervously twiddling a small smooth stone his wife had given him to keep him from picking at his cuticle until his fingers bled, he seemed reluctant to intrude on the voters' privacy, and it was his tiny, patrician wife Ann who gave the impression of being the more vigorous campaigner.

On one occasion Mr. Dilworth passed up the chance to solicit the votes of a half dozen men seated at a table in a hotel restaurant in Shamokin. Asked about it, he looked pained. "Naturally I wouldn't intrude," he said. "They were having their soup."

This picture of a modest, shy and unobtrusive Dilworth is deceptive, as anybody knows who has ever tangled with him on the stump. As a famous trial lawyer before he became a political crusader, his wits were sharpened and his oratory polished in years of courtroom argument, and he thrives on controversy and verbal swordplay.

Biting-Word Barrages for Foes

Before an audience of state payrollers or Democratic leaders whose loyalties are fixed, he is casual, offhand and friendly. Before a hostile crowd, or in debate with an opponent, though, he charges into forensic battle with the zeal for combat that got him sorely wounded at Soissons in 1918 and earned him the Silver Star for gallantry at Guadalcanal a quarter century later. His eyes blaze, his neck turns red, and he shoots from the hip with words of scorn and invective so bitter that hecklers quail, and thin-skinned opponents, after debate with him, have been known to go home and sob heartbrokenly.

"I do have an instinct to go for the jugular," Mr. Dilworth admits, "and that probably is a weakness. I am an emotional man, and I allow myself to get too worked up. Frequently I'm afraid I've taken my eye off the main chance because the joy of the feud distracted me. Because of that I've made some enemies I didn't have to make. For example, I shouldn't have called Alexander Hemphill a pious phony."

(Not long after this rueful admission of error, Mr. Dilworth got his dander up again and called Mr. Hemphill a "political Judas" and a "bum.")

Mr. Hemphill, the earnest young city controller and a fellow Democrat, had turned up evidence of graft in Philadelphia's City Hall during Mr.

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"I didn't ask for this nomination. I didn't promise anything."

Dilworth's term as mayor, and Mr. Dilworth at first had strongly resented the implication that his reform government might be harboring crooks. He tearfully opposed a special grand-jury investigation on the grounds that his administration could clean its own house, and as proof he summarily fired a number of employees whom Mr. Hemphill's investigation had implicated in unlawful acts. He later admitted that, from the political standpoint at least, his opposition to the special grand jury had been ill-advised.

Seeing Both Sides—Fatal Flaw?

Mr. Scranton, on the other hand, is not a particularly emotional man, and he does not get worked up unduly, although he does utter some brash statements which he hopes will needle Mr. Dilworth into blowing his top. Recently, to the surprise of his followers, he called Mr. Dilworth a liar in a controversy over some minor issue.

Some of Mr. Scranton's supporters wish that their man would display even more fervor, not only for the effect it would have on Mr. Dilworth's blood pressure but also to enhance his own image as a forceful man of action. Mr. Scranton has the fatal flaw, his friends say, of seeing both sides of a question. He does not look upon everything his opponent stands for as being consummately evil, as Mr. Dilworth is inclined to do. The result is a "yes and no" attitude which does not stir emotions in the voter's breast.

Mr. Scranton, however, does not carry into the governor's race the wounds, some of them self-inflicted, which Mr. Dilworth bears. His voting record in Congress reflects an independent mind, but he has avoided making anybody fighting mad, and he has taken no far-out stands. Mr. Dilworth, in his outspoken way, has shown a predilection for stabbing himself in the back. It is highly unlikely, for example, that any special grand jury investigating charges of graft, payola and the sale of zoning ordinances at City Hall would find any proof whatever that Mr. Dilworth was in any way involved. But the fact that he described these charges as "picayune" when they were first revealed, and that he originally sought to block the grand-jury investigation on the grounds that it was a dark Republican plot to discredit his administration as mayor and to hamper him in the governor's race, will cost him some votes on November 6.

Mr. Dilworth's bluntness in carrying out his mayoral duties has also hurt him. In South Philadelphia a prosperous but frugal Italian colony parks its automobiles along the narrow streets at night, completely blocking passageway for ambulances and fire trucks. Mr. Dilworth's proposed solution to this was to charge each car owner a $40 annual fee for parking on the street—the money to be used to purchase sites for off-street parking. This proposal so enraged the thrifty Italians that when Mr. Dilworth appeared before them to explain his plan they hurled fruit, vegetables and dark Latin curses at

SCRANTON
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Dilworth: handsome, seasoned, still vigorous New Deal liberal.

Shoo-in for Senate reelection, Joseph Clark helps Dilworth cause.

him, and smashed the windows in the building where he spoke.

"All he'd a had to say was, 'Look, you guys, this'll cost ya less'n ten cents a day,'" one Philadelphian complained sadly. "Who cares about a dime a day for parking? Steada that he give it to them cold turkey. Forty bucks, take it or leave it. The guy ain't suave enough."

Afterward Mr. Dilworth returned to the same section to receive an affectionate welcome, but the attempted assault on their pocketbooks still rankles, and Dilworth's vote checkers feel he may suffer from it at the polls.

Mr. Dilworth is unperturbed. "The Italians and I are just alike. We are both emotional. We are always having a love feast or a fight."

One heavy impost which Mr. Dilworth carries is not of his own making. By any objective standards Democratic Governor David L. Lawrence has given the state a fairly good administration. Coming into the office faced with a $141,900,000 deficit, he leaves in the treasury a $16,600,000 surplus, a rare accomplishment for any Pennsylvania governor. This required a boost in the sales tax, from 3½ to 4 percent, and a two-cents-a-gallon increase in the gasoline tax. Both measures were highly unpopular—and some of this unpopularity undoubtedly will ride on Dilworth's shoulders.

Scranton must run under the weight of a shadowy but equally heavy burden—the suspicion, fostered by the Democrats, that he is actually the candidate of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association, the Sun Oil Company, and the Pennsylvania Railroad, three powerful political forces whose lobbyists, during Republican administrations, sit in the Senate chamber at Harrisburg as if they were elected members of that august body.

To this charge Scranton gives a brief reply: "I didn't ask for this nomination. I didn't promise anybody anything. I am my own man now, and will be when I am governor."

Still a Citadel of the Spoils System

A governor of Pennsylvania with no ties or commitments to hamper him can be a formidable figure both in the national and local scene. The Commonwealth is one of the last citadels of the spoils system. Of roughly 80,000 state employees, slightly more than a third are under Civil Service. This means that more than 50,000 state employees hold their jobs at the pleasure of the chief executive, and by the judicious use of this patronage a governor can exert strong leverage in a presidential-election year.

One somewhat cynical observer said, "With all the big decisions now being made in Washington, in most states it doesn't matter a damn who the governor is, or what party label he wears. It's an obsolescent job. Here, though, there are all those jobs to pass out."

One problem that will confront Pennsylvania's next governor is the state's 350,000 unemployed. Both Dilworth and Scranton agree that the present troubles go back to the time when Pennsylvania was under the virtually absolute control of its industrialists who, as coal, steel and railroads began to fail, did nothing to replace these dying giants with new and modern industries.

They do not agree, however, on the reason why New York, Massachusetts and California today are getting 75 percent of the new plastics, electronics and missile industries, while Pennsylvania, despite heroic efforts by many of her communities, is getting only about 2½ percent.

Domination by Labor Unions?

To Scranton, the answer is fairly obvious. When Pennsylvania ceased being a state controlled by her business interests, she became a state dominated by big labor. New industries, Mr. Scranton points out, do not come into a state where they feel that in any argument between the plant owner and the worker the state government will automatically throw its weight on the side of the unions. The political climate of Pennsylvania under two Democratic administrations, he claims, has not been friendly to business. Nor has it been effective in helping the workingman. The man out of a job, or the man who is afraid he will be jobless soon, is just as disenchanted with the Democrats as is the businessman.

Mr. Dilworth, who is counting heavily on the support of labor, rejects this argument. Labor, he points out, knows who its friends are. And the reasons why Pennsylvania is starving for new business are far more complex than Mr. Scranton makes them out to be. New industries must compete fiercely with one another for top executive talent; and a new industry, to attract top people, must offer not only a satisfactory job environment but also a challenging and stimulating civic, cultural and intellectual environment.

New business is not coming to Pennsylvania, Mr. Dilworth charges bluntly, because Pennsylvania's public schools are not good enough for their executives' children; Pennsylvania's colleges are not turning out the young scientists and engineers that modern industries need in ever greater numbers, and Pennsylvania's post-graduate institutions, although great progress is being made, do not yet provide the scientific support that many research-oriented industries require.

There are other needs secondary to better schools, but still important to a state trying to sell itself to a newcomer: recreation areas, for example; lakes and fishing streams and quiet woodlands instead of the burning culm dumps, slag piles and polluted streams that now mar what was once one of the most beautiful landscapes in the nation, and cultural facilities—libraries, symphony halls, theaters, art centers, scattered over the state.

These things will cost more money. The voters therefore cannot expect a tax cut if he is elected, Mr. Dilworth warns. Philadelphia, under his administration, teamed with the Chamber of Commerce to support a program that in five years brought in $30,000,000 in new industry. The state, he promises, can do the same on a grander scale, provided the Pennsylvania Industrial Development Authority receives full support, and the other basic needs are met.

Mr. Dilworth now and then lashes his opponent with a wit that is always biting and sometimes coarse. Speaking before an audience made up largely of priests, nuns and good ladies of the Catholic church, he said: "My opponent is going about the state crying about the plight of the Pennsylvania farmer. He claims to know about the problem of the farmer. The truth is, he never saw a farm until he went to Washington and some of his wealthy friends invited him to their horse farm down in Virginia. He is about as much a farmer as Liz Taylor is a virgin."

Mr. Dilworth's frequently irreverent attitude toward the solemn business of politics, and his refusal to play ball with party leaders unless it suits his purpose to do so, has caused the more stolid wheelhorses of the Democratic organization to look upon his candidacy with disfavor. Congressman William Green, boss of Philadelphia's Democrats, had a survey made last January which purported to show that Mr. Dilworth couldn't win. He thereupon sought to block Mr. Dilworth's nomination. When Dilworth, who in 1954 and 1958 had been dissuaded by his party from making the governor's race, decided to run in 1962 whether he got the blessing of Green's machine or not, Green was stuck. (Columnist John M. Cummings of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* wrote, "President Kennedy . . . sent word through Dave Lawrence that Dilworth should be nominated. And this explains why Bill Green never suggested a candidate to oppose the man who hadn't a chance of winning.")

To Mr. Green, a dedicated organization Democrat, it would be treason to oppose Mr. Dilworth once he became the candidate. To him as a pragmatic politician, it would be fatal.

Ballot-box Success With the Ladies

If Mr. Dilworth lost, the Democrats would lose control of the 50,000 state jobs that are under the governor's patronage. About 2000 of these jobs are in Philadelphia, and Mr. Green's control of them and of the 38 Democrat members of the Philadelphia delegation in the Statehouse makes him a power in state politics.

Though Mr. Dilworth may not inspire wild enthusiasm among the cigar-chomping realists who guide the party on the ward and district levels, one of his great political assets has always been his ability to bemuse the female voter. Though he is 16 times a grandfather, the image he projects is not a father image. With his chiseled profile, his sunlamp tan, his elegantly tailored tall figure kept slim by a half hour of bending and stretching every morning, he looks like what he used to be—a hell of a man with the ladies. Though his

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"I have an instinct to go for the jugular. That's probably a weakness."

days of dalliance ended years ago, about the time he gave up strong drink, he still has about him the aura of the cavalier, a Beau Sabreur who can make the heart of the housewife go pitty-pat. This quality can be important in a state where women voters outnumber the men.

In Dilworth's favor also is the trend of Pennsylvania politics over the past 10 years. Democratic registration has been rising, until, out of a registration of 5,500,000, Democrats now outnumber Republicans by 160,000. Most of this vote is concentrated in the cities, but even in the country counties, where the Republicans still lead, the Democrats have been gaining strength while the Republicans have been losing or merely holding their own. Party registration, however, means little in a general election. Pennsylvania voters cross party lines at will and vote split tickets as it suits them. In Mr. Scranton's district, for example, the same voters who sent him to Congress over a Democrat incumbent voted heavily for Kennedy in the presidential race.

Help From Clark's Coattails

One strong candidate can frequently carry a weaker teammate on his coattails, and Mr. Dilworth is expected to benefit from the tremendous popularity of Senator Joseph Sill Clark, who is considered a shoo-in in his Senate race with Congressman James E. Van Zandt. Clark and Dilworth were friends in boyhood, and have been political teammates ever since they made their first crusading onslaught on the Republican machine in Philadelphia 32 years ago. They never have been close outside of the political arena.

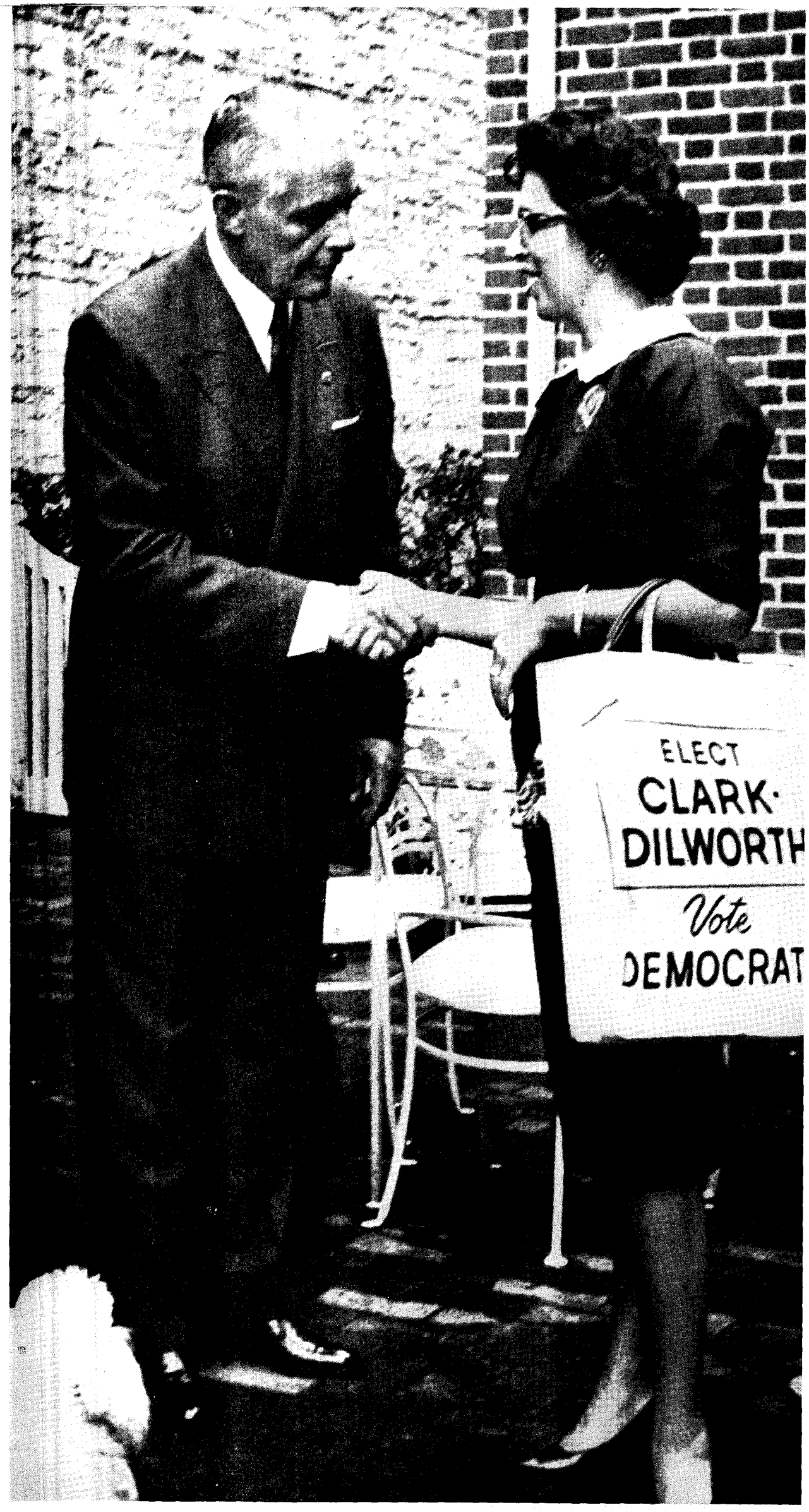
"I used to be greatly interested in women and liquor," says Dilworth. "Joe never was. He liked all those stuffed shirts on Chestnut Hill. I didn't." Their past relations have occasionally been strained. But they need each other, and when the chips are down they fight together.

Clark is undisturbed by the fact that a number of early surveys showed Dilworth trailing Scranton, with a large segment of voters "undecided." Dilworth, Clark points out, is one of the great political campaigners of all time. And in the last weeks before the election, he predicts that he will chew up Mr. Scranton.

Whether he chews up Mr. Scranton, or wins in a photo finish, which seems more likely—or goes down under an avalanche of votes protesting unemployment, sales taxes and corruption in Philadelphia—this race will be his last campaign.

"It's tough to push a program through in four years' time," he says, referring to Pennsylvania's rule that a governor cannot succeed himself. "You've got to go all out. You've got to hammer, make a hell of a lot of enemies.

"You can't do it if you've got a political future to worry about. You can't take a 'damn the torpedoes' attitude if you know it might wreck your future career. But I can; for, win or lose, this is my last race. And 'full steam ahead' is what this state needs." **THE END**



Democrat Dilworth displays his way with the women, greeting a campaign worker at his home.

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Anthony Quinn, Unsettled

At the peak of success, self-doubt keeps him teetering betwee

He came out of the Los Angeles slums a tough, jet-haired kid, son of a Mexican mother and an Irish father. He had no higher education, no money and seemingly no talent or future. What he did pack, however, was a fierce drive.

That was a quarter of a century ago. Today Anthony Quinn, forty-six, famous but only semi-tamed, still has the drive. He also has a six-story New York town house, a larder swollen with choice paintings, sculptures and first editions, two Academy Awards, a history of psychoanalysis and an annual income that nestles comfortably above the half-million-dollar mark. He has won abundant praise for his acting, along with occasional catcalls. He has been applauded for his honesty and jeered for his displays of temper. Volatile, unpredictable, he is by turns introspective and extroverted, gracious and bumptious, roistering and reserved. He is, in a word, Quinn.

This could be labeled Quinn's month on Broadway. On stage, the Mexican-born actor opens next week opposite the willowy Margaret Leighton in *Tchin-Tchin*, a comedy-drama which attracted admiring notices in Paris and London. In movie houses his coarse mug will grace two major box-office contenders—*Barabbas*, a bloated spectacular in which Quinn plays the thief whom Christ replaced on the cross, and *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, a film that offers a beautifully simple portrayal by Quinn of a used-up fighter.

To this burst of current activity, there should be added such adornments as: a featured role in the blockbuster movie *Lawrence of Arabia*, which opens later this year; a co-starring role opposite Ingrid Bergman in a film which Quinn also will co-produce; and the possibility of a musical version of William Faulkner's novel *The Reivers* in which Quinn would make his song-and-dance debut on Broadway. It might also be noted that in his spare moments Quinn is sorting out a great deal of recently purchased *objets d'art* which, added to the awesome array he previously owned, now jam his luxurious house in Manhattan's East 70's.

"I'm Only Happy When I'm Busy"

Obviously Tony Quinn, professional actor and sometime writer, painter, sculptor, architect and chess wizard, is a man in perpetual motion. "I'm only happy when I'm busy," he said as he clowned with Margaret Leighton during a rehearsal of *Tchin-Tchin*. "I don't know what a vacation is. I don't want to know. If someone put me on an island and said, 'You're not to act and you're not to paint and you're not to think,' I'm sure I'd start collecting rocks. I have to be busy."

It was 1948 that marked the turning point of Quinn's checkered life. In that year he opted out of a lucrative but lackluster twelve-year-old film career and decided to tackle a Broadway play. After replacing Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and then touring with the show, Quinn emerged a master of his craft. He emerged, too, a curiously complex man.

Tall and rugged, his black hair streaked with firm lines of gray, Quinn appears alternately menacing and appealing. He can be gentle and gracious, yet he can also be harsh and cutting. I have seen him charm an admirer with a word—and wither a fellow actor with a glance. He inspires strong friends and bitter foes.

"Tony Quinn is professional to his fingertips," says David Susskind, the producer of *Requiem*, at one extreme.

"Tony Quinn is a selfish performer," says Ralph Nelson, the director of *Requiem*, at the opposite extreme.

Quinn is a man of extremes. He fluctuates between supreme self-confidence and strange self-doubt. Although he and his wife of 25 years, Katherine, the adopted daughter of the late Cecil B. deMille, have four handsome children and all the possessions anyone could desire, he never feels totally secure. "No one who has ever gone hungry," he says, "can escape the fear of going hungry again."

Two "Oscars" and Still Uncertain

Although he has won two Academy Awards for his supporting roles in *Viva Zapata* and *Lust for Life* and universal praise for his performances in *La Strada* and *The Guns of Navarone*, Quinn remains deeply sensitive to criticism. Two seasons back, one reviewer ridiculed Quinn's portrayal of King Henry II in the play *Becket*. Quinn is still licking the wound.

Quinn believes he has not yet delivered the performances of which he is capable. "I'm like a guy playing a horn," he explains. "There's a note I hear inside me but I can't play it yet. Someday I'm going to hit that note."

Quinn has been reaching for his high note for more than a decade, ever since he attended the Actors' Studio, home of the controversial Method.

"I use the Method," Quinn says, "but there are many ways of using it. It's like saying you're an impressionistic painter. There was Monet as differentiated from Manet, and Pissarro, who painted differently from Cézanne. They were all impressionists, but they all had their own ways of painting.

"My kind of Method actor is much more interested in content than the non-Method actor. The non-Method actor is a sort of virtuoso who does his bit and doesn't give a damn if everything is crumbling about him. I'm concerned with the total comment of the play. Each scene is a piece of the mosaic. If I'm working on a corner and put some red in it, I know it has to be relieved by some red someplace else. I have to maintain an atmosphere."

Quinn applied his theory of atmosphere to *Requiem*, the movie adapted from Rod Serling's TV play in which Quinn plays the boxer, Mountain Rivera. "The atmosphere of the whole picture should be like a boxing match," he said. "It should smell of leather and sweat. Figuratively, it should never get out of the ring. Once you step out of that atmosphere it's jarring."

To avoid jarring the atmosphere Quinn insisted that one scene, originally written to take place in Julie Harris's apartment, be switched to Mountain Rivera's hotel room. "If we had gone to Julie's apartment," Quinn explained, "we would have had cologne, femininity. We would have lost the sweaty quality."

As staged originally, the scene was Miss Harris's. As revised, the scene became more Quinn's. "It's much more honest now," Miss Harris said later. "Tony was right."

Not all the *Requiem* cast, however, shared Julie Harris's enthusiasm for Quinn. One day on location the cameras never turned. Quinn spent the entire session trying to get the proper feel for one critical scene. Jackie Gleason, playing Mountain's manager, spent the entire session fuming. At the end of the wasted day, Gleason called producer Susskind and director Nelson to his trailer. "If that Indian says 'I think' one more time," Gleason snapped, "I walk. Pals, don't make me walk."

"We can't promise," said Ralph Nelson. "Quinn works from the inside out."

"Tell you what," said Gleason. "I'll give him three more 'I thinks.'"

The next morning the scene was set, the camera poised. Then Quinn frowned. "Ralph," he began, "I think . . ."

Gleason bolted from the set with Susskind in pursuit. "But, Jackie," Susskind pleaded, "you promised us *three* 'I thinks.'"

On the set, Quinn stared blandly at Nelson. "I think," he continued, "the way we've worked out the scene now is marvelous. But how the hell can I rehearse if Gleason keeps walking off the set?"

Afterward Gleason joked about the experience. "We got along," he said. "While Quinn groped I drank."

"Great Selfishness as a Performer"

To Nelson the memory was not amusing. "I found," the director said, "that Tony has great selfishness as a performer. He thinks how each scene can best serve him. Of course when he's good he's brilliant. He just makes it hard as hell for everyone around him."

If Quinn drives his co-workers hard, he drives himself even harder. "What I'm telling an audience," he points out, "is, 'Look, you bastards, this isn't make-believe! This is you!'"

To project reality Quinn seeks to burrow within the characters he plays. "It's like taking a pill and suddenly you become somebody else," he explained. "If it's a well-written script, the response is immediate. I read in images. I see the character and then I kinda try to get inside his

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Star By DICK SCHAAP

alm and fury.

clothes. I find out where I need a little fat or a little skin. I try to fit myself into the character rather than make the character fit me."

"When you played Paul Gauguin in *Lust for Life*," I asked, "how did you get inside him?"

"I was just about to turn 40," Quinn said. "I had four children. I had to ask, 'Have I really been honest with myself? Am I happy with my whole existence?' This is the kind of soul-searching Gauguin must have gone through to leave his five children and wife to be honest with himself and with painting. I couldn't just do an interesting characterization. I had to plead Gauguin's case."

Quinn, his introspective nature reinforced by several sessions of psychoanalysis, continually questions himself. "I must keep fluid," he said. "I can't afford to let the cement set. Once the cement sets, you're through as a creator."

A Moustache, a Painter, a Boxer

Admittedly, Quinn prefers his characters to himself. "I hate to expose myself," he said. "I'm just not that courageous. I have to hide behind a beard or a moustache."

Then Quinn demonstrated vividly how well he hides. "Can you answer a few questions as characters you've played?" I asked him.

"I'll try," Quinn agreed.

"As Gauguin, why do you paint?"

Quinn buried his head in his hands. "I paint because I have a vision," he said, lifting his head, "a vision of order and beauty. I find that life is disorderly, a terrible unaesthetic experience. And since I don't find order and beauty in life I'm going to have to create it for myself. And I will create it with colors, with forms, with shapes, with—with—with my imaginary world, which is much more beautiful than anything I have seen in life."

"As Mountain Rivera, why do you fight?"

Almost involuntarily, in a fighter's gesture, Quinn scratched first his nose, then his ear. "I fight because I want a lot of things out of life," he said. "Where I came from I was pushed around because I was part Indian. I want—I want first of all to be somebody. And the only way I can be somebody is to fight."

"As Anthony Quinn, why do you act?"

Quinn reflected for perhaps thirty seconds. "I act for the same reasons, to a great extent, that Gauguin painted and Mountain fought," he said finally. "I too am looking for a sense of order. I too imagined a better world than I've found. When I was a kid I had illusions about what the world should be like and a sense of beauty that has not been verified by my experience.

"I act because I envision a better world than exists. I've seen nothing but wars and strife and hatred, and I'd like to do something about that. I'd like to bring that to people's minds and maybe stimulate them to create a better world."

Quinn paused. "And selfishly," he said, "I act because I, too, want to be somebody." **THE END**

Quinn on insecurity: "No one who's gone hungry can escape the fear of going hungry again."

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Pope John's Plans for the Church

At the historic Ecumenical Council opening this week, the Pontiff seeks religious unity and Catholic reforms.

By ROBERT NEVILLE

On the morning of January 25, 1959, which is the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Pope John XXIII visited the great Roman basilica, St. Paul's Outside the Walls, where tradition says Timothy deposited the remains of the martyred Paul. After Mass the Pontiff delivered an important discourse. To the seventeen members of the Sacred College of Cardinals gathered at the spot he announced his intention of holding that rare Church assembly, an ecumenical council.

Later that day an official Vatican communiqué, issued from the office of *L'Osservatore Romano*, quoted His Holiness indirectly as saying that the meeting he proposed would "aim not only at the edification of the Christian people but would also constitute an invitation to the separated communities to seek for that unity toward which so many hearts in all parts of the earth are yearning today."

A month later, the official Vatican organ *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* published the full text of the papal discourse. Few inside or outside the Vatican seem to have noticed that this official version gave only feeble support to the earlier communiqué. Only in passing had the Holy Father mentioned unity, and then as if he were talking about Catholic unity.

Noting that he had been three months in his new apostolic office, the Pope said that the Successor of Saint Peter has a double responsibility as Bishop of Rome and as Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church.

Rome, the Pope said, was badly in need of a more intense spiritual life built around her various dioceses. The Bishop of Rome, however, was also responsible for the spiritual government of the world. And when he looks at the world, "What a spectacle meets his gaze!" On one hand, portents of spiritual elevation, with the grace of Christ multiplying the fruits of salvation and sanctity; on the other, elements bound to evoke sorrow. He sees human freedom abused and compromised on a vast scale. He sees men who direct all their energy toward "the search for so-called earthly goods, guided by the one whom the Gospel calls the prince of darkness."

What he had seen, John XXIII concluded, had persuaded him of the need to "recall some ancient forms of doctrinal affirmation and of wise decrees touching ecclesiastical discipline."

The Pope went on to announce, "trembling a little with emotion," two momentous events: first, the diocesan synod for Rome (which was held in January, 1960), and second, an ecumenical council for the Universal Church, later called for October 11, 1962.

Fight Against Decadence

All this was a far cry from summoning an ecumenical council to discuss Christian unity. The Pope in his speech had said clearly that the higher purpose of the council would be to combat spiritual and moral decadence; the one concrete result that he expected from such a gathering would be an updating of the Code of Canon Law. No hint had been given anywhere in the speech of a program to bring the "separated churches" back to Rome.

What is the explanation of this apparent contradiction? Whatever it may be, the ecumenical council of John XXIII was quickly projected into the consciousness of the world as a council for Christian unity. The Orthodox churches of the East and the Protestant churches of the West responded sympathetically.

The Vatican followed up the original announcement with speeches, statements and acts that elaborated and qualified the thesis of Christian unity. Obviously the hierarchy had been surprised at the windfall of favorable response, and was determined to make the most of it. Here are some of the new elements which were introduced into the ecumenical picture on the heels of the Pope's announcement:

- The creation of a Secretariat for the Union of Christians, headed by Augustin Cardinal Bea, a Jesuit, with the specific task of handling the Vatican's relations with non-Catholics. No such agency had existed before.
- The popularization by the Pope of the expression "separated brothers," and the dropping of such terms as heretics, dissidents, and schismatics to describe non-Catholics.
- The unprecedented courtesy calls on the Pope of such non-Roman-Catholic religious figures as Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, then the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Right Rev. Dr. Arthur Lichtenberger, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States; and Bishop Johannes Lilje, president of the Lutheran World Federation.
- The dispatch of qualified observers with full Vatican credentials to a conference of Orthodox bishops at Rhodes, in the southern Aegean, and to the third assembly of the non-Catholic World Council of Churches at New Delhi in 1961.

None of these moves is in itself important, but taken together they have promoted a climate of friendliness between Catholics and non-Catholics that has been lacking for the past four centuries.

But those who read between the lines of Vatican pronouncements began to suspect that a silent tug-of-war was being

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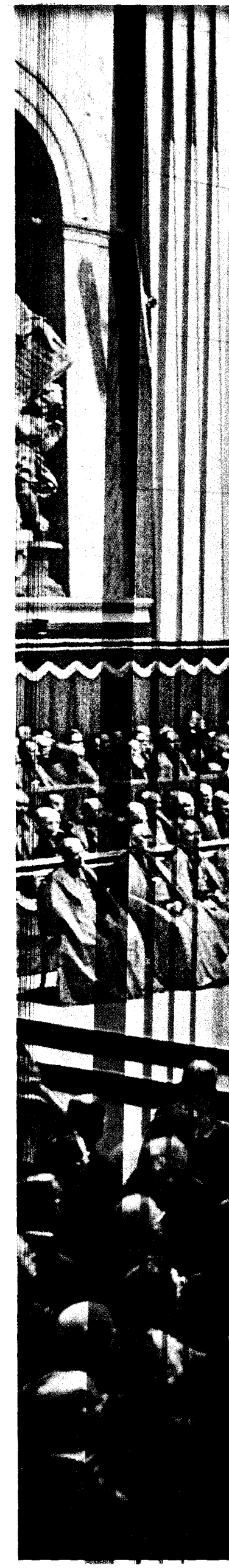

In audience with the Pope, Catholic prelates get ready for the Council, to be attended by 2500.

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waged back of St. Peter's throne. Should the council be a forthright attempt to reach a reconciliation with the rest of Christianity? Or should it be chiefly a manifestation of the Catholic faith's superiority?

A federation of all Christian churches, with Roman Catholicism forming a part, was always outlawed as even a remote possibility. The chief purpose of the council would be simply ecclesiastical housecleaning; perhaps this effort would make Rome more attractive for the dissidents. Radio Vatican spoke out on the subject: For the Roman Church, this broadcast said, there is only "one road to unity," and that is the road to Rome. All theological discussion aside, the world's "only coherent, total and accepted expression of faith . . . is to be found in the Catholic Church."

Clarifying Catholic Dogma

Perhaps the most authoritative discussion of Christian unity and Catholicism was presented in a series of lectures and articles by Cardinal Bea in 1961. The ecumenical council, the cardinal emphasized, would not be a "council of union" but could "create conditions favorable to union." Cardinal Bea reminded his listeners and readers that Catholic dogma would be safeguarded by the council.

"But that does not mean that nothing at all can be done with regard to the difficulties which exist in the doctrinal field," Cardinal Bea said. "The differences here all too often spring from the fact that the sense of the dogma is not well understood. . . ."

The Pope's own clarification came by bits and pieces. The ecumenical council, he said, was an "internal business of the Catholic Church." Christian reunion was one of the aspirations of the council, but it was not a "council of unity." In simplest terms, John XXIII wished to "restore, rearrange and embellish" his own house before inviting guests into it.

In theory the Pope can call any kind of council he chooses. But the Second Vatican Council, as the new gathering will be called, promises to be different from most of those that went before it, mainly because the Pope's position has been strengthened in the last century.

According to canon law, only the Pope can call an ecumenical council, only he can decide what questions shall be discussed, and the council's decisions are binding only when they are ratified by the Pope. In ecclesiastical law, those privileged to attend a general council include cardinals, bishops, abbots and prelates *nullius*, abbots general of monasteries, and the superiors general of the religious orders. Actually, about 2500 prelates and theologians are expected to attend. An ecumenical council may be considered convened however, if a "sufficient number of bishops to be representative of the Universal Church" are present. A Vatican release explains:

"The absolute necessity for agreement of the majority of the bishops is not demonstrable. On the contrary, the Pope may contradict decisions taken by an absolute majority of the bishops."

In short, the properly constituted ecumenical council of the Roman Catholic Church is nowadays an advisory body of the Papacy, and little more. Thus the Second Vatican Council will not be like any of the earlier ones, such as Nicaea (A.D. 325) or Constantinople (A.D. 381), or Ephesus (A.D. 431), or Chalcedon (A.D. 451). In those times the theory of the absolute primacy of the Bishop of Rome, let alone his infallibility, had not yet been discussed. The Bishop of Rome had no veto over the final voting. These were the councils of the early Greek and Latin fathers, and for them the general council, with decisions freely arrived at, was the Church's highest expression. The commanding figure at Nicaea was not the Pope, who was then Saint Sylvester I, but the Emperor Constantine, who had convoked the gathering.

Nor will the new council resemble the gatherings at Constance and Basel, which followed the Great Schism of the fourteenth century, when rival popes reigned at Rome and at Avignon. Both these councils went their ways minus papal guidance; both asserted the superiority of a council over the Pope.

The fourteenth century witnessed a fierce struggle between the Papacy and those who supported the conciliar theory. Not until 1460 did the Papacy officially prohibit appeals to a general council, and not until a century ago was the conciliar theory finally stamped out of the Catholic Church. However, conciliarism is still alive in other Christian communities, especially in the Eastern Orthodox Church. One cannot imagine the Eastern Church entering the Roman fold without insisting on the right to convene a council.

Present-day Catholics insist that the great truths of the Church as contained in dogma are beyond discussion, but at the Council of Florence in the fifteenth century the Greek and Roman churches discussed almost nothing but doctrine. They spent months over the question of Purgatory, for example. The Greeks thought that Purgatory consisted mainly of pain and grief, with little or no fire; the Latins were for fire until Judgment Day. Finally it was admitted that the two versions of Purgatory were without really basic differences.

Problems of Papal Supremacy

The worst stumbling block at Florence was the question of papal supremacy. Eugene IV demanded that the Greeks admit that he ruled the Church both as a teacher and shepherd. The Greeks wanted a pentarchy, or rule of five of the ancient patriarchates: Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Rome and Constantinople. At last a compromise formula was written. The text might suggest a pattern for the future: "We recognize the Pope as sovereign Pontiff, vice-regent and Vicar of Christ, shepherd and teacher of all Christians, ruler of the Church of God, saving the privileges and rights of the Patriarchs of the East."

This formula was accepted and union was proclaimed. But the union was never really effective from the Greeks' standpoint. They had come to Florence prepared to sacrifice some of their ancient independence in return for papal help in the defense of beleaguered Constantinople. In effect, they acknowledged papal supremacy in return for a few galleys and 300 soldiers to hold off the Turks. They could have spared themselves; the Ottomans pressed forward and captured Byzantium in May, 1453. But from the Roman side, the Council of Florence was a victory: The Greeks had recognized the Pope as the first Bishop of Christendom.

The Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, is considered by Catholic historians the greatest of them all, although the gathering was at first bitterly opposed by the Papacy; it had had enough of general councils. Trent dragged on over nineteen years and was spread over five papal reigns. At every step the pontiffs had to contend with the strong and opposing views of monarchs such as the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and the King of Spain.

The last general council (before this year's) was that of the Vatican in 1869–70. This was the council that proclaimed the primacy of jurisdiction of the Pope and his infallibility. Here the Papacy finally won the struggle for absolute power. The Pope became the ultimate authority not only in government but in doctrine.

The Infallibility Question

The declaration of the Pope's infallibility was made subject to all sorts of limitations. The Pope must be speaking *ex cathedra*. The subject matter must concern faith or morals, and must be universal rather than local in application. Theoretically this means that the Pope is infallible in only a few of his pronouncements. In practice, however, the words "faith and morals" can be stretched to cover many other questions, including political ones.

Both the doctrine of primacy and the dogma of papal infallibility stirred up a hornet's nest of opposition, within and without the Church. Noted Catholic theologians inveighed against it, insisting that it would make any reconciliation with Protestantism difficult. Instances could be cited where popes of past centuries had obviously committed error. Pius IX was opposed by at least one-fourth of the bishops present. Nevertheless, the dogma was pushed through to a favorable vote. Thus ended what promises to be the last general council of the Church in which the possibility exists of such outspoken opposition to papal authority.

Ecumenical councils of the past were usually held in moments of crisis, to settle disputed points raised by various heresies. Cardinal Montini of Milan recently acknowledged that this year's council would be unlike all former ones. No internal disorders need healing, but there are other great questions to discuss. "The first is that of the reunion of the separated brothers with the Church of Rome," the cardinal said. He could not hope for an immediate achievement of this reunion, but that did not mean that moves should not be taken in that direction. He hoped that there might be friendly talks with dissident Christians. "A great hope has been born within the Church," he added.

Most councils have lasted months, and some have gone on for years. This one, it is predicted, will last a few months, and the first part will certainly be over by Christmas, mainly because there has been careful preparation. To get ready for Vatican Council II, John XXIII created brand-new administrative machinery. A central committee of about 400 members was appointed. There is also a presidency council of 10 cardinals, including Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York; a secretariat of seven, including Albert Gregory Cardinal Meyer of Chicago, and 10 commissions to study special problems and make recommendations to the Pope.

The ten commissions followed the general line of the sacred congregations. Thus there was a Committee on Theology, charged with "weighing questions touching Holy Scripture, Sacred Tradition, the faith and its practices." Other committees included a Committee for Bishops and the Government of Dioceses, a Committee for Clerical and Lay Discipline, a Committee for the Religious Orders, a Committee for the Discipline of Sacraments, one for the Eastern Church, one for the missions, one for studies and the seminaries, one for the study of ceremonies, and a Committee for the Lay Apostolate.

Finally there is the Secretariat for the Union of Christians. Its duties so far have been to answer questions about Catholic doctrine and practice from non-Catholics, and to arrange in special cases for the visits of non-Catholic leaders to the Vatican. This is the first time since the Council of Florence in the fifteenth century that Rome has actually created machinery to talk with people it formerly labeled heretics and schismatics. Over the centuries the Vatican has been wary of contacts with non-Catholics. Even now, the Church insists that there must be no common worship. These rules might be relaxed as a result of this council.

The committees have been meeting regularly for the past eighteen months. Most have already formulated their recommendations, and the general line of the work accomplished by some committees has already been made known.

The Committee on Theology, for example, has submitted a draft of what it calls a "Constitution on the Sources of Revelation." For the Catholics there are two sources from which to take the revealed truths; the Bible, which includes the Old and New Testaments, and tradition. In the Holy Scriptures, the draft continues, are contained all those truths which God has consigned to man in order that he might write them down and pass them on to future generations.

In tradition, too, the draft maintains, truths are contained and are revealed by God, but they were transmitted at first by word of mouth from one generation to the next. These truths are now contained in the documents of the ecclesiastical magistracy and in the writings of the fathers and doctors of the Church. The sources of Revelation are, therefore, two, but the fount that generated them is one only: God. And one only is the magistracy which must guard and authentically interpret the truths contained in those sources: in other words, the Papacy.

Conflicts Over the Bible

By and large this is a restatement of the Catholic position as defined at Trent. The most fundamental divergence between Catholicism and Protestantism (although not between Catholicism and Orthodoxy) has been in their separate approaches to the Bible. The Reformation insisted on the supremacy of the Holy Word; the Counter Reformation, as represented at Trent, held that the Bible and apostolic tradition were of equal force. In recent years a renewed emphasis on the Bible has developed inside the Roman Catholic Church, and some have thought that in the study of the Bible these two great branches of Christianity might draw closer.

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Christian unity is easily the most exciting topic to be brought before the Christian community in this century. "Will our brothers, whose foreheads are signed with the seal of Christ, come back to us?" the Pope asked rhetorically in an informal sermon. "We should do everything in our power to make them see the error of their ways, and to reform our own bad habits, so that at last all Christians may be at home in the house of the Lord. We know that that house is the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. We shall throw open wide the doors of that house, saying to the others, 'Let us join together in peace, in the sincere quest for the Lord. If you will, come and join with us in peace and brotherhood.'"

John XXIII has already taken steps to correct what he called "our own bad habits." For example, from a traditional Good Friday prayer he eliminated the word "perfidious" when applied to the Jews. (Actually, the original meaning of "perfidious" had been "unbelieving" and the word had so been printed in the usual missal.) The Congregation of Rites, doubtless under the Pope's direction, revised the baptismal ceremony for converts to Roman Catholicism so that hereafter they would not have to condemn their former faiths. The Pope also eliminated two paragraphs of a liturgical prayer to the Sacred Heart which he feared might be offensive to Moslems and Jews.

Early Obstacles to Unity

Catholic literature tends to foster the historical illusion that Christendom was a monolithic unity before Martin Luther. Actually the Church has been troubled by division since the days of the New Testament. The first great Christian controversy took place at Antioch, where some favored having the Gentiles circumcised when first converted, before being allowed to share in baptism and the Eucharist. In many parts of the world bishop was set against bishop. At one time in the fourth century Antioch knew six bishops, each of whom insisted that he was in the direct line of apostolic succession.

For the first millennium and more of Christian history the chief opposition to Roman Catholicism came from the East. Protestantism injected a new note only because it was a heresy originating in the West. The separation of the Eastern and Western churches started with the split of the Eastern and Western empires, and it deepened with the growth of Greek nationalism and the development of papal claims. But it is important to remember that at no time in history did the Roman Pontiff exercise effective jurisdiction over the great patriarchates of Eastern Christianity.

One of the dreams that Rome has pursued for centuries has been that of bringing into the fold the Eastern Christians. Eastern Orthodoxy has an ordained priesthood whose validity the Latins fully recognize. There has been no break in apostolic succession. The sacraments are there. The Orthodox Church recognizes the weight of tradition quite as much as the Romans do. Today the two have different rules governing the celibacy of the clergy. Divorce, permitted by the Orthodox but denied by the Catholics, might be a problem. But these differences could with patience be ironed out.

What cannot be passed over is the question of the Papacy. Here is the one great obstacle to East-West and Protestant-Catholic reunion. For the Catholics, the Papacy has assumed overriding importance. Doctrine and dogma revolve around acceptance of the papal claims. It is not a mere matter of government, not even one of spiritual authority. Most churches, certainly those with an apostolic hierarchy, would probably agree that there is a residuum of faith which cannot be compromised. But the Catholics make papal supremacy a part of that residuum.

Father William De Vries, one of Rome's experts on the Orthodox Church, expresses the problem of the Papacy in these terms:

"The main difficulty is, without doubt, the question of the recognition of the universal primacy of jurisdiction of the Pope. This is a psychological stumbling block that will not be easy to get around, since all the Eastern churches have for centuries been used to governing themselves. The problem is to make them understand that the authority of the Pope is a paternal authority; that it is the loving care of the universal shepherd to whom Christ has given the sacred duty of feeding His sheep.

"The Pope does not rule by his own authority. He is the Vicar of Christ, who is and always will be supreme head of the Church. The Pope is infallible not as a man but as head of the Church of Christ, to which Christ Himself promised His present help even unto the end of the world."

But this is not quite the way either Eastern Orthodoxy or Protestantism sees the question. To judge from their writings, the crux of the matter is not, as has been suggested by the Romans, merely the primacy of the Pope. The Eastern Church, for one, has admitted officially many times that among the Christian patriarchs the Bishop of Rome comes first. But he is *primus inter pares*, or first among equals.

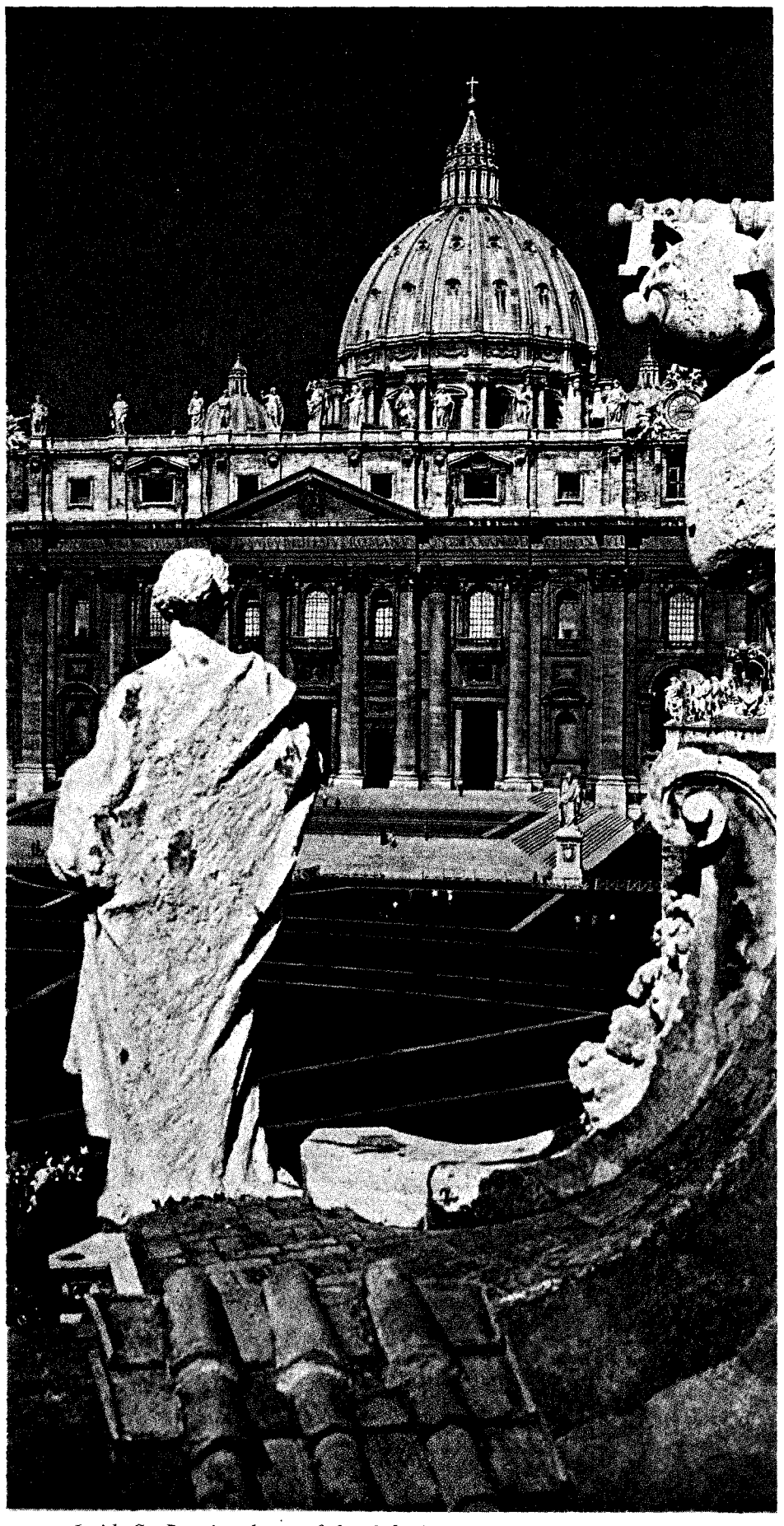
Stumbling Block: Absolutism

Nor should the matter be dismissed as a "psychological stumbling block." The big question, rather, is the absolutism of the Pope of Rome. It is an absolutism stressed time and again by Roman theologians, confirmed by canon law, and restated by newly defined dogma. The Pope is supreme even over all the other bishops put together and assembled in a general council.

Granted that the Pope's rule is chiefly "paternal." Granted, too, that tradition and ancient practice make it almost impossible for the Roman Pontiff to act as a real autocrat. Certainly no Pope in the last century has been more benevolent or less authoritative than John XXIII, but John XXIII obviously will not rule the Church forever. Meanwhile, absolutism is there, clearly written out.

The climate has improved, but before taking the high road to Rome, the "separated brothers" will demand a definition of where papal power begins and ends. Yet no Roman Catholic bishop would dare today to suggest a redefinition of the Papacy as a council topic. And if this question is not considered, Vatican Council II will probably go down as a minor event in the history of Christian unity, however momentous it may be in the history of the Catholic Church. **THE END**

For centuries the Vatican has dreamed of leading the "separated brothers" back under the Papal authority.



Inside St. Peter's—heart of the Holy City—a hall 328 feet long has been built for Council meetings. The delegates will sit on grandstands.

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Merchants of Obscenity

A government crackdown is slashing the profits of racketeers who peddle filth by mail.

The woman lived in a Chicago suburb. Outwardly she was much like other middle-class matrons who resided along the same pleasant, tree-lined street. But there was a difference; this woman was a widow, a new one. As a result, she was about to be brutally victimized.

Just four days after her husband's funeral, a plain envelope addressed to him arrived in the mail. She opened it—and choked down a cry of horror. Inside was a packet of obscene pictures. With them was a bill noting that the "merchandise" he had ordered was enclosed. Payment, an ominous postscript added, should be "prompt." The distraught widow quickly sent off the money, burned the photographs, and said nothing.

Her husband had never placed such an order. She had been taken in by a racket as ugly as it sounds—obscenity in the mails. In its various forms this racket has raked in millions of dollars annually over the past decade. It preys on the innocent and seduces the young with equal cynicism. Its operations are now being severely crimped, following a crackdown launched last year by Postmaster General J. Edward Day, but it can still reach into any home in the country.

The cruel bilking of a widow, for instance, was carefully calculated. Says former assistant U.S. attorney Frank McGarr: "First, mailing lists of recently deceased married men were drawn up from newspaper obituary columns. The names were financially graded according to the type of neighborhood in which they lived. This grading determined the amount of the bill. As much as $75 or $100 was demanded—and received—for material that cost a couple of dollars to produce. When the widow got the package, she was still too shaky to think clearly. Perhaps she figured her husband really did order the stuff. But most important was her fear of scandal, that neighbors would find out."

Tricks of the Obscenity Trade

The obscenity merchant has something for everybody. Among his choicest victims are those who, in effect, beg to be duped. One ancient gimmick which still rings up handsome profits is an ad inserted in "girlie" magazines. The ad simply states that "man and wife" teams can earn big money with a camera, offering "complete" details for a price. Anyone who takes the bait ends up with what he least expected—a pamphlet which blandly advises how to start a legitimate photography business.

Another favorite trick is a letter which begins, "A friend gave me your name," and goes on to list lurid sets of photographs available at prices up to $25. If the sucker replies, he gets a handful of innocuous pictures of ancient vintage. A few weeks later a second letter arrives. The writer explains that he has just taken over the outfit which had your name in its files, clucks sympathetically about the "junk" you received, and hopes you remain ready "to do real business."

Even if someone actually gets what he sent for, what difference does it make? Postal Inspector W. F. Callahan, who heads up mail-fraud and obscenity investigations, has a simple answer: "First, the buyers are breaking the law. Second, they provide the racket with its base. From there it moves into other areas."

One of the "other areas" is children. Like the dope peddler, the pornography dealer likes to hook his customers when they are young, vulnerable and curious. One method uses telephone booths near high schools. A girl's name is scrawled by the phone with a message, "Call me for something interesting." When a boy phones, a seductive female voice on a recording tells him where to write for obscene pictures and books. The youngster also ends up on a mailing list.

Come-Ons to Tempt Teen-Agers

Sometimes obscenity racketeers create their mailing lists by placing phony ads in pulp and "confession" magazines with a special appeal to teen-agers. The ads offer stamps, air rifles, dolls, pocketknives, rings and so on. In responding to one, an unsuspecting youngster can wind up with incredible filth. For example:

- A boy, thirteen, answered an ad, "Send 50c for this model airplane." He received a photograph of two boys engaging in homosexual play. An accompanying letter asked, "Like to see more?"
- A teen-age girl who answered an ad for a free novelty catalog got back a pamphlet, obscene itself, which detailed the excitements of a book, *How to Make a Woman Happy*.
- A fifteen-year-old boy, expecting information about rare coins, ended up with a brochure pitching photographs of women in lascivious undress.

Estimates of such mailings range as high as a million a year. Still photographs and movie film remain the staple commodity, but the racket also has moved into erotic books, pamphlets, phonograph records, color slides, wood carvings and even plaster casts.

Even without resort to hoaxes, the profit is enormous. A typical movie reel of a bosomy girl simulating sexual desire, costs as little as $200 to produce. For still photographs, the overhead becomes almost nil. One man can run the whole show with a camera, a home developer and printer. More likely than not, he even cuts out model fees by using his wife.

Postal inspectors believe that the mail-obscenity racketeers take in tens of millions of dollars a year. An indication of the racket's size came in the testimony of a California woman, Mrs. Dorothy Tager, who had been part of a borderline operation—naked girls on film and color slides. At the height of business, Mrs. Tager said, gross receipts averaged $3000 a day. Fifty feet of film, costing sixty-five cents, brought in four dollars. A color slide of a nude, obtained for sixteen cents, was sold for three dollars. Individual mailings on occasion reached "a couple of hundred thousand, even more."

Before J. Edward Day took office as Postmaster General, a veteran postal inspector told me, "What we mostly had around here was ballyhoo." Day called for the "toughest crackdown yet" on pornography peddlers.

Next he requested—and received—assurances from Attorney General Robert Kennedy that cases handed over to the Justice Department for prosecution would be given "prompt and forceful attention." Then he set about beefing up his postal-inspection service with more men. He also instituted a training program to turn out specialists in the detection of obscene mail, and ordered that one such man be assigned to every postal division in the country.

In Day's first year as Postmaster General, arrests of obscene-mail dealers jumped 26.7 percent over the previous year, and convictions rose by 27.8 percent. Twelve big distributors—each with mailings running into the hundreds of thousands—were nabbed last year and now await trial. Says Postal Inspector Callahan, "The way we're now set up, we can spot these people fast. The important thing is that they know the pressure is on. As long as we keep it on, they're not going to operate."

But use of the mails to send filth is far from being finished. Last year, an average of forty cases a month was handed over to the Justice Department for prosecution. Day says, "It would be unrealistic to say we are going to 'stamp out pornography.' But we are determined to keep it under tight rein. Also, I am determined to avoid fringe situations where it seems likely we would lose and thus end up with unfavorable court precedents which could hamper the real fight against pornographers."

Shift in Post-Office Policy

Nothing better illustrates the switch in post-office policy than the handling of two books—*Lady Chatterly's Lover* and *Tropic of Cancer*. Quite apart from the work of postal inspectors, the Postmaster General can impound any item he feels is unfit to pass through the mails. If a book is seized, the publisher must sue if he wants to gain its release. Because the legal battle is waged in Federal court, the decision can have far-reaching effects.

While he was still in office, former Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield authorized the seizure of *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, a novel by D. H. Lawrence. The action was widely publicized; people who might never have heard of the book soon did. And although many found portions of it salacious, at least as many others—including the Federal judge who heard the case—regarded it as a major literary work.

The upshot of such judicial rebuffs is doubly harmful. It might give the outright obscenity dealer, surrounded by a battery of high-priced

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To choke off lines of supply, postal inspectors seize and return letters addressed to known pornography peddlers. Convictions have jumped 25 percent since the antismut drive began.

By PETER MAAS

lawyers, a loophole. Even worse, it can create the kind of psychological climate in the courtroom which Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas described as "the battle between the literati and the Philistines."

By contrast, shortly after the publication last year of Henry Miller's controversial *Tropic of Cancer*, Postmaster General Day and his top aides considered action against it. But legal advice was first sought from the Department of Justice. Would the case stand up in Federal court? Justice reported back that a win appeared most unlikely.

As Herbert J. Miller, assistant U.S. attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division, told me, "The Supreme Court has plainly ruled that what is or is not obscene must be tested against 'contemporary community standards.'"

Defining Pornography in Court

The definition of obscenity, as far as the courts are concerned, was determined in the case of a big-time smut peddler in New York City named Samuel Roth, who had turned out a line of literary epics such as *The Sexual Conduct of Men and Women*. Roth was convicted. In denying his appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court in 1957 declared that something was obscene if "to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

Postal inspectors at last had a workable guide. Statutes gave them added punch. The effects: First, a pornography dealer can now be tried at the place where his material is received as well as its point of deposit; thus a dealer in sophisticated Los Angeles might face a Kansas jury. Second, the mailing of obscene advertising was made a criminal offense no matter how harmless the actual material later sent. Third, anyone who knowingly requests and receives obscene matter through the mails is as culpable in the eyes of the law as the person who posted it.

Enforcement of those new laws has paid off in arrests and convictions, and judges are handing out stiffer sentences.

Nonetheless, the battle against obscenity in the mails goes on. You can help in the fight. If you, your son or daughter receives obscene solicitations in the mail, there are two important steps you can take:

- Report it at once to your local postmaster or postal inspector. Speed is essential, particularly in the case of a fly-by-night operator.
- In forwarding the material, make sure to include the envelope it came in. The envelope is the best proof that it passed through the mails.

Postal inspectors take over from there. As Postmaster Day told me, "The only way we can effectively deal with the pornographer is in court—with cases thoroughly investigated and solidly presented. Just talking about it doesn't get us anywhere." **THE END**

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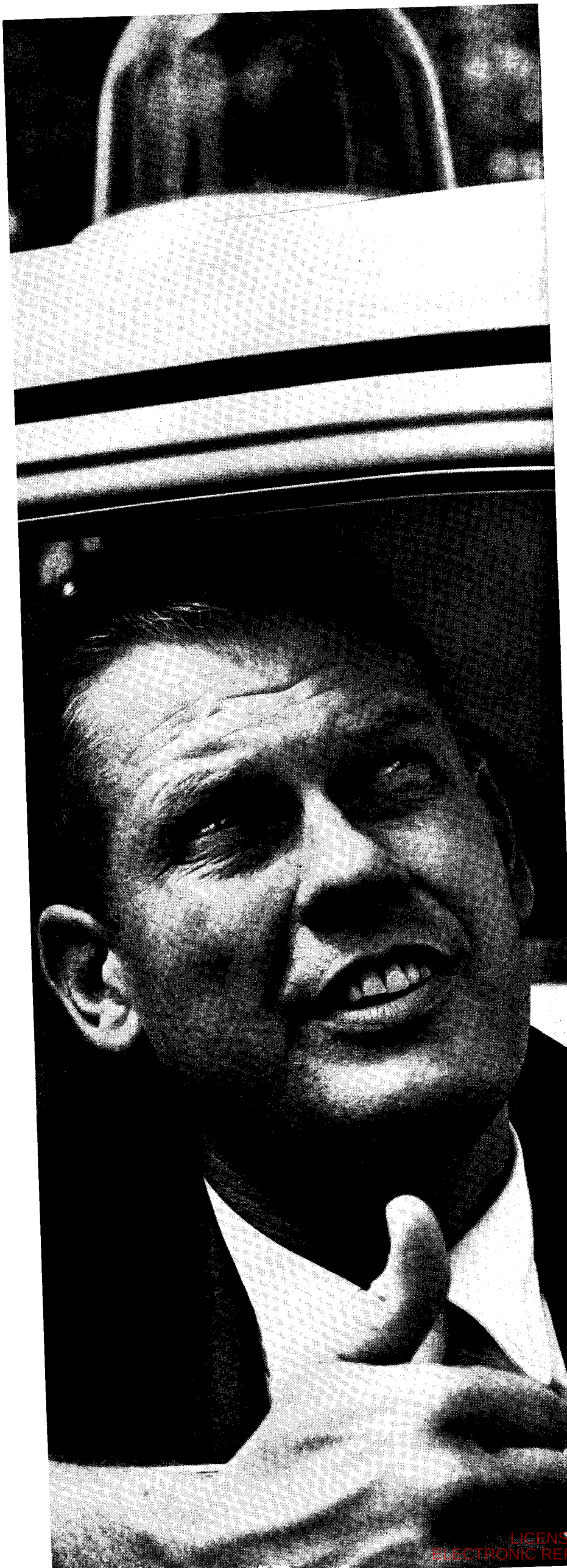

An ex-professional star looks back with humor on his career.

Confessions of a Gypsy Quarterback

By GEORGE RATTERMAN as told to Robert G. Deindorfer

About the Author *Whimsical George Ratterman (left), who now reports on professional football as a television commentator at American Football League games, was a highly regarded quarterback for 10 years as a pro. Since retiring at the end of 1956 he has been a businessman in Newport, Kentucky, where he was elected sheriff after a bitter election fight last year. This is a condensation of his forthcoming book,* CONFESSIONS OF A GYPSY QUARTERBACK, *to be published by Coward-McCann in November.*

Professional football may have become very scientific, but it never will get too far away from the philosophy exemplified by a guard I came to know when I first broke in with the old Buffalo Bills. I cannot divulge the guard's name for personal reasons: He still weighs 230 pounds, most of it gristle, and he happens to know my home address.

During one game he was being upbraided by the line coach. "Their left end is outthinking you," the coach said heatedly. "You want to know why he's outthinking you? He's outthinking you because he's a helluva lot smarter than you are."

"Don't worry, coach," the brute reassured him. "After I hit him a couple more shots, he'll be as stupid as I am." And while the officials weren't looking he did, and the rival end was.

Now that football is nearly 100 years old, any fan knows that the professionals play it far better than anyone else. By the professionals, I mean to say the professional professionals. College football is all right, especially for undergraduates with thick legs who wouldn't otherwise get the chance to sleep through the Basic Lit course, but it can't compare with the football of the high-scoring pro perfectionists.

In view of the enormous popularity of pro football nowadays, a report by some insider qualified to describe and interpret trade secrets would seem to be in order. Why me? Well, I'm sort of qualified because I sort of played quarterback as a sort of professional for ten seasons myself.

My career consisted of hitches with four teams in three leagues in two countries—Buffalo in the late All-America Conference, the Montreal Alouettes in the Canadian League and the New York Yanks and the Cleveland Browns in the National Football League.

Not everyone can be a football hero, especially me. There was usually somebody else, mostly Otto Graham of Cleveland, who played exactly the same position I did, only considerably better.

Some ability is required to succeed in football without really playing. At the start of each new season I had to show that I was good enough to stay on as a reserve, but not quite good enough to play regularly.

The former generally gave me more trouble than the latter, but that was a problem from time to time too. Probably my worst moments came following the greatest game I ever played for Cleveland. Traditionally the Cleveland-Giant rivalry hinged on a field goal or a last-quarter touchdown. Yet while Graham sat out the game with injuries in 1953, I led the Browns to an emphatic, one-sided 62–14 triumph over the Giants.

As Brown and several assistant coaches started at me with lively enthusiasm in the clubhouse, I struck up a noisy conversation with one of our halfbacks. "That proves it was more than a rumor," I said. "Any time a team quits cold you know it's dissension."

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Red Kettle

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"If all the bones snapped in pro training camps were put on one field, it would look like the Chisholm Trail."

Quarterback

Several coaches listened carefully while I spun a long and graphic account of personal feuds among various Giant players during the previous week. As I recall it now, I enlivened the hoax by describing a fist fight between two Giant stars. At the end the coaches appeared to be relieved. I sat out the next three games.

In 10 seasons of playing not very much football at all, I collected a whopping total of $172,965 in salary and play-off money, the moral of which I'd rather not explore. I also retired after 10 years with a full quota of arms and legs.

My enduring good health jangled the nerves of several teammates.

"Ratterman," tackle Jack Carpenter bawled one day, his 250-pound silhouette bruised and badly out of line. "Ratterman, you don't use up a roll of adhesive tape all season."

Probably not. And I didn't use up five or six lamb chops and a loaf of bread every time I put my feet under the table either, although I didn't bother mentioning it to Carpenter.

I took up football in the first place because the one consuming ambition of my father, a Cincinnati attorney, was to raise a genuine All-American football player. My oldest brother, Fred, displayed the proper form as a high-school halfback. After Fred packed off for the University of Michigan, we waited to see whether he would be chosen an All-American in his sophomore or his junior seasons. Unfortunately, the question soon became academic. On the eve of his first varsity game a tragic knee injury grounded him forever. Fred told me it was the only time he ever saw father cry.

The old boy then shrewdly inventoried what was left of his children in search of another prospective All-American. The oldest was a girl, which disqualified her. The next in line was a boy, all right, but pale, woefully thin and slow afoot, which disqualified him as well. As I was the only Ratterman left, the family colors thus passed along to me. It hadn't yet become apparent that I was also to be pale, thin and slow afoot, since I was only five at the time.

Learning How to Pass

Beginning at that age, my mentor drove me without any letup. By heaving the ball an hour or so every day, I learned how to pass. In high-school competition I threw the football long and often, if not always with deadeye aim. Inevitably, the word began to get around. One thing that helped the word get around was the lively correspondence father struck up with college coaches.

On the basis of my father's glowing reports, coach Ed McKeever, the wartime replacement for Frank Leahy, thought I might possibly solve Notre Dame's problems. What he saw when I reported in 1944 was a long, bony six-footer who weighed a total of 149 pounds. McKeever's dismay was not the exception. It took an eloquent plea even to wangle a uniform out of Mr. McAlister, the team trainer.

I might just as well not have been issued a uniform in my freshman year, for I broke my collarbone over the padded skull of a varsity lineman. In my sophomore year I distinguished myself from other blank-faced scrubs riding the bench by completing four passes, two for us and two for the opposition.

Even in my junior season in 1946 I started every game on the sidelines. While I still managed to play quite a lot, and engineered 12 of the last 16 touchdowns our national-championship team scored, other players reaped the headlines.

As for my senior year at Notre Dame, there wasn't any. The university and I separated in the springtime over nothing more than a bottle of sarsaparilla. I was banished for one semester, not so much for drinking sarsaparilla, but for drinking it after undergraduates were supposed to be safely tucked in bed.

The Pros Offer a Lure

Since the suspension would carry through the football season anyway, I reviewed certain realities. For one thing, I wanted to marry my hometown sweetheart, Anne Henglebrok, only I didn't have any money. For another, the Buffalo Bills offered me what seemed a dizzying salary. So at the age of 19 I became no longer single and no longer an amateur football player.

Some years later a newspaperman intrigued by the fiscal aspects of professional football asked me what I got out of that first Buffalo contract. "Two children," I replied truthfully. P.S.: Now there are eight.

If all the bones ever snapped in pro-football training camps were littered across one practice field, it would look like the Chisholm Trail. In my innocence I reported to my first camp carrying a tennis racket, which set the veterans to making all kinds of lewd comments. In the next few weeks I was to learn that there was no tennis in training camp—nothing at all except two fearful workouts each day, plus any number of tedious skull sessions.

Along with all the physical anguish, players cooped up in training camp together are subjected to some attendant mental torment. According to the grim mathematics of pro football, which elude nobody, 60 candidates will ultimately be winnowed down to a payroll numbering only 36.

Thus the veterans on the squad seldom fall head over heels in love with the rookies. With Buffalo one of the more truculent old-timers knotted up my street clothes in the dressing room one afternoon. By way of retaliation I lit a match to his sports shirt hanging in the locker and watched it burn right down to the label.

From that moment several Buffalo players considered me an eccentric. That may have been, but at least I was an eccentric who didn't find his pants tied in knots any more.

Coaches gradually build up the team's repertoire of plays as camp progresses. After the plays are diagramed on the blackboard, they are run, run and run some more, until at last the players can execute them perfectly, which, in point of fact, is never.

Sooner or later the coach has to bring his juggernaut down out of the hills for a series of public tests against live ammunition. After the last of these preseason bloodlettings, a team packs up and leaves the backwoods for whichever metropolitan area it calls home. With speed, power and maybe a little bit of luck, such as some unnecessary roughness the officials overlook, even the championship is not beyond reach.

Yet a grim specter occasionally haunts the players. The start of a new season means another training camp is over and done with. It also means the next training camp is only 10 months away.

A funny thing happened to me on my way to the showers my first year in the National Football League with the New York Yanks. Pausing in the Los Angeles Rams locker room after a game to say hello to Bill Smyth, an old teammate from Notre Dame, I overheard a fascinating remark from behind a row of lockers.

"What will we do with the Ratterman money?" an anonymous voice asked.

At first I suspected someone had seen me slip in and was trying to pull my leg. Then Bill proceeded to give me the facts of life, at least as they applied to the Los Angeles Rams in 1950. Before every game, each player on the squad threw a dollar bill into a kitty. Afterward the jackpot was awarded to whoever shook up the rival quarterback to the point where he had to be removed from the game. The problem that particular day was that I had stood up under the punishment and finished in one piece.

Football's Public Enemy

Personally, I didn't blame the Rams in the least. In an age of high-scoring T-formation football, the quarterback is Public Enemy No. 1 to the defense.

A pro coach would give his very soul, if he had one, for a talented quarterback who does everything well. As it is, he gives something almost as difficult to catch hold of—the owner's money, thick wads of it. Practically no starting pro quarterback with a few years' experience under his money belt earns less than $15,000 a season today.

Among the attributes demanded of the big-league quarterback, nothing is as important as his—guess what?—passing. Depending on the particular pattern, he may have to lob the ball, fire it on a hard, flat line or loft it great distances. I've seen Y. A. Tittle of the Giants fight off a barbarous enemy tackle, flick his wrist and shoot the ball 60 yards.

Although deadeye passing is downright essential, it isn't everything. Not the least of the other requirements is the abili to handle the football with sure-hande guile. All too often a truly aweson passer is only moderately proficient at th old shell game, and vice versa, although rare find like Otto Graham managed t excel in both departments.

Nowadays Eddie LeBaron of the Dalla Cowboys, San Diego's Jackie Kem Al Dorow of Buffalo and the Eagle Sonny Jurgensen manipulate the ba with a baffling now-you-see-it dexte ity. During his masterful years wit San Francisco, left-handed Frankie A bert used to gull the opposition regularl Another full-blown virtuoso was Bo Waterfield, who has graduated to hea coach of the Los Angeles Rams.

Brainstorming by Brown

No matter what unappreciative tackle might say, the quarterback also possesse a lively, reflective mind. During a game h reaches into this mind to choose all, or a least a great majority, of his team's offer sive plays, unless he lives in Clevelanc where coach Paul Brown calls signal from the sidelines himself.

In a game my first year with Clevelan the team rolled up a score so monstrou that Brown thought it would be safe t give me a brief spin at quarterbac Standing in the huddle a few plays later, listened while rookie guard Joe Skibinsk recited the magic formula he had carrie in from the coach.

"I don't like the play," I said jokingly "Go ask for another one."

Unaware of my whimsy, Skibinski duti fully turned around and started runnin toward the bench with my message. For tunately, several of us managed to catc him before it was too late.

A shrewd quarterback tries to mix th plays up so he can't be typed by the op position. He knows rival coaches are end lessly in search of some identifying pat tern. For example, Johnny Unitas o Baltimore recently confessed, "Last sea son I caught myself calling a running pla on every first down."

One of the pricklier aspects of com mand is that a quarterback is frequentl called upon to chide a good friend in th best interests of the team.

Pittsburgh's peerless Bobby Layne ha seldom let even close personal attach ments interfere with what he regards a constructive criticism. Several years ag Layne conducted an oh-boy tour of Nev York City for fullback Tom Tracy th night before a Steeler-Giant game. Wha with one thing and another, the tw missed the last show at the Copacabana only not very much else.

The next afternoon Layne, who powers of recuperation are legendary, r and passed the Steelers with the same ol exuberance. Tracy, on the other hand seemed a little shopworn. When Trac came wobbling back into the Pittsburgl huddle late in the third quarter, Layn fixed him with a withering eye.

"What's the matter, Tracy?" he angril snapped. "Tough night?"

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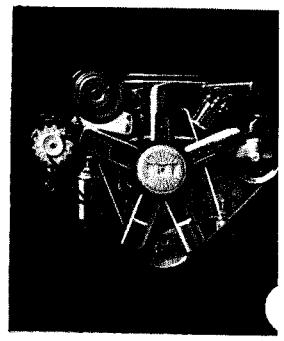

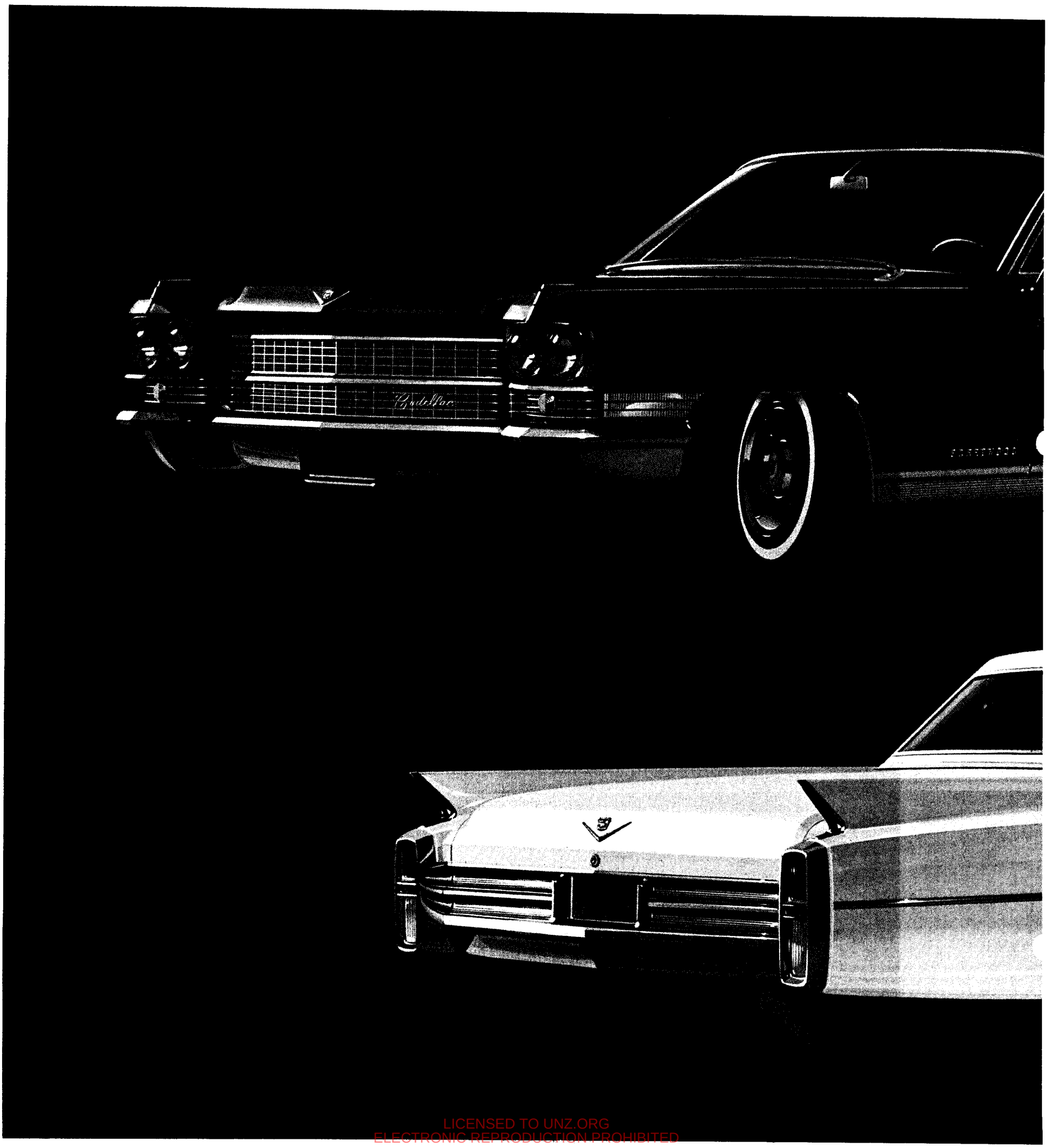

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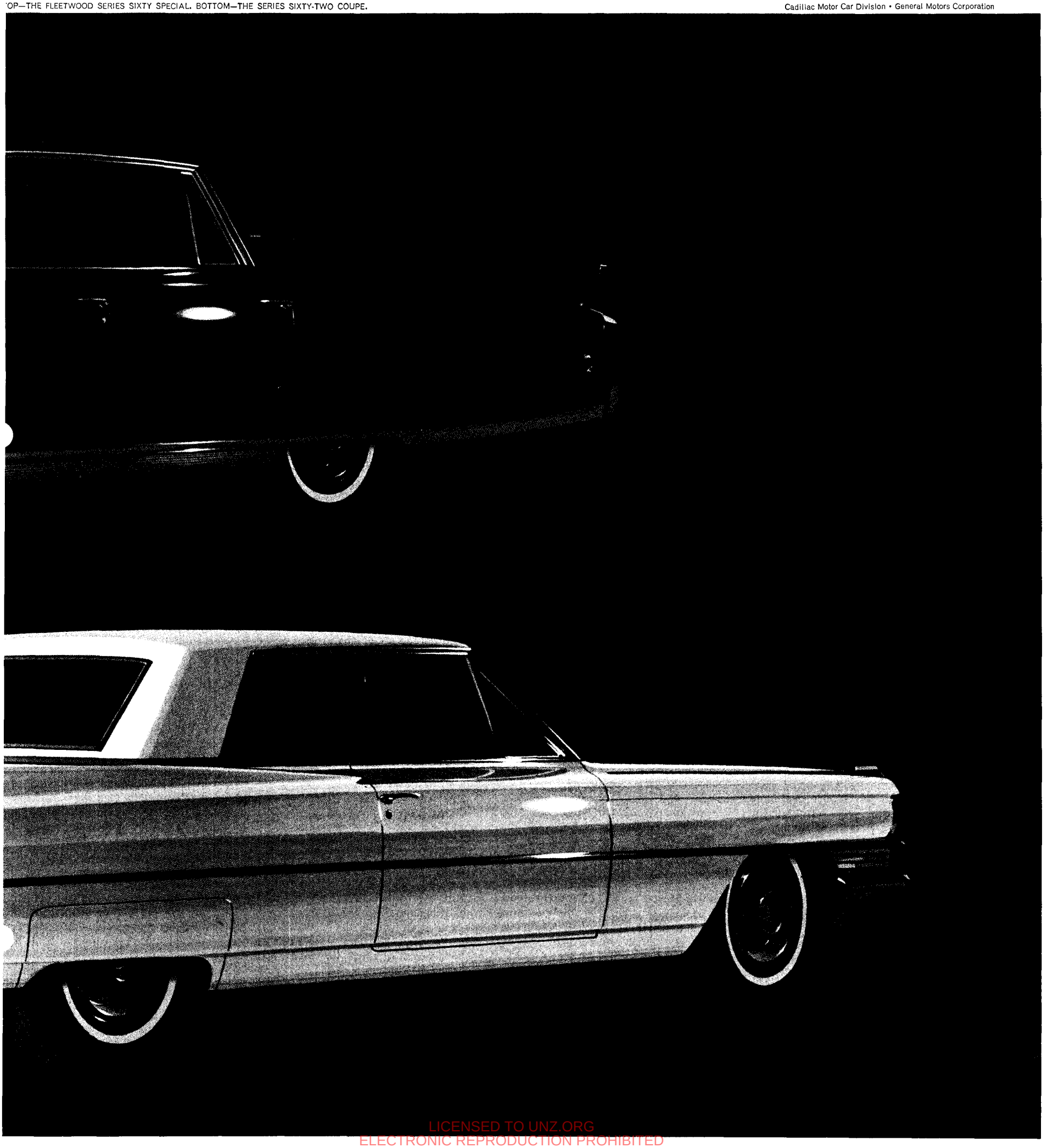

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"My familiarity with coaches bred some contempt, but it also bred a grudging sort of understanding."

Quarterback

In my 14 years of fun and games at high school, at Notre Dame and up with the professionals, 13 different head coaches snapped at me. My familiarity with coaches bred some contempt, all right, but it bred a grudging sort of understanding too. Way down deep inside their thick, furry bodies, coaches are sometimes good men, kind and devoted to their families—except possibly during the season. Unfortunately, for many of them the season never really ends, but runs on 12 months per year.

Any head coach whose team fails to win a respectable number of games promptly becomes a former head coach. The perils of such a fate apply throughout the game, except in the case of the Chicago Bears. George Halas, the club owner and president, is convinced that George Halas, the coach, is without a peer. What Halas the coach thinks of Halas the owner for not coming up with a first-rate quarterback and some bruising offensive linemen recently is not a matter of record.

Most coaches are copycats, just like people. In terms of novel techniques other coaches can beg, borrow or steal, Paul Brown has been the nearest thing to the mother lode in professional football. Many have adopted such Brown innovations as his system of grading individual players, his playbooks, his messenger guards and his mimeograph scouting reports.

Scouting Up Some Humor

One day in 1954 Brown gave me a fresh scouting report on the team we were to play the next Sunday. I was to take the report down to the club office, where a girl more familiar with the touch system than the T formation would type it, cut a stencil and mimeograph copies for distribution to the full squad.

Before I knew it I had gone so far as to insert a few observations of my own. Alongside the name of a rival halfback whose strengths and weaknesses were candidly evaluated, I wrote: "And can go all the way for touchdown unless tackled." After a brief sketch of a guard I wrote: "Only rarely enjoys being slugged in left eye."

Copies of the full report, including those contributions, were given to all the players. It was three days before anyone noticed my handiwork, which proves not that football players can't read but that they don't read everything the coach prescribes.

With all the tribulations that beset a pro coach, and with his survival so closely tied to victory, his ability to remain calm and relaxed in defeat is a wonderful sight—but I have yet to see it. The reaction to adversity ranges from moony, slack-faced despair to outright physical violence, such as kicking over a row of lockers.

The least dejected coach I ever saw stand up to chronic hard times was Jimmy Phelan. With the Los Angeles Dons, the New York Yanks and the Dallas Texans, he didn't win many games, but he kept right on whistling around the cemetery.

Shortly before the end at Dallas, there was some question whether the players would receive their weekly paychecks, or whether the checks would be any good if they did arrive.

Halfway through a Wednesday practice session a messenger breathlessly came to the field with the checks. Phelan promptly called the squad together.

"All right, boys," he said. "One lap around the field and then head straight for the closest bank."

In view of men like Jimmy Phelan and Lou Rymkus, Paul Brown and Greasy Neale, Allie Sherman, Sammy Baugh, Sid Gillman, Weeb Ewbank, George Halas, Wally Lemm, Pop Ivy and others beyond any count, outsiders may wonder if coaches are people.

To me the question seems absurd. Of course they aren't.

Monsters Among the Pros

During a casual conversation in the fall of 1960 Big Daddy Lipscomb, one of Baltimore's civic monuments at the time, was asked about his good friend and teammate, Sherman Plunkett.

Daddy studied the question briefly. "Skinny," he said. "Plunkett's gotten skinny."

"Skinny?" The shape of a vast, beefy man filled the mind.

"Yeah, Plunkett's gotten skinny lately. He's down to 262 pounds."

Big Daddy wasn't spoofing. As defensive linemen, both Daddy and Plunkett know that sheer physical bulk—the more the better—is essential in their bruising work.

As a six-footer who weighed 178 pounds, I considered myself fairly good-sized when I started out in professional football with the Buffalo Bills in 1947. It didn't take me long to find out otherwise. Nobody on the squad was any bigger than Forrest (Chubby) Grigg, who scaled 325 pounds, but a number of my playmates weren't much smaller than Grigg either.

Of the sixty-some bullyboys who play defensive tackle in the National Football League and the American Football League today, only 10 weigh any less than 250.

These monsters have come to be an essential part of the pro game. Many quarterbacks can thread a needle at 50 yards, and T-formation plays unfold with blinding deception. The gigantic linemen help hold down the score by bursting through to rush the passer and by racking up any ball carrier within reach.

Sam Huff was an All-American tackle at West Virginia. He weighed 225 the day he joined the Giants. It wasn't long before the coaches moved him to middle linebacker, where he won all-pro honors. They moved him not just because he had the speed and durability to back a line, but also because he wasn't big enough to make it at tackle.

Gross tonnage isn't the only requirement for defensive linemen. The ball carriers they pursue are blazingly fast, which means the hulks themselves must show some speed afoot. And as a group, the big men are surprisingly fast and agile.

They also must have something between the ears. Elaborate and complicated defensive formations demand a memory for all kinds of highly technical signals.

"We discovered one helluva good tackle in a tiny college back in the canebrakes," former line coach Jack White recalls. "I even considered writing the signals on his uniform pants so we could play him. Only thing was he couldn't read."

Fellows who can man the barricades up front in the four-man defensive line used by today's pro teams generally are able to insist on higher salaries than any linemen except for offensive ends. According to friends still down in the dressing room, the hulks average around $10,000 a year, and a few of them, such as Lipscomb, who is now with Pittsburgh, and Leo Nomellini, of San Francisco, earn as much as $15,000.

The care and feeding of pro football's bigger men can present problems. "If a bed doesn't seem long enough or strong enough," says Sherman Plunkett, who was up to 320 when he first reported to the San Diego Chargers this year, "sometimes I just throw the mattress on the floor and sleep right there."

Incredible tales concerning the appetites of the monsters are commonplace. In 1960 two tackles who had spent a fatiguing afternoon butting heads in practice for the St. Louis Cardinals seated themselves for the evening meal. According to an eyewitness, the two of them consumed 29 slices of bread before they ever got around to the serious matter of dinner.

One season Rosey Grier arrived in the Giants' camp well over his normal 290 pounds. The team scales registered only as high as 300 pounds.

To learn his precise tonnage, they packed him off to the nearest Railway Express office and stood him on the freight scales. Grier was a pro lineman, all right, which helps explain why I'm no longer a pro quarterback. The arrow spun around until it hit 312.

Injury: It's Inevitable

Sooner or later almost every pro who plays for any length of time suffers some fairly extensive damage: a torn ligament or cartilage, a shoulder separation, a fracture—something he can tell his children about later, provided they have strong little stomachs.

Art Weiner of the Yanks had his nose broken so many times he finally lost count. Each time it happened he came off the field, tilted his head back and watched the trainer aim a mallet at the middle of his face and say, "Now I'm going to set your nose when I count to three." But after a while Weiner found that the trainer always brought the gavel down on the two-count instead, as in Notre Dame's old sucker quick-lineup play, and he braced himself just in time.

On the other hand, while I wouldn't want to say that a large number of professional football players are hypochondriacs, I wouldn't say they aren't either.

Some years ago the Yankee football team had a rookie trainer who didn't allow for this factor. Any time a player suffered a bruise, the trainer told him he had some internal bleeding, which was literally true, but had a downbeat ring.

Hearing these fateful words, one guard who had come out of a scrimmage clutching his forearm nearly fainted. The coach briefly spoke with the trainer later in the afternoon. Henceforth, a bruise was a bruise again.

Inside the Training Room

For legitimate patients and malingerers alike, the training room is the hub of a team's Red Cross system. With two or three training tables, a whirlpool bath, diathermy, heat lamps, ultrasonic and ultraviolet gadgets, a surprising amount of healing can be done on the premises.

Shortly before the end of the first half of an important Brown-49er game in 1953, Otto Graham was knocked cold and carried off the field with a severe mouth injury.

"Do you want me to go in or should we forfeit the game?" I asked coach Paul Brown, trying to lighten a grave situation.

While I played out the few remaining minutes of the half, our team physician and the trainer, Leo Murphy, began working on Graham. By the time the second half began Otto had somewhere between 10 and 15 stitches inside his mouth, which was swollen almost shut. Yet in the greatest display of courage I've ever seen in football he came back for the remainder of the game, completing nine out of ten passes. We won, 23–21.

Quarterbacks are especially vulnerable to damage. In recent years Johnny Unitas, Bobby Layne, George Blanda, Charley Conerly, Frank Tripucka, Y. A. Tittle, Al Dorow, Sonny Jurgensen and most other superquarterbacks have had to be assisted off the field, frequently on a stretcher.

At least one occasional quarterback of more modest gifts also suffered extensive injuries. In 1956, with Otto Graham finally retired, I at last became the regular Cleveland quarterback. On a third-down situation against the Redskins early in the season, I ran the sneak play Paul Brown sent in from the sidelines, moving the ball for a first down before the roof fell in. With my left foot pinned to the ground, another player slammed into my left knee and buckled it backwards from front to rear. I heard two distinct cracks.

Two Cleveland substitutes helped carry me into the training room and laid me out on a table. Between the halves, after lecturing the troops, Paul Brown found the time to walk into the training room to look me over. "There goes the whole

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"For players given to lawbreaking, the basic weapon is a fist, with the use of it concealed from officials."

season on one lousy quarterback sneak," he said.

As things turned out, that one lousy quarterback sneak cost me the rest of my career. At the age of thirty I hobbled away with my bad knee, my memories and remnants of the $172,965 I had pocketed in ten years as a pro.

Along with the legitimate injuries, occasionally one is simulated, sometimes to stop the clock. High-scoring end Lionel Taylor of the Denver Broncos still recalls with some dismay his brief career in the National Football League before the Bears cut him adrift.

The week of a pre-season game with Pittsburgh, Taylor almost wore the skin off both hands catching passes in practice. All he wanted was the opportunity to show his stuff, and sure enough, late in the last quarter of the game, a call finally came. He strapped on his helmet, loosened up and stepped over to George Halas for instructions.

"We've run out of time-outs, Taylor," Halas said. "Go in and get hurt."

TV Avoids the Mayhem

Pro football's executive branch can't quite bring itself to acknowledge that an occasional bullyboy is guilty of committing assault and battery on an opponent. In the National Football League, television cameras abruptly switch over to the crowd, the drum-and-bugle corps or the cloud formation any time the troops commence arbitrating with their bare fists.

The American Football League hardly goes so far as to release weekly statistics showing which players lead the league in bone-breaking. But at least it allows the beady eye of television to zero in when the boys are having a little fun.

Whether this is because A.F.L. officials are more forthright or because the newer, less flourishing circuit realizes it might get a competitive leg up with televiewers, I can't say for certain—not as long as I'm handling A.F.L. games as a television commentator myself, anyway.

The tools with which pros occasionally try to do one another in vary considerably. For the battered passer who sees a rival set of knees and elbows approaching once too often, the football itself may become a weapon. Several years ago I completed a pass right between a defensive end's eyeballs at point-blank range.

For most players given to lawbreaking, however, the basic weapon is a hand balled up into a fist, the thumb folded along the fingers, the whole thing hidden from the view of officials.

One afternoon early in my career a big tackle was playing a surly tune on one of our young Buffalo linemen. Angry, frustrated, his face raw and bleeding, the rookie finally asked me what he could do about it.

I turned and advised an official to keep an eye on the big tackle, then told our young punching bag, "Next time he hits you we might get a good penalty out of this. Just to be sure, why don't you provoke him a little by calling him a dirty name before the snap?"

On the next play the kid lineman hunkered down, glared across the scrimmage line and muttered something highly uncomplimentary. The tackle replied as expected, right square in the mouth, and our man sank to his knees.

He wobbled up moments later and smiled at me. "Well, did it work out all right?" he inquired.

"Sort of," I told him. "An official saw the punch and gave us a fifteen-yard penalty if we wanted it. Only we happened to score a touchdown on the play, and we declined the penalty. But thanks, anyway."

Other examples of what management invariably refers to as "aggressive football" are more subtle. A cobra clutch, for example, calls for an offensive lineman to wrap both hairy arms around an invader and stave him off until the play is completed. A basic clutcher is a linebacker who delays an end from running downfield for a pass by grabbing him anywhere he can.

"One of the sweetest little weapons in the game today is the clothesline," says Denver quarterback Frank Tripucka. "A player forms a clothesline by holding his arm straight out horizontally and locking it tight. Then he rushes the passer and tries to catch him under the chin. From the lumps on my neck, you can see I'm a passer."

Pro football has developed several defenses to guard against excessive muggings. Four strict game officials enforce the law as they see it, which is the problem. With 22 players to watch over on every play, they sometimes miss the whopper down at the bottom of the pile who's grabbing for anything breakable within reach.

Policing the Lawbreakers

Virtually every pro team maintains unofficial policemen of its own. In cases where the opposition neglects the normal social graces, men such as Gino Marchetti of Baltimore, Ernie Stautner of Pittsburgh and Bud McFadin of Denver will raise warning voices. If the warning goes unheeded, they are prepared to take some direct action.

Should everything else fail, the pros may run the "Education Play"—also known as 99-Suicide, Socko, Snakebite, The Law, 48-Undertaker and Say Goodbye to the Wife and Kids. After the center snaps the ball, every man converges on the troublemaker. One after the other, using perfectly legal blocks, they smash into him from different angles, with different levels of anger.

Then everyone steps back to let the litter bearers through.

In the old days a professional football team could hire a good, tooth-rattling fullback for as little as $2000. Any respectable fullback who earns less than $10,000 or $12,000 nowadays must have

As a member of the Cleveland Browns, Ratterman spent most of his time on the sidelines with coach Paul Brown watching Otto Graham.

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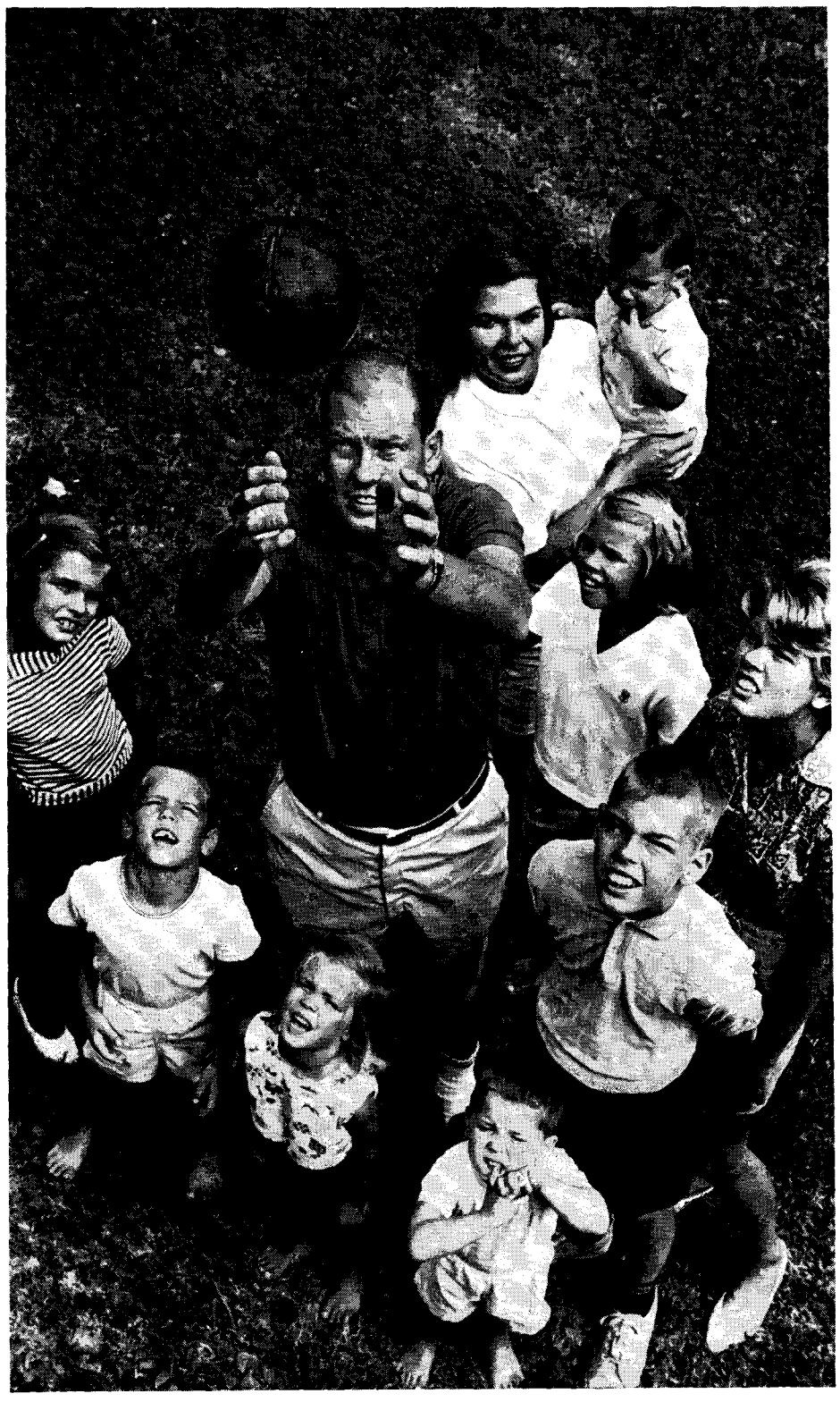
"It's a myth that football games are won between halves by a coach who inflames the boys with melodramatic stories."



Ratterman, who took up football because his father was eager to raise a star, quit college in order to turn pro and marry his hometown sweetheart. Now there are eight small Rattermans in his house in Newport, Ky., where he mixes business and politics.

Quarterback

flunked the basic math course back at Sweetwater Teachers, and the better young ones sign for $15,000 or $20,000.

In the past few years the revenue from flashy, high-scoring pro football has gone up, up, up. In addition to plucking the wallets of 50,000, 60,000 or even 80,000 people who pour through the gates each weekend, management has found TV to be a bonanza.

Most important to the players, though, is the fact that there are now two major professional wheels in this country—the National Football League and the American Football League—plus the Canadian League, which also bids for American talent.

The American Football League, which is now in its third year of operation, continues to spend money as if it were water. For several club owners the commodity is almost as abundant as water, fortunately.

Getting Money Is an Art

The A.F.L.'s San Diego Chargers spend $100,000 a season simply for scouting reports on college players the team may or may not draft and attempt to sign.

"After the Belgian Congo riots there were only three Caucasians left in Katanga province—two missionaries and a scout for the San Diego Chargers," says Tiger Joe Garland, the noted scholar-athlete who played center for the New York Yankees.

Even with so much money around, however, it still calls for enterprise on the part of a player to get all he reasonably expects, which may happen, or all he thinks he's entitled to, which is almost impossible.

Paul Brown of Cleveland has reduced salaries almost to an exact science. Wherever possible, he pegs a lunker's wage to the grading system he devised many years ago. By running and rerunning game movies, Brown and his aides statistically score all of Cleveland's players. If a defensive halfback's season score averages out to 85 he receives somewhat more money the following season than a back who scores only 82.

Through calculated leaks to sympathetic or gullible sportswriters, a pro on the make for a higher salary can sometimes lay down an effective smoke screen. He may hint that he's thinking of quitting because of an attractive coaching offer or business opportunity or what not. Management in its turn often plants stories that the player may be traded, or may have trouble beating out some phenomenal rookie.

Once the actual bargaining sessions commence, players generally have any favorable statistics glued in their memory, and they are not above making further claims with little basis in fact.

When Steve Sebo was general manager of the New York Titans he returned home one evening visibly wrung out from signing bullnecked Titans to contracts. His wife inquired what the trouble was.

"This morning I had the privilege of visiting with the league's greatest end, its greatest ball carrier and its greatest kicker," Sebo wearily replied. "And this afternoon I spoke with professional football's single greatest lineman—three of them, one right after the other."

Occasionally, but only occasionally, it is management that introduces the subject of a raise. Back in the years when pro football was a little more informal, the Cardinals had a tackle who performed above and beyond the call of duty. However, he was not exactly a scholarly type. He had been exposed to a rural college just long enough to win his varsity letter, which he had some trouble reading.

"You had a fine year, Jim," the club owner told him, carefully talking nothing but basic English. "You had such a fine year we're going to raise your salary by a third."

"Oh, no, you don't!" the tackle roared. "Either you raise my salary by a fourth or else I quit the team."

In commenting on the higher salaries the roughnecks collect nowadays, Johnny Unitas of Baltimore recently insisted that no player earns too much, for the simple reason that the dreadful toll of age constricts his peak to only a few seasons.

Off in a corner of the room a sportswriter's girl friend nodded her head. "John, you've just described the plight of being a woman," she said.

According to an enduring myth, football games are often miraculously won between the halves when some powerfully eloquent coach inflames the boys with melodramatic stories about a dying mother, an oppressive mortgage, love of the flag or, better yet, all three.

It isn't so. The pep talk isn't what it used to be, and perhaps it never was. Old-timers who date back to the 1920's insist that the tales of half-time emotionalism were highly exaggerated even then.

Science Over Sentiment

In the high-powered pro game today, with its endless variations of as many as 200 basic plays, the intermission is devoted not to sentiment but to science. The pro coach is completely occupied with chalking diagrams on the blackboard, telling an end to run hook-and-go routes against some defender who doesn't recover quickly and improvising new defenses to ambush the opposition's draw play.

If all the coaches whose half-time strategy blew apart in the third and fourth quarters of play dived off a bridge together, there'd be no more coaches. As it is, the special formulas succeed just often enough to keep the tacticians breathing without being exactly optimistic.

The closest thing to rah-rah oratory I ever heard in my 10 years as a professional came on a Sunday when the Yanks were losing by three touchdowns. After hitting a few high notes, coach Jimmy Phelan posed what was supposed to be a rhetorical question.

"All right, now tell me who's going to win this ball game?"

"They are," someone in the last row said quietly. At the time I thought that irreverent but prophetic voice sounded familiar. It should have. It turned out to be mine. **THE END**

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Can an accident trigger nuclear war?

Armed American bombers
fly past their point of recall
and head for Moscow.
Beginning a three-part serialization
of one of this fall's most important
novels—a story for the atomic age.

Fail-Safe

By EUGENE BURDICK
Coauthor of THE UGLY AMERICAN
and HARVEY WHEELER

In the War Room of the Strategic Air Command at Omaha, the only illumination came from the Big Board. Made of translucent plastic, it covered an entire wall like a gigantic movie screen. Just now the Big Board showed a simple Mercator map of the world, spattered with cabalistic signs. Arrows, circles, squares, numbers, triangles were strewn across the screen, sometimes coming up bright and clear, sometimes dimming. In the uncertain light the half dozen men in the War Room looked insignificant.

"I expected a little more action," Congressman Raskob said. "This is just like a second-rate theater. Where are the ushers?"

Lt. Gen. Lee Bogan, United States Air Force, glanced at Congressman Raskob, knowing that he was being baited. "Right now, sir, we're at our lowest condition of readiness," General Bogan said. "When something starts to happen there's plenty of action."

The Congressman grunted. Standing at the raised runway at the back of the War Room, he held his short, stocky body in an arrogant posture. *He's going to be a tough one*, General Bogan thought.

Raskob was tough indeed, and intelligent too. He came from a congressional district in Manhattan which embraced expensive apartment houses at one end and old tenements at the other. On welfare and civil-rights issues Raskob voted liberal to win the slum-dwellers' votes. On military appropriations he complained loudly that short-sighted generals and admirals were adding to the tax burden, a posture that won votes among the well-to-do.

Now he caught the eye of Colonel Cascio, General Bogan's deputy. "Where are you from, son?" It was a political question, entirely automatic.

"New York City, sir," Colonel Cascio said. "In the west Seventies."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

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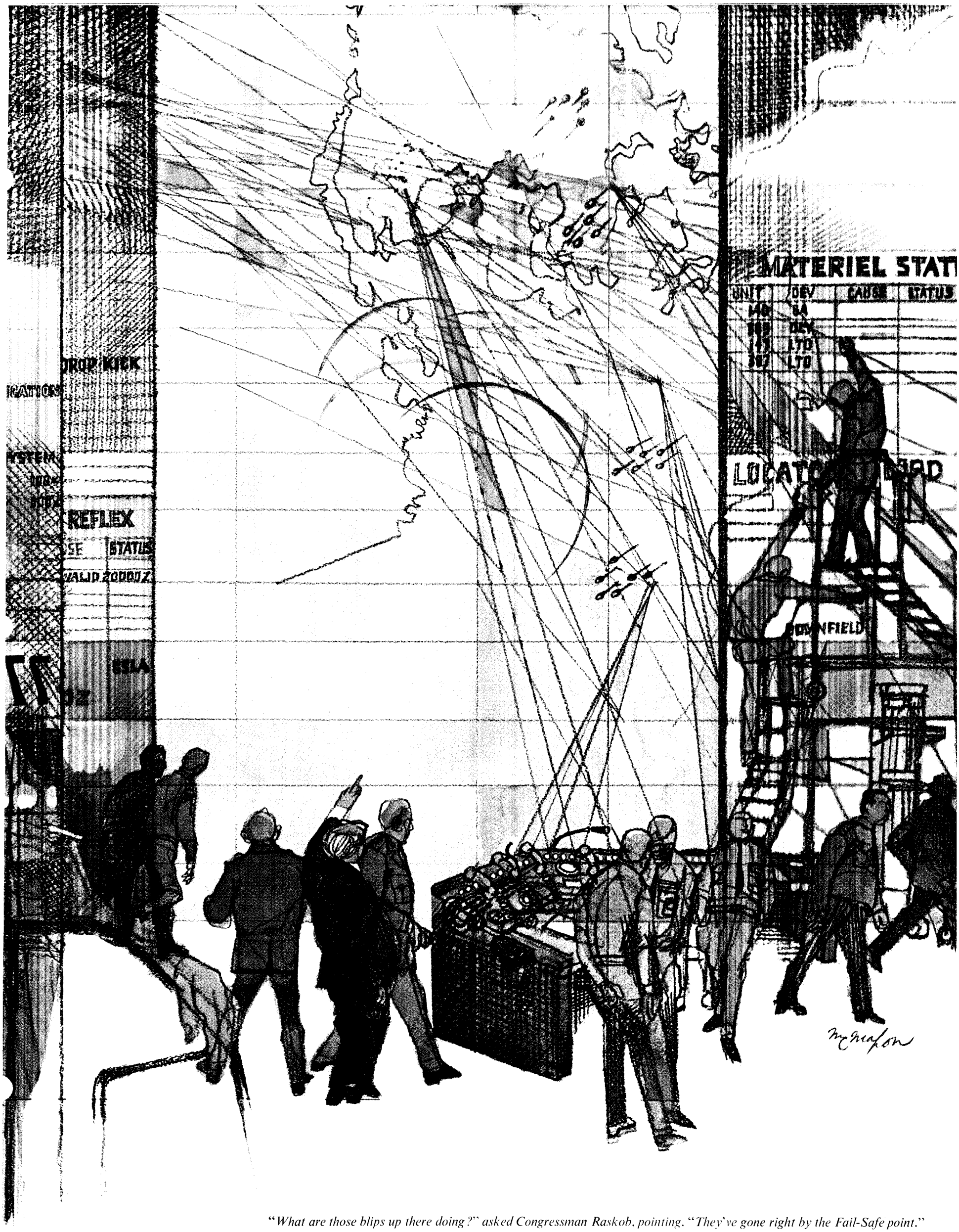

"What are those blips up there doing?" asked Congressman Raskob, pointing. "They've gone right by the Fail-Safe point."

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Fail-Safe

"Probably in the Twentieth District," Raskob said. "You're getting some Puerto Ricans in there now. It's one of those swing districts. Might go either Democrat or Republican."

"As a military man," Colonel Cascio said, "I don't follow politics very closely."

"Most Air Force people move around so much that they have trouble meeting residence requirements for voting," General Bogan said quickly.

He felt uneasy and protective. Colonel Cascio's parents, he knew, were Kentucky hill people who lived in drunken squalor. They had never adjusted to life in a northern city. And they were the reason that Colonel Cascio never spoke with a southern accent, never drank and was unmarried. His military career was everything.

General Bogan himself came from a Tennessee family with a strong military tradition. Ever since colonial days at least one Bogan had been in the armed forces of the United States. Gen. Grant Lee Bogan's given names came to him because his father thought that General Grant and General Lee were the greatest generals in American history.

"General," said Raskob, "this room reminds me of a submarine. How deep are we?"

"Four hundred feet underground," General Bogan said. "After a while you get used to it."

He was not telling the complete truth. In fact he had disliked the War Room when he first became its commander, after thirty-two years as an Air Force pilot. He had hated the elevator, which fell in one long, sickening drop; he had even disliked the smell of shellac from the thousands of electrical units.

In time General Bogan's feeling had changed. The War Room, with its small gray desks, was an artistic concept. Information came here by radio, Teletype, written report, computers, memory banks, card sorters, conveyors, tubes, telephones and word of mouth. It came in the form of calculations, fear, wild guesses, recommendations, equivocations and rumor.

General Bogan glanced at Congressman Raskob and wished he could communicate his secret vision. The War Room had become a ship, a plane, a place of decision. Although locked in hundreds of tons of concrete and millions of tons of earth, the room gave him a sense of motion, as if he were flying on instruments.

He led his visitor down the incline to the command desk. "Colonel Cascio, will you project the naval situation in the Pacific on the Big Board?" he asked.

"Yes sir," Colonel Cascio said. He bent over the big desk and pressed a lever labeled PACIFIC NAVAL. Instantly the Mercator projection of the world was replaced by a chart of the Pacific Ocean. Colonel Cascio looked up at General Bogan. "Would you like to start with the Russian submarine layout?"

General Bogan nodded. Suddenly the map of the Pacific contained sixteen red blips. Tape began to pour from a machine at a nearby desk.

Congressman Raskob went rigid. "You don't mean to tell me that all those little things are Russian submarines?" he asked. "That one there looks like it's almost in Los Angeles harbor."

"Sir, that Soviet submarine is approximately fifty miles offshore," General Bogan said quietly. "Unless they come within the three-mile limit, all we can do is observe them."

"General, this looks dangerous to me," Raskob said. "What the hell are those submarines doing?"

"I suppose they're doing what we do when we send planes around the Soviet border—they're scanning us."

It was the kind of explanation that Raskob understood. "How do you know that those submarines are really there?" he asked.

"Sir, the Navy has a pattern of sonobuoys in the Pacific," Colonel Cascio said. "They pick up sounds in the water. The information is transmitted to Kaneohe Bay in Hawaii and interpreted by specialists there. They're so good they can tell the difference between a whale breaking wind and a submarine blowing tanks."

Colonel Cascio turned to the machine on the adjoining desk and tore off the tape. He handed it to Raskob. "When the Big Board is switched to a specific projection," he explained, "memory banks are automatically searched for bits of related information. These come out on the tape."

The first sentence on the tape read,

SOVIET SUBMARINE KRONSTADT OPERATED RADAR EQUIPMENT FOR 30 SECONDS AT 1820 SLANT LINE 18 SLANT LINE 00. SUBMERGED DEPTH 120 FEET, PROCEEDED NORTHWEST TO POINT WLDZ AT 6.5 KNOTS.

The tape went on to give estimates of the fuel level in various Soviet submarines in the Pacific, the number of messages they had transmitted, the time they had been on patrol.

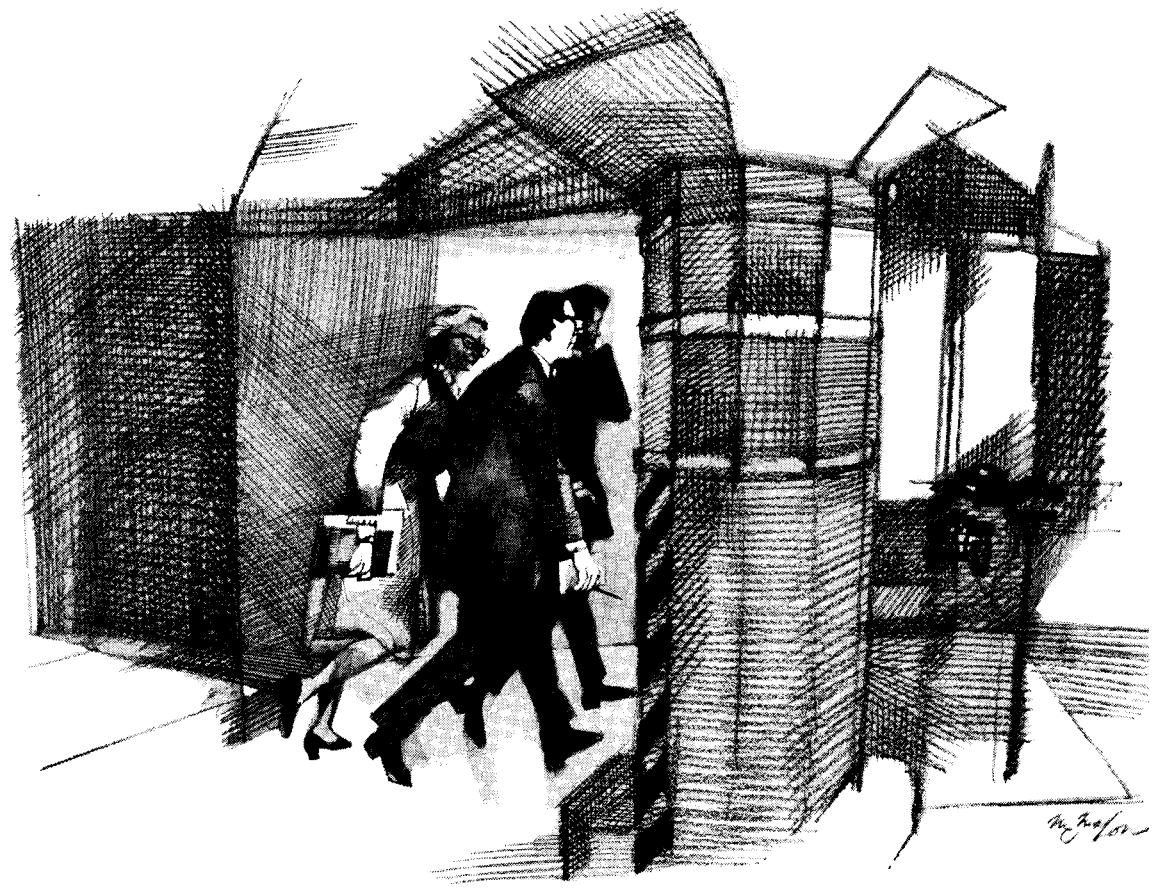
"I'll be damned," Raskob said. "That's a nice gadget."

"That gadget and the others in this room cost over a billion dollars, Mr. Raskob," General Bogan said, carefully keeping irony out of his voice. "There's another room like this at the Pentagon, and another at Colorado Springs, and smaller versions at other locations around the world."

"Where are all these other rooms?" Raskob asked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't give you that information except on orders from my superiors or the President," General Bogan said. He hesitated, warned by the flush on Raskob's face. "It's what we call 'top secret for concerned eyes only.'"

Raskob smiled. "That rules me out," he said. "The only use I could have for the information is to beat hell out of the military people at an appropriation hearing. What other kinds of stuff can you show on that screen?"



Hurrying through the bomb shelter, the President led his secretary and the translator to his desk.

Colonel Cascio leaned toward the levers on the desk. Before he could touch them a blue light began to flash over the Big Board. A ticker machine at another desk-console stuttered. The Big Board went blank, then steadied on a projection of the area between Greenland and Canada. From a door at the side of the room six officers entered and moved to their desks.

"What's happened, general?" Raskob asked.

"I don't know yet," General Bogan said. "But we've gone to Condition Blue, our mildest alert."

Suddenly the board showed a tiny red blip between Greenland and the eastern coast of Canada.

"Mr. Raskob, that's an unidentified flying object, picked up by our radar," General Bogan said. "Until we identify it positively we'll regard it as hostile."

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The Congressman stared at the red blip. It moved slowly across the projection. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

General Bogan smiled. "We always have a certain number of SAC bombers in the air. They have been informed of Condition Blue, and will start to fly toward their Fail-Safe points."

"Fail-Safe?"

"The Fail-Safe point is different for each group," General Bogan explained. "But it's a fixed point in the sky where the planes orbit and wait for a positive order to attack. Unless they get a positive order to 'go,' they return to the United States. That's what we mean by the expression 'Fail-Safe.' If something fails, it's still safe—we can't go to war except by a direct order. Without that order, no bomber will fly beyond the Fail-Safe point."

"They must get the order to 'go' by radio," Raskob said.

"That's right, Mr. Raskob," General Bogan said, "but not by voice. The order is transmitted to a small box in each plane which we call the Fail-Safe box. That box is operated by a radio code, which changes from day to day. It can be activated only at the express order of the President of the United States. You've probably read that he is accompanied everywhere by an officer from the Air Force, who has the current code for the box."

"Why don't you just give them an oral yes or no, and save yourself all this trouble?" Raskob asked. His eyes were fastened on the red blip and its inexorable progress.

"Because," General Bogan said, "an enemy could use the same radio frequency, imitating the voice of the President or one of our commanding officers. Also, when people talk over the radio, interference from other transmissions may cause misunderstanding. But nothing can interfere with the Fail-Safe box. It can be activated in only one manner, and at the express order of the President."

Raskob had not taken his eyes from the Big Board. Now he spoke with a rasp of irritation. "Well, what else are you doing?" he asked brusquely. "That blip could be a Russian bomber, and as far as I can tell you aren't doing much about it."

"We're doing a good deal," General Bogan said. "Fighter planes are flying toward the unidentified object, ICBM rockets are being prepared for launching, squadrons of bombers are being fueled and armed—all in case this is an enemy vehicle," General Bogan said. "But, Congressman Raskob, if we went full-out every time an unidentified object appeared on the screen, we'd need four times the appropriations that we now get from Congress."

Raskob missed the irony. "What do you mean, 'every time'? How often does this happen?"

"About six times a month," General Bogan said. "And if we went straight to Condition Red each time it would probably cost around a billion dollars a year."

Raskob laughed. "OK, general, you win. I got that bit about the congressional appropriations. But six times a month? It can't be very dangerous if it happens that often."

"Sir, we never take a chance," Colonel Cascio broke in. His voice was almost reproving. "We don't know what that object is. If we can't identify it in a few more minutes, or if it acts suspiciously, we'll go to Condition Yellow. If we're still unsatisfied we might go to Condition Green. The last step, as you know, is Condition Red. We've never gone to Red—that would mean that we were actually on the verge of war. What all of this machinery assures is that if we do go to war it won't be by accident, or because someone's lost his mind. This system is foolproof."

Foolproof? Colonel Cascio was wrong.

Branching off from the War Room are other rooms, protected by sheaths of concrete and lead. One room is labeled PRESIDENTIAL COMMAND NET. Inside are six gray machines, under a sign reading, FAIL-SAFE ACTIVATING MECHANISMS. TO BE USED ONLY AT EXPRESS PRESIDENTIAL ORDER."

In the room are two sergeants whose sole duty is to check the mechanical condition of the activation machine. At the moment that Colonel Cascio uttered the words "foolproof," one of the sergeants walked around the bank of machines.

"Frank, how are you fixed for cigarettes?" he asked.

Frank tossed him a pack. At that moment in Machine "Delta" a small condenser blew. There was no sound, just a tiny puff of smoke.

The sergeant sniffed. "Frank, do you smell something?" he asked. "Like something burning?"

"Yeah, that's me," Frank said. "You bumming cigarettes all the time, that burns me."

They grinned at each other. The sergeant returned to his desk. None of his gauges indicated a malfunction.

Congressman Raskob was enjoying the action. It had something of the elements of politics in it. "Can you project onto the Big Board the fighter planes that are chasing the unidentified object?" he asked.

Colonel Cascio moved a few levers. Near the red blip a phosphorescent worm began to glow, then broke into six separate blips, all black. "Those are Canadian fighters," he said. "They'll probably close the unidentified object in a half hour."

He walked over to a desk-console, tore off a piece of tape and handed it to General Bogan. It read,

UFO AT ANGELS 30, SPEED 525, COURSE 186.

"That means that the unidentified flying object is at 30,000 feet, doing 525 miles an hour, southbound," General Bogan said.

"If the fighters catch it, what are they likely to find?" Raskob asked.

"Usually it's a commercial airliner blown off course by high winds," General Bogan said.

"General, can you put on the board the SAC bombers that are flying toward their Fail-Safe points?" Raskob asked.

"Yes, sir," General Bogan said. He nodded at Colonel Cascio, who adjusted his desk levers.

"What you will see," General Bogan continued, "is a fuller projection of the Northern Hemisphere. It's something like being directly above the North Pole."

Again there was a slow dissolve on the Big Board. At this scale the unidentified flying object and the six pursuing fighters were tiny. Six clusters of green blips swam into view. Each cluster was

Betty's words were a pall on the group. "We all know that the big explosion is going to happen."

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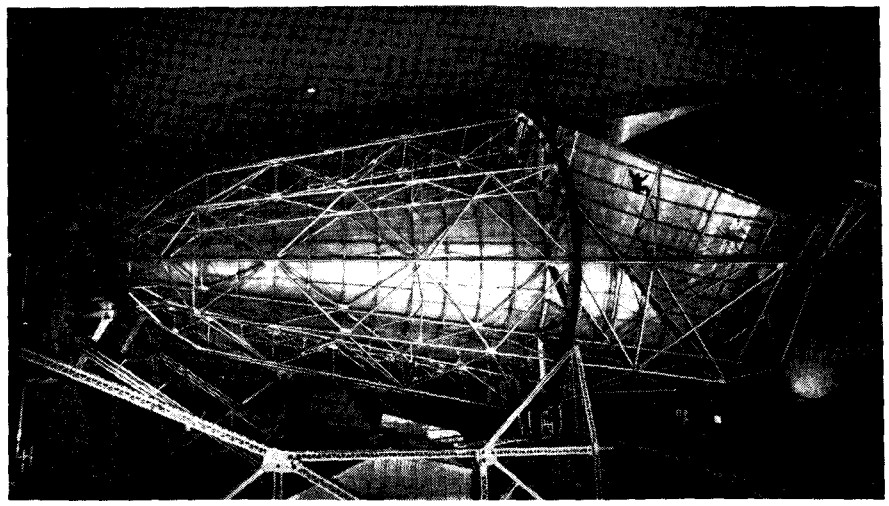

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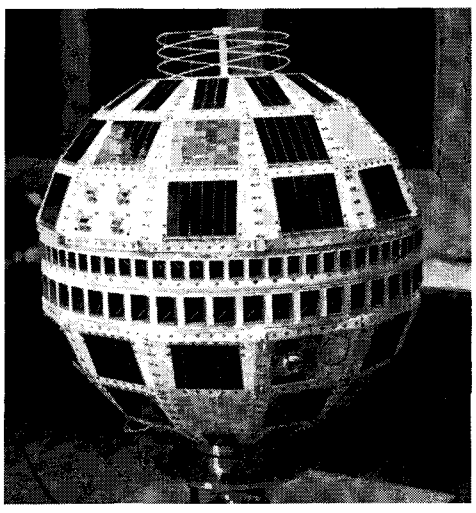

Telstar—first satellite capable of cross-ocean relay of telephone calls, TV and data messages—is the work of many hands.

The Bell System provided technical leadership and underwrote the entire cost, which was about $50 million.

The experimental satellite was launched at Bell System expense by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

But before that dramatic launching, 1249 different companies —most of them small businesses—participated, with billings of $100 or more, as subcontractors and suppliers on the project.

Their contributions ranged from liquid nitrogen to special resistors, transmitters, waveguide components, telemetry and antennas. The companies themselves are located north, south, east and west. Each was chosen because of its competence in its field for the job required.

Telstar, then, is a glowing tribute to the nation's private industry, and a dramatic example of industry and government co-operation to advance American technology. Many shared its creation so that all might share its accomplishments.

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Fail-Safe moving toward one green cross or another positioned around the borders of Soviet Russia.

"Each group of blips represents six Vindicator bombers," Colonel Cascio said. "Notice that some of them, such as the group based on Okinawa, can get to their Fail-Safe points very quickly. So the group jinks around a good deal. The idea is to have all of the bombers arrive at each Fail-Safe point at the same moment. The one which has the farthest to travel is Group Delta, which is near the Bering Strait. As you can see, it is moving toward the green cross over St. Matthew Island, just about at west longitude 170 degrees. That is its Fail-Safe point."

A tape-recorded voice suddenly announced, "*Seven minutes to Fail-Safe.*"

"That voice goes on automatically at seven minutes and starts a countdown," General Bogan said. "It is unlikely that the planes will actually get to the Fail-Safe points. Usually, the UFO is identified before that, and we order the bombers back."

"*Six minutes to Fail-Safe,*" the mechanical voice said.

A door in the side of the War Room opened. Four officers walked in and sat at desk-consoles. At this moment the UFO disappeared from the screen. Colonel Cascio pulled tape from a machine and handed it to General Bogan.

"The unidentified object is now over the Nenieux Islands off Baffin Bay," General Bogan read, "losing altitude rapidly. No visual contact yet. Radar signal erratic."

"*Five minutes to Fail-Safe,*" the mechanical voice said.

"General, what the hell happened to that thing?" Raskob asked. "It's gone."

"Colonel Cascio, let's go to Condition Yellow," General Bogan said briskly.

Raskob swung about and stared at the general.

"Nothing to worry about," the general said. "The UFO has plunged from 30,000 feet and disappeared from the radar scopes. It may be an airliner about to crash, but it *might* be an enemy plane taking evasive action."

Raskob had a look on his face which Bogan had come to recognize, an expression compounded of excitement, horror and malice.

"*Four minutes to Fail-Safe time,*" the voice said.

On the Big Board the bomber blips were drawing close to the Fail-Safe crosses. One of the desk-consoles started to chatter. A major tore off the tape and handed it to General Bogan.

"Go to Condition Green," General Bogan barked. "And project the light bombers, the Skyscrapper support and the jet tankers on the Big Board."

Raskob said, "What the hell ——"

General Bogan raised his hand.

The light over the Big Board went green. A piercing Klaxon sound cut through the room. Doors opened, and in thirty seconds every desk-console in the room was manned.

"*Three minutes to Fail-Safe,*" the voice said.

Strange shapes were blossoming all over the Big Board. Behind each of the Vindicator groups appeared the blips of airborne tankers. Other blips appeared to port and starboard—protective fighters.

Colonel Cascio quickly explained the situation to Raskob, without taking his eye from the Board.

"Why did you go to Condition Green?" Raskob asked in a whisper.

General Bogan interrupted. "Colonel Cascio, come with me to the 413-L desk." He looked at Raskob, felt an impulse to explain and a sudden pressure of anxiety.

When they reached the desk General Bogan handed a slip of paper to Colonel Cascio. It read,

EXTENDED DEW LINE STATION NO. 4.6 ON UFO. SOME ATMOSPHERIC INTERFERENCE, BUT UFO IS NOT REPEAT NOT AIR-BREATHING VEHICLE.

"Not an air-breather?" There was astonishment in Colonel Cascio's voice. He turned to the officer at the desk. "Get DEW Line Number four point six and see if they have any dope on the conformation of the UFO."

The officer adjusted desk controls. A line of three green lights went on.

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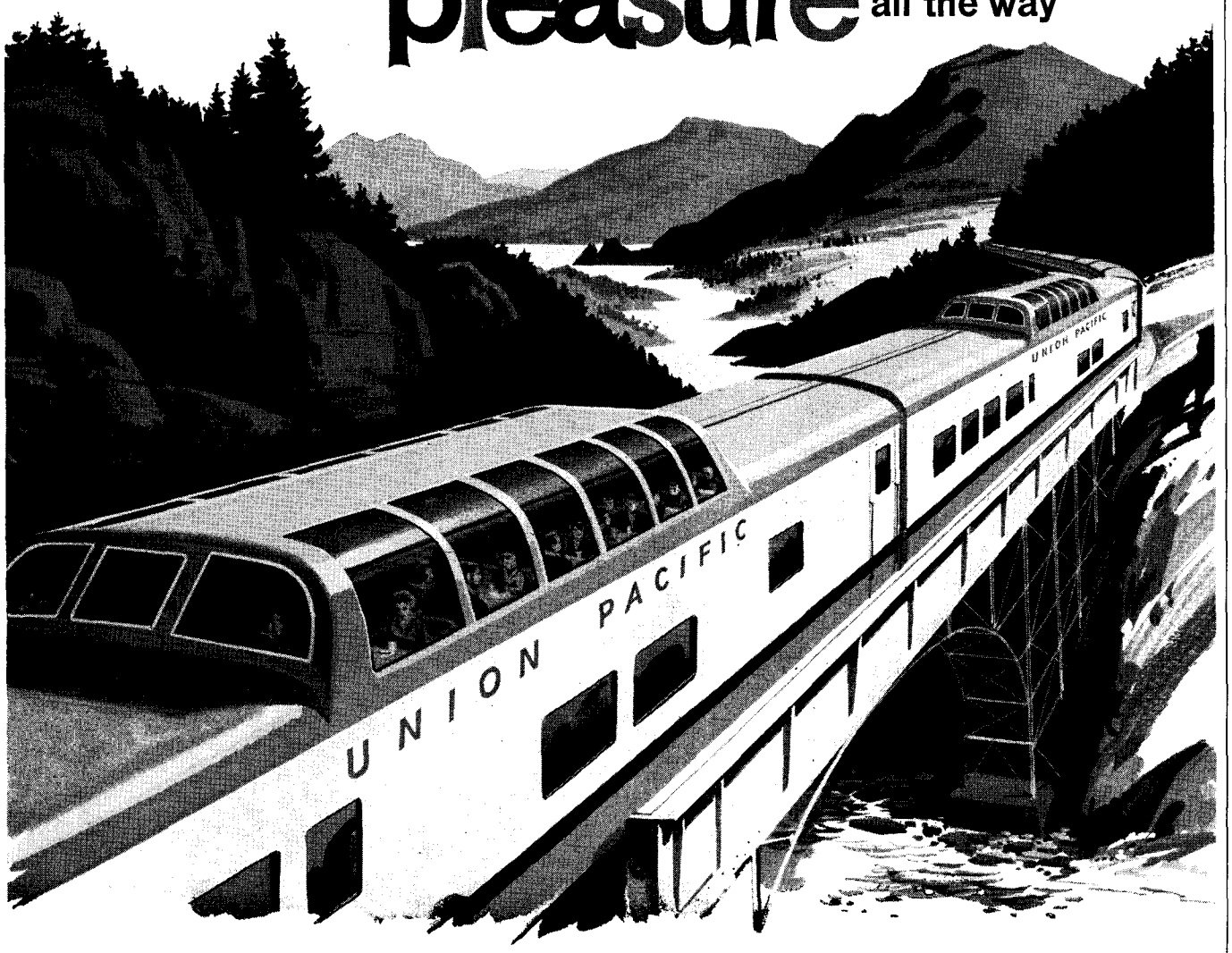

Autumn — with the countryside slashed with scarlet and gold and Summer crowds snug at home or in school — is the ideal time to travel. Train and hotel reservations are easier to arrange. Places-to-go and things-to-do are more fun in the brisk Fall air. And Domeliner is the ideal way to go.

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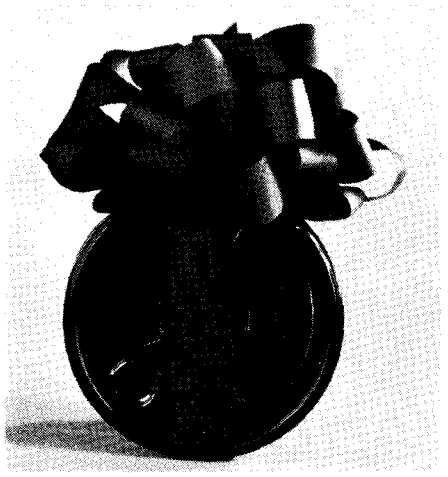

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"*Two minutes to Fail-Safe.*"

"If it doesn't look like an air-breather," General Bogan said, "it might be a commercial plane which has lost power on all engines. Or it might be some sort of rocket-driven vehicle."

"*One minute to Fail-Safe.*"

"Colonel Cascio," General Bogan said, "get our visitor out of here."

Colonel Cascio stepped toward Congressman Raskob and spoke to him. Raskob's voice was raised in protest.

"Now look here," he said; "damn it, general, if we're going to war I want to know all about it."

"Who said anything about going to war?" General Bogan asked. His voice had a whiplike quality. "I want you out of this room."

Raskob had spread his feet. He had a pyramidal, ferocious look about him. "Back off, general. As I read the situation, we're one minute from going to war, and I'm going to stay right here and see what happens. You're not going to put me off in a cell, not without a fight. I mean that, general."

"*One-half minute to Fail-Safe,*" the voice said. "*Countdown will now be by seconds . . . twenty-five . . . twenty-four . . . twenty-three . . .*"

General Bogan knew he couldn't get Raskob out of the room without using force. He spoke to Colonel Cascio.

"It might be a camouflaged rocket plane which faked a jet flameout to come in below our radar screen."

"*Fifteen . . . fourteen . . . thirteen . . .*"

The Teletype on the 413-L desk started to clatter. General Bogan leaned forward to read the tape.

UFO HAS CONFORMATION OF BOEING 707 BUT 'GRASS' OBSCURES TOTAL IMPRESSION, the tape said.

"*Eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . .*"

On the Big Board the six bomber groups were about to converge with the green crosses which marked their Fail-Safe points. The blip of the UFO was still invisible. By a deliberate act of will, General Bogan made himself relax. He had got to the Fail-Safe point before, but he had never had a UFO which acted so strangely.

The mechanical voice said, "*All groups at Fail-Safe point.*" Simultaneously the Vindicator blips merged with their green crosses.

General Bogan turned to his visitor. Raskob's jaw was set. He did not seem to realize what was happening. The Teletype on the 413-L desk chattered.

UFO NOW AT 1500 FEET. BEST ESTIMATE BOAC COMMERCIAL BOEING 707 HAS REGAINED POWER ON TWO JETS.

"It's all right, Colonel Cascio," General Bogan said. "Let the Vindicators orbit at their Fail-Safe points, however, until we get confirmation from the Canadian fighters."

"I kinda like this whole operation," Raskob said softly. "I mean, its nice to meet people who can tie everything up with a ribbon and foolproof."

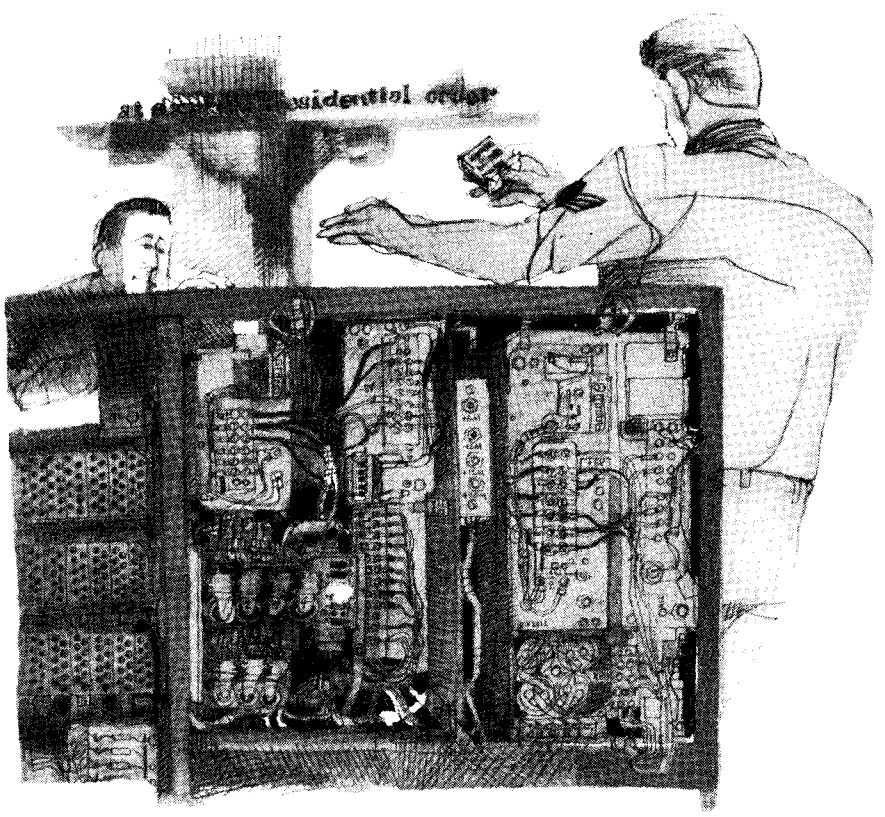
The Teletype on the 413-L clattered.

General Bogan read the tape aloud for Raskob. "UFO definitely BOAC Flight 117, off course due to high winds. Power regained at 350 feet."

"That's it, Congressman. I'm sorry that we alarmed you," General Bogan said.

Colonel Cascio pushed a single lever. Instantly the effect of the automatic radio order was reflected on the Big Board. Fighters started curving back toward their bases. Jet tankers angled away from bomber groups. The light over the Big Board went out. Men began to drift out of the room.

It was Raskob who first noticed a discrepancy. Turning from the board, he grinned at General Bogan. "Now what the hell are those blips up there



Inside the Fail-Safe activating mechanism a condenser blew. Neither man noticed.

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ɔoked like. *Wide-Track Pontiac '63*

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Fail-Safe

doing?" he asked. "They have gone right by the Fail-Safe point."

General Bogan stared at the board. His mind was white-hot and utterly blank. It perceived only one thing: Group Delta had flown past its Fail-Safe point. The bombers were headed for Russia.

"Colonel Cascio! Get on the horn; recall those bombers!"

Cascio ran to a nearby desk, threw a switch and picked up a microphone. "Turkey Five, this is Ultimate Two. Come in Turkey Five . . . come in Turkey Five . . ."

Cascio listened, frowned, turned to Bogan. "They're not answering, general. Heavy interference—sounds like jamming."

"Keep trying." Bogan spoke in an unnaturally low voice. "I'm getting on the red phone to the President."

Peter Buck was glad to pass the White House sentry box and enter his warm little office in the East Wing. Once inside, he opened his attaché case, removed a wrapped sandwich, put it in a drawer and sat down. On his desk were the latest copies of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, plus a monthly Russian literary magazine.

Buck began to read the Russian newspapers, repeating a task he had done hundreds of times. He had become a Russian linguist by accident, after being called up for military duty just as the Korean War started. Tested by the Army, he placed very high on language aptitude and found himself at the Army Language School at Monterey. At the end of a year he was assigned to a division in the Pentagon which translated Russian military documents. Sometimes the articles were alleged to have been stolen by American espionage agents, or purchased from the spy hives of Hong Kong and Berlin and Tangier. Sometimes they were merely long articles from Russian military journals.

"Sergeant Buck is something of a phenomenon in this division," his superior wrote in evaluating his work. "His virtuosity in the language makes it somewhat embarrassing for his superiors to treat him as an enlisted man."

After his discharge Buck heard of an opening on the White House staff for a Russian translator. The job was a sinecure. He merely had to be on call in the unlikely event that the new President had to speak directly to a non-English-speaking Russian. Buck got his place by winning competitive examinations. Evenings he attended classes at Georgetown Law School. During the day he read law books in his White House office, occasionally glancing through the Russian documents which were sent to him automatically.

In the first month the new President had wandered into Buck's office, introduced himself and sat down. Buck was impressed by the President's youth, his relaxed manner, his casual questions about Buck's background. It was only later that Buck realized that the pleasant, informal meeting had really been a disguised examination. Some White House old-timers had been flunked, Buck knew, for incompetence. He had passed, but the President's visit was never repeated.

This particular morning Buck was scanning *Pravda*, when he was interrupted by a shrill and novel sound. He had never heard the sound before, but he knew at once that it came from a red telephone in a drawer of his desk. Someone at the White House switchboard had made a mistake, Buck thought. In three years his red telephone had never rung. He pulled open the drawer. Then he remembered: He had been given a book labeled *Red Phone Log Book* with instructions to log the precise time that the red phone rang—if it ever rang. Buck had not seen the log book for more than a year. It had become mixed in with his law books, old copies of *Izvestia*, Russian magazines, notebooks. He pawed through the papers on his desk, pulled open the top drawer. The call was sure to be a mistake. Nevertheless, he grabbed a sheet of paper, looked at his watch, and wrote: "10:32 A.M." With relief he picked up the phone.

"Mr. Buck, this is the President speaking." There was no mistaking the voice. It was calm, marked by a New England accent, nasal. "Would you please make your way to the White House bomb shelter at once?"

"Yes, sir, I ——"

The President had hung up.

The moment Buck stepped into the hall he was stopped by a Marine Corps major. Although the major was obviously in good physical shape, he was breathing hard.

"Are you Mr. Buck?" he asked.

"Yes."

"May I please see your identification, sir?" the major asked.

Buck fumbled through his wallet. Over the years identification had become an empty formality. When he passed through the White House gate, he merely lifted his entire wallet toward the guard, who nodded. Now he nervously flipped through cards—law-school library card, a picture of his daughter, a gas-company credit card, a membership card in a professional language association. . . . The identification card was in the last pocket.

The major took it firmly, glanced at the picture and moved sideways to study Buck's profile. "Follow me, sir," he said, starting down the hallway at a brisk walk.

They passed into the White House itself, down corridors which Buck had never seen before. Suddenly the major stopped and came to attention. Walking toward them was a tall, lanky man and a white-haired woman who was taking notes on a pad. Buck recognized the President and knew that the woman was Mrs. Johnson, his secretary.

The President nodded at them and moved toward the elevator. "Tell Pete not to even hint to the newspapers about an emergency," he told Mrs. Johnson. She scribbled in her notebook. "Call the Vice President and tell him exactly what has happened. He'll know what to do."

The President came to a stop in front of the elevator. He shook hands with the major and turned to Buck. "Hello, Buck," he said. "I remember seeing you in your office a while back."

"A while back," had been three years, but even so, Buck was flattered.

"Yes, sir," Buck said. "I'm the Russian translator."

With a gesture, the President moved everyone into the elevator. The operator shut the doors, and instantly they were propelled downward. The swift drop gave Buck a sensation like seasickness. He had no notion of how far beneath the White House the bomb shelter was located.

They came to a cushioned stop, the doors snapped open, and they stepped into a room which held half a dozen desks. A luminous screen covered an entire wall. Strange symbols crawled across it, wormlike and glowing. Buck had time only to notice six green crosses, five of them standing alone, one with a blob of light nearby.

Sitting behind the desks were a number of people who were vaguely familiar to Buck. He recognized one, a special assistant to the President, and realized that the others also were staff men. The President nodded to them. Dismissing the Marine major, he led Mrs. Johnson and Buck into an inner office.

It held a desk which had several telephones on it. There was a chair on either side of the desk. The sound of the air conditioning was like a massive pulse. The President sat down behind the desk. He motioned to Buck to sit in the other chair and turned to Mrs. Johnson.

"Look, Johnnie, it won't work with Pete and the newspaper people," the President said. "Pete knows his business as press secretary, but someone else will crack and start to call one of the wire services, or something." He leaned back in the chair, held up a pencil and studied it carefully. "Tell Pete to let them all know it's urgent, but not a bonebreaker. Not yet. Off the record. No leaks. Any leaks on this, and the guy and his paper are dead. OK?"

"I'll tell Pete, Mr. President," Mrs. Johnson said.

"What about the Pentagon group? You're supposed to have a list or something."

"Yes, Mr. President, it's right here," Mrs. Johnson said. She shuffled quickly through a folder of papers. A white card appeared in her fingers.

"Give it to Mr. Buck," the President said.

Mrs. Johnson handed Buck a stiff white card. At the top were the words PENTAGON ALERT GROUP. It had been dated at 0800 that morning and Buck realized that the list was probably made up each day. The list named all the chiefs of staff, the service secretaries, and a representative from the National Security Council. After the name of the Secretary of the Air Force there was a handwritten note: "In Dallas to dedicate new missile site. Back Thursday."

One of the phones on the President's desk rang.

"That will be Bogan at Omaha," the President said. Mrs. Johnson turned toward the door. "Wait just a second, Johnnie."

The President picked up his phone and nodded to Buck to get on the extension. General Bogan's voice came on, tightly controlled.

"We're trying to recall the bombers by voice radio, Mr. President. But we're not getting through. There may be jamming. We'll keep trying."

The President hunched over his desk. "How much time do we have left before they cross the Soviet Border?"

"An hour and a half at most," Bogan said. "Maybe only an hour."

As soon as General Bogan had stopped speaking to the President, he and Colonel Cascio left Congressman Riskob standing and headed toward a door fifteen yards from the command

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's winning, but you're getting all the close-ups on TV!"

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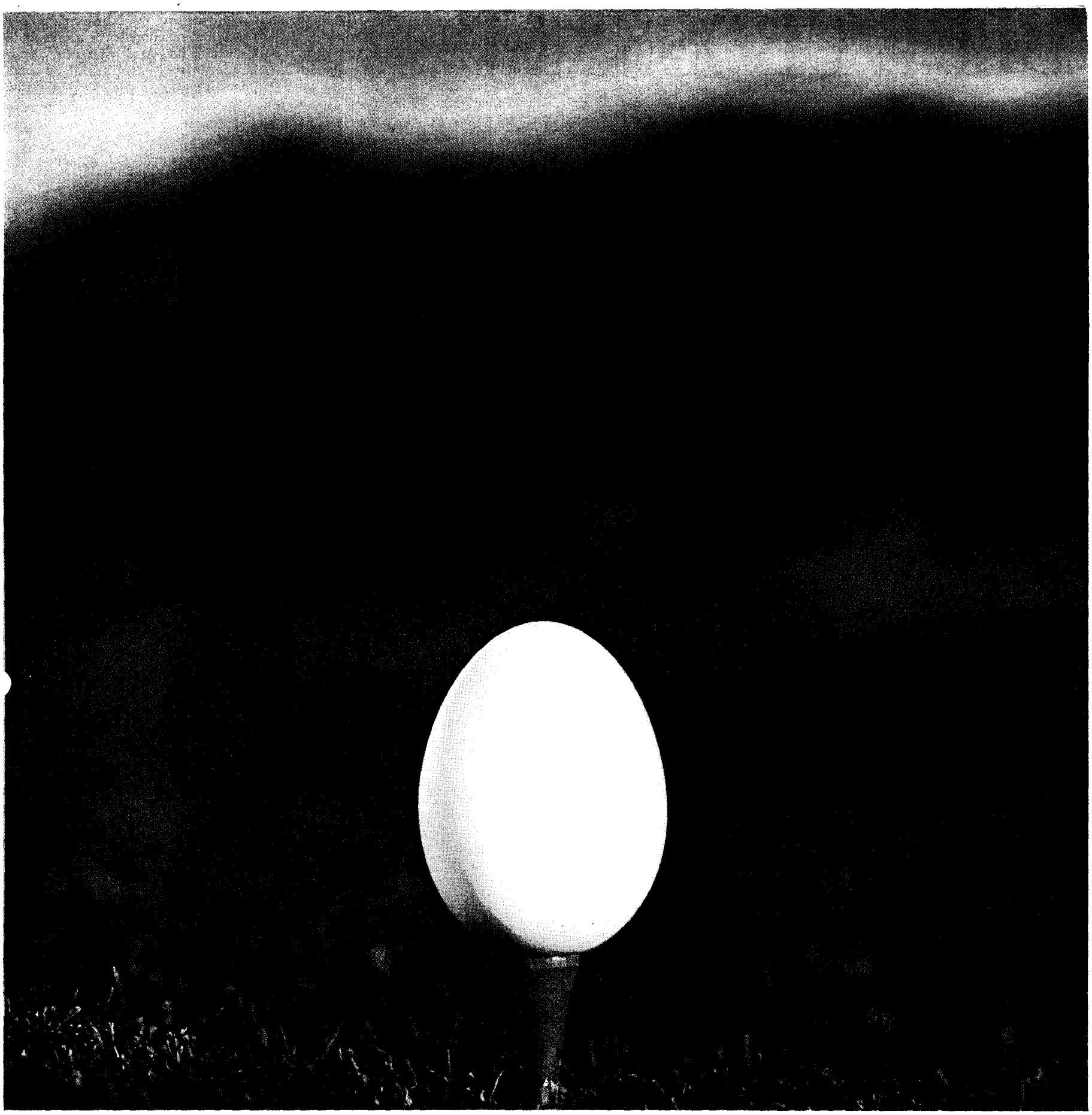

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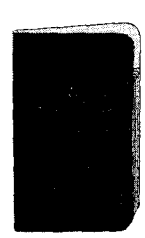

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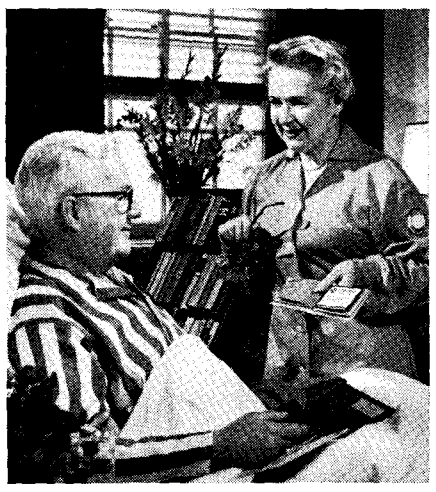

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Fail-Safe

desk. The door was labeled TACTICAL CONTROL. As the two men walked in, a sergeant snapped to attention. Even as he saluted, however, he watched signal lights on a long console which had a bank of switches running down its spine. The room hummed like a beehive.

"All command posts to Condition Red, sergeant," General Bogan said.

"All command posts to Condition Red," the sergeant repeated. With a practiced gesture he ran his hand down a row of thirty switches. Beneath each of them a light glowed red.

"Verification?" Colonel Cascio looked at the sergeant.

The sergeant wheeled to inspect the face of another machine. It verified that the central console was operating properly and that every SAC command post throughout the world had received the Red Alert.

"All command posts cut in and tactical control circuits operative," the sergeant said.

General Bogan picked up a phone, knowing that his voice would be transmitted to all SAC command posts.

"This is General Bogan at Omaha," he said. "I am ordering a Red Alert—not a 'go.' Please confirm."

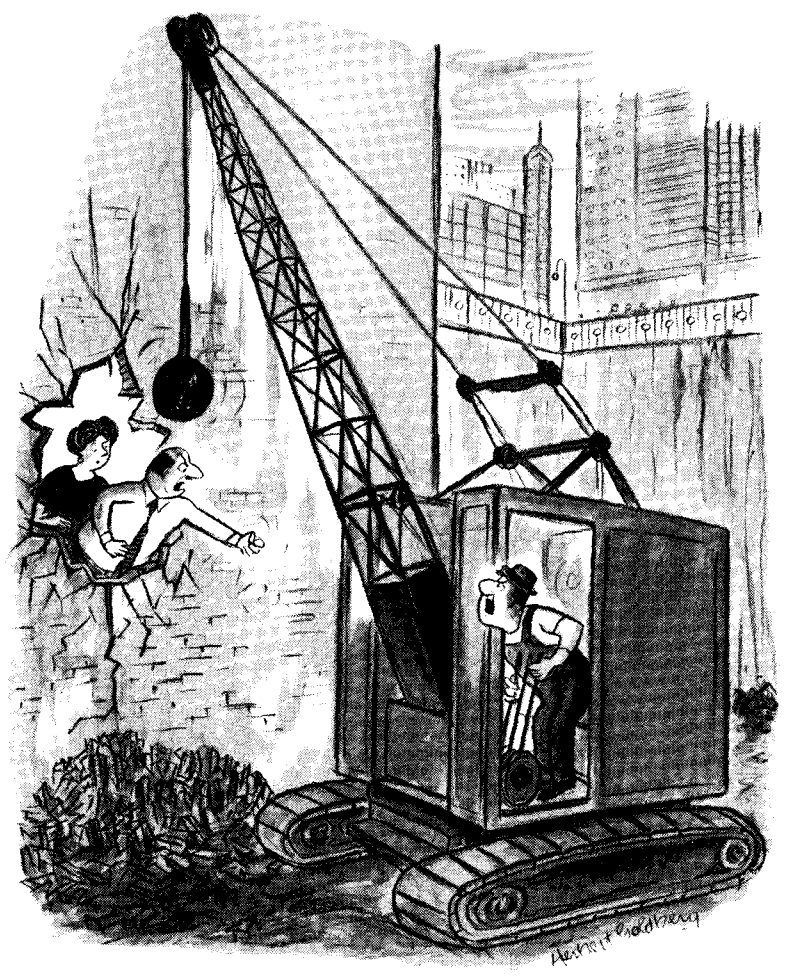
This was the Condition Red system, the step between alarm and action, the bringing of a massive network of men and machines to a condition of readiness. Initiated by a man, the Condition Red order had been checked by a machine, counterchecked by a man, who was counterchecked by another machine, and all men and machines were carefully watched by other counterpart men and machines. The immense man-machine activated itself, checked itself, coordinated itself, restrained itself, passed information to itself, automatically tripped other systems that were serving it.

At military bases around the world things began to move. The movements were frantic at some places, high-pitched and immediate. At others they were mild.

At Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana, a scream went up from a score of Klaxon horns. Station wagons tore across the field, dropping crews beside jet bombers. Warm-up crews had them ready for takeoff. Two and a half minutes after the alert had sounded the first of the bombers wheeled to the head of the runway and started to whine down the black asphalt track. Five minutes later all of the "ready" planes were in the air. As the first wave of bombers took off, another series was being warmed up, and telephone operators were summoning officers and men from nearby barracks and homes.

At some bases the reaction to Condition Red was less abrupt. The crews of jet tankers, for example, walked to their huge aircraft believing there were only two possibilities: This was a drill or enemy missiles were already in flight. In the latter case, tanker crews might not live long enough to reach their planes.

Thousands of sleek fighter planes were being readied, but only a few of them took off. Their time would come later. And the missiles later still—if



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep your shirt on, nobody's perfect."

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ever. Once on their way, the missiles could not be recalled. And the fact of the launching could not be concealed from the enemy, who would instantly retaliate. The crews of the missile bases had run through their readiness procedure hundreds of times, checked off the thousands of items—and stopped just short of climax. Now they did it again.

Early this morning, soon after sunup, Brig. Gen. Warren A. Black had awakened suddenly, his skin covered with sweat. The Dream had come back. It would keep coming back, he knew, unless he resigned his commission. Resign? He was only forty-five, and the thought of leaving the Strategic Air Force was torture.

The Dream always opened on a bullfight arena, with the bull being flayed alive by an invisible matador. Familiar faces were enjoying the scene. Their open mouths seemed to roar approval, but no sound came out. Black felt himself becoming the bull, bewildered, swinging his head, looking for the matador.

Fear always brought him awake. Something was terribly wrong. The Dream and SAC were linked. If he left SAC, the Dream would stop recurring.

He sat up. Getting across midtown New York traffic this early would be a cinch. Maybe too late to check out the Cessna for the flight to Washington, but the shuttle plane would get him to the Pentagon in time for the 10-o'clock briefing. One way or another he'd make it.

He looked over at the sleeping figure beside him. Betty had not stirred. He eased out of bed and tiptoed into the boys' bedroom. He had the old pilot's habit: a secret trace of permanent leavetaking with each good-bye. John, the 12-year-old, was tightly balled down toward the foot of the bed. Black straightened him out gently. David, the 14-year-old, was half uncovered. Black drew up the covers. He had spent his life, it seemed, tucking in David and unwinding John.

As he shaved, he regretted the time he had to spend away from the boys. And Betty. He grinned at the roughhewn face in the mirror, remembering their courtship.

They had met just after World War II, when the Air Force sent him to an Ivy League college to study international politics and foreign policy with the famous Professor Tolliver. Betty had attended Tolliver's seminars commuting from Radcliffe once a week. From the start she saw Tolliver as an intellectual enemy. Tolliver was a senior professor in the field of international relations; and he was pro-war. War, he said, was natural in any society.

One day Betty introduced anthropological evidence that a certain Melanesian tribe waged peace rather than war. They competed in doing favors, in multiplying courtesies. Professor Tolliver sneered. Let the tribes be attacked, he said, and they would respond in a warlike manner. But they had been attacked and had not so responded, Betty said; she read from the study. Tolliver muttered that he would check the original research—and from him this was close to a glowing tribute.

The next afternoon Tolliver pushed the case for preemptive war further than usual. A young Ph.D. candidate named Groteschele was present. He argued that the war against fascism was not over: The military struggle against black fascism must now be converted into the military struggle against red fascism.

It was the first time that Black had heard Groteschele speak, and in all the years since he had never forgotten his reaction.

Now, driving to Long Island in the sharp light of early morning, he could recall the rasp of irritation Groteschele had evoked, the suspicion of his motives.

Traffic on the parkways was light. When General Black drove into Idlewild Airport he had time to spare for the flight to Washington. One of the light planes, a smart little twin-engine job, was on the line.

"All yours, general," the line chief said. "No weather to Washington—it's pure blue."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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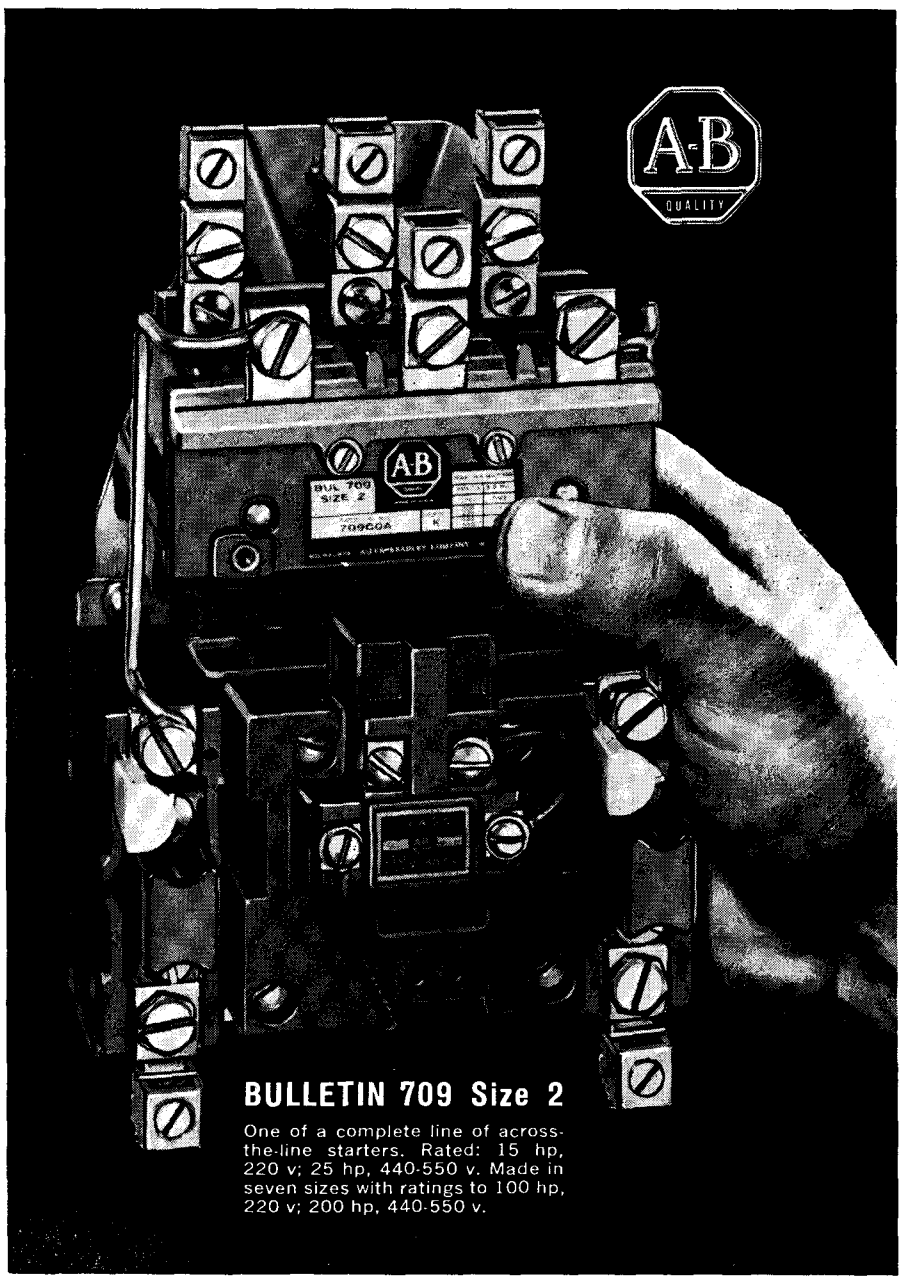
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Black filed a VFR flight plan to Andrews Air Force Base and took off. As he settled on course, he suddenly felt the need of a drink of water and remembered last night's cocktail party. Betty had never taken to Groteschele, so he'd tried to beg off when the Senator called.

But the Senator had been insistent. He had collared Emmett Foster, editor of the *Liberal Magazine*, which supported unilateral disarmament. For some reason he wanted a cocktail-party confrontation between Foster and Groteschele, the specialist in thermonuclear warfare. The Senator knew that Black was considered a brainy general, a link between the tactical people in SAC and the big planners at the Pentagon. Groteschele, of course, had become famous after the publication of *Counterescalation*, which Foster had dissected and left for dead in the pages of his magazine.

The Blacks had arrived late. Foster was already declaiming.

"Times have changed since Clausewitz. True war was an institution like the church, or the family, or private property. But institutions grew obsolete," Foster argued. "Real toughmindedness consists in recognizing that thermonuclear war is not the extension of policy by other means, it is the end of everything—people, policy, institutions."

Groteschele shook his head. "In a full-scale nuclear war between America and Russia a hundred million people, or so, would be killed, right?"

"A hundred million," Foster said, "or more."

The circle of people about the speakers moved restlessly. Betty finished her drink in a gulp and looked for a waiter.

"Now this is a tragedy and no one here denies that," Groteschele said, glancing at the Senator. "But every war, including thermonuclear war, must have a victor and a vanquished. Are you suggesting, Foster, that we should be the vanquished? Do you value American culture less than Soviet culture?"

Betty's hand had tightened on Black's arm.

"Marvelous," Foster said with a grin. "So neat, so logical, so well-ordered. Groteschele, your argument should persuade a monkey, a high-school kid, but not many others. It indicates only that you are a prisoner of the past, of stale ideas, of clichés." Foster looked around the group. "What is called for," he said, "is a revolutionary breakthrough in our thinking, a new Manifesto."

"An arresting thought!" Groteschele broke in. "What would the new Manifesto proclaim?"

"It would proclaim peace," Foster said. "Not because peace is nice, or I like my fellow humans, or it is Christian. Peace because it is the only way we can live. Get with it, Groteschele. Probability and the cobalt bomb made you old-fashioned ten years ago. Be realistic."

"Moving, very moving," Groteschele said. "But we must face realities. The point is, who is going to be the victor, and who the victim? It is still the question of the survival of a culture."

Foster rocked on his heels. "A culture," he said, his voice full of wonder. "A culture with most of its people dead, its vegetation burned off, the germ plasm of survivors contaminated. Do you really think that this world you describe is a culture?"

It was Betty who broke up the dueling. Before Black realized it, she had moved from his side.

"It is hopeless," she said, staring at the two men. "You are both romantics, caught up in a fantasy world of chopped logic." Her words fell like a pall on the group. Even Groteschele was at a loss for the right thing to say.

"We all know that the big explosion is going to happen," Betty continued, her voice edged with despair. "Your concern, the two of you, is to make sure that you die intellectually correct. But my problem is more primitive. I only want to make sure that when it comes, and my boys are dying, that I'm there to ease their last pain with morphine."

"Thank you, sir!"

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"General, what do you think?" asked Foster.

"I think Betty is mostly correct," Black said slowly. "I have the awful feeling that we are reconciled, both we and the Soviets, to mutual destruction. In the end, morphine will be more important than a bomb shelter." He stopped and felt a secret revelation. Now, at last, he understood the Dream—the agonizing, recurring dream of being a flayed bull.

The President looked across the desk at Peter Buck, not really seeing him. His face hardened. "What do you think of that list?" he asked, pointing at the card in Buck's hand. Buck knew the President was thinking out loud. He didn't care what Buck thought, but he expected an answer. Buck glanced again at the names listed under PENTAGON ALERT GROUP.

"I only know them as names," he said. "A few I have never even heard of."

"The men in that Pentagon group see one another all the time, day after day," the President said. "They've probably talked over things so much that they've got a nice committee solution for everything. Right?"

"Yes, sir," Buck said.

"But a bomber group off for Russia is something they have no solution for," the President said. "They'll have to do some fresh thinking, and they have less than an hour to work in."

The President swung in his chair and looked at Mrs. Johnson. Quite automatically she opened up a notebook.

"Blackie's in the Pentagon group, isn't he?" the President asked.

Buck's eyes ran down the list. "There is a General Black, Mr. President," he said. His throat felt dry.

"That's Blackie," the President said. "We went to college together. Blackie's a bright boy, got guts, and I'd trust him with almost anything. He can think on his feet, deal with a novel situation. He doesn't talk much, except when he believes in something. . . ." He stared at the wall.

"Next we need someone who's not a Pentagon type but who knows his way around. Whom do you suggest?"

He asked the question of both Buck and Mrs. Johnson. Buck's mind went flat. He could not recall the name of a single person. His mother? Gypsy Rose Lee? Old Mr. Carmichael in the apartment below? He must be losing his mind.

Mrs. Johnson flicked over a few pages in her notebook. "They've got that Professor Groteschele out there for the briefing," she said. "He's not one of them. I mean, he doesn't work at the Pentagon."

The President rocked in his chair. "He doesn't work for the Pentagon. That's right. But that book of his almost made him one of them." He sighed. "OK, Johnnie, he'll add something to a bunch of people who've been seeing each other too often. Tell the Pentagon to include Groteschele in the advisory group. Tell Swenson that Groteschele is personally cleared by me and that he can say anything he wants on any subject."

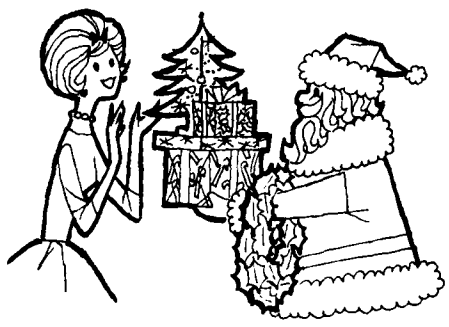
Walter Groteschele had awakened that morning at precisely 5:30. As he swung out of bed his mind began to block out the day. He would shower, shave, dress, drink one cup of instant coffee and make the 6:10 train at Scarsdale. An hour to the airport, another hour to Washington. He'd be entering the Pentagon at 9:50 A.M., be at the briefing by ten. The day was under control.

During his trip Groteschele let his mind dwell on two subjects: the briefing he would present, and all that had led up to it. Tolliver had helped, no question about that.

For the first year in graduate school, Groteschele had sat quietly in Professor Tolliver's classes. He made a point of reading every book and article the man had written. At the end of the year Groteschele's chance came. Tolliver published a book called *Models for the Future War*. The title had been a mistake. It suggested that Tolliver was advocating war. Some of the reviews were scathing. Groteschele

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I might have guessed . . . a man driver!"



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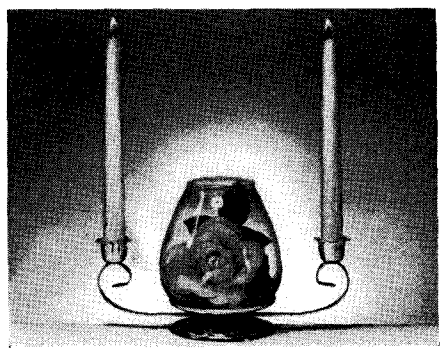

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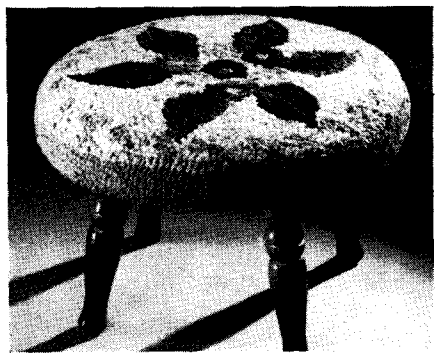

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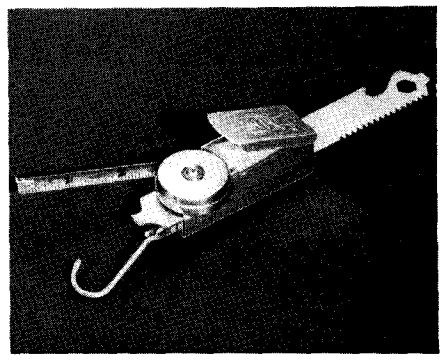

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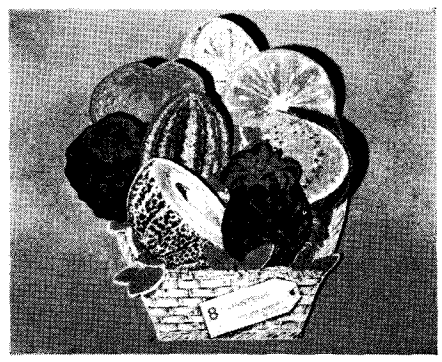

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read them all. There was one in a liberal monthly in which it was clear that the author had not read the whole book but had used the first few chapters to promote his own theories about "the rising tide of militarism."

Groteschele wrote a 2000-word letter to the *Liberal Magazine*. It was a model of careful and biting analysis. The editor of the monthly, in a spasm of regret, sent Groteschele a small check and published the letter as an article.

Tolliver never thanked Groteschele; but in his second year of graduate work Groteschele was invited to be the professor's research assistant.

Groteschele never worked so hard in his life. Carefully and patiently he read all of the memos which Tolliver, as a longtime consultant to the Pentagon, received from Washington. At last Groteschele found what he wanted: a gap in American military thought. Stretching over a generation, the notion had arisen that America would never start a war. Even the most hardened of the military people skirted the question.

In his Ph.D. dissertation Groteschele attacked this taboo. The title of the dissertation was The Theory of Counterescalation Postures in a Thermonuclear World. He gave Tolliver five copies of the first draft. Tolliver sent them along to Washington.

One day the phone call came.

"Doctor Groteschele, this is Colonel Stark of the Air Force," a voice said. "I'm calling from the Pentagon. We have read your dissertation with great interest and wonder when you can come to Washington to discuss it."

Groteschele was not yet a doctor, but this was not the time to say so. "Colonel Stark, my schedule is fairly full for the next five or six days," he said cautiously. "Maybe sometime next week."

Stark cut in abruptly. There was irritation in his voice, and something of respect. "Doctor, down here we consider this rather urgent," Colonel Stark said. "After all, the security of the country is involved."

"Can you schedule the meeting for tomorrow afternoon?" Groteschele asked.

That had been the start. Soon Groteschele was practically commuting to Washington. Conference followed conference. Discussion papers appeared at regular intervals. Each trip, each conference, gave Groteschele access to valuable information. He was cleared to read top-secret material.

His doctoral dissertation was published under the title *Counterescalation*. It was instantly reviewed by Hanson Baldwin in *The New York Times*.

With a speed that startled Groteschele he now became a public personage. The awesome powers on which he was expert, the facts of life and death and survival, the new cabalistic language of the nuclear philosophers and high scientists of physics, were merely matters of fact. But the layman, the rich socialite, the industrialist, the politician endowed Groteschele with *control* of the things he described.

He handled the incidental aspects of fame easily. There was more money, lots more money. Groteschele learned the little arts of income-tax evasion—"constructing tax shelters," his business manager called it. He became a consultant to carefully selected foundations and corporations, making sure to make no connection that would impair his link with the Federal Government; for his status in Washington, and the information he got there, were the sources of his power.

This morning, exactly as planned, he entered the Pentagon at 9:50. There was nothing to indicate that he had exerted himself to get there on the dot, or that he worried about what lay ahead. He had organized the briefing he would give that day, anticipated the reactions of certain Secretaries and generals, and decided upon the arguments he would hold in reserve to counter possible challenges. It was going to be a more than usually satisfying day.

Buck calculated the difference in age between himself and the President: 12 years. For the first time he realized the maturity of the man facing him. There was no one in Washington who could match his experience, toughness and drive.

"Buck, this may all be over in the next few minutes," the President said, turning his pencil. "It probably will be. The bombers will find out their mistake and turn around, or we will make radio contact and recall them. Right now we don't know why they flew past their Fail-Safe point or why we can't raise them by radio. By itself neither event is catastrophic. But this particular situation has never occurred before. That's why we're here. Possibly it will get very sticky."

"Mr. President," Buck said, "if the military people were sure it was something that could solve itself, they wouldn't have called you. You're down here because they know it is a serious problem."

The President raised his eyebrows. "You interested in politics?" he asked.

"No, sir, not particularly."

"You've got a nice political feel," the President said. "Bogan in Omaha has instructions to get through to me in a number of specific situations. He also has one general instruction just in case something happens that the specific instructions don't cover. You stated the general instruction just now: Whenever anything occurs that looks serious, get on the red phone. Bogan thinks it's serious or he wouldn't have called."

The President tapped his pencil on the desk. "Buck, if things get really serious we might have to use the 'hot wire' which connects me with the Kremlin."

Buck knew that late in 1962 Washington and Moscow had agreed to set up a telephone link between the American President and the Premier of the Soviet Union. It had promptly been labeled the "hot wire." So far, it had never been used. Buck suddenly felt chilly.

"Most situations I can handle myself," the President went on, "but I don't speak Russian. You do. You'll have to translate for me, and the translation has to be more than literally perfect—it must catch every emphasis I intend and the tones I use to convey meaning. So from now on you listen to every conversation I have on the phone. As soon as the conversation is over I'll tell you what I think of it. Don't argue with me, just make sure you understand what I feel. All right?"

"Yes, sir," Buck said. "I'll try."

The President leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. When he spoke again it was in an intimate manner. "I've talked to Bogan in Omaha twice since ten-thirty," he said. "Good man. Old-type flier. Not afraid of all the new equipment. If he's worried, I'm worried. OK. Then I talked to Wilcox. New Secretary of the Army. He's tough, but too tough for a new man. Too sure. We listen to him, but we take his advice slow. Very, very slow. But we listen. The switchboard is trying to get Swenson. You know Swenson?"

"No, sir," Buck said. "I know he is Secretary of Defense, but that is all."

"To Swenson we listen, and if he gives advice, we take it all," the President said. "Unless I tell you otherwise, whatever Swenson says is what I think."

The phone rang. The President opened his eyes and nodded at Buck to pick up his extension.

"Mr. President, it's Swenson at the Pentagon," a dry voice said. "I am in my own office but have an urgent call to come to the Big Board room. There was also the word to call you."

"It might be nothing, Swenson," the President said. "It might be big trouble. One of our groups of Vindicators flew through its Fail-Safe point and is headed toward Russia. Positive Control has broken down. Omaha doesn't know how it happened. I talked to Wilcox in your Big Board room, and he doesn't know either. I'd like you to get down there and be ready for anything. Keep that college professor, Groteschele, there and don't let the military boys drown him out. Also Blackie is there, General Black. Keep him there whatever happens."

"Any particular reason, Mr. President?" the Secretary of Defense asked.

"Blackie's an old friend and a classmate. I trust him in any situation," the President said.

"Yes, sir," Swenson said. "Anything else?"

"That's all," the President said. The phone clicked dead without a farewell salutation.

The President grinned at Buck. "Wastes no time," the President said. "I wish I liked the blasted man a little better. All I can do is respect him. But that's enough."

Buck had never spoken to Secretary of Defense Swenson, but he knew a good deal about him. Swenson was shy, and at the same time abrupt, incisive and cold. Lesser men never quite understood him. They were not around him long enough. Quietly, without injury to their reputations, they were disposed of.

The President picked up the red phone. "Get Omaha again," he said.

Buck picked up his extension. General Bogan came on the wire.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Any change, General?"

"No, Mr. President. Group Delta is still heading for Russia."

The President sighed. "I think I should know who's leading the group," he said. "If I can speak to him—if it's ever possible—I'll want to address him by name."

"It's Lieutenant Colonel Grady, Mr. President," Bogan said. "He's had Group Delta for—well, I guess it's three years now."

"Grady," the President said. "I'll remember the name. Is he all right?"

"If you mean, Mr. President, is Grady likely to have gone crazy, the answer is 'No,'" Bogan said. "He's *all right*."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What I like most about this game is that there's no parking problem."

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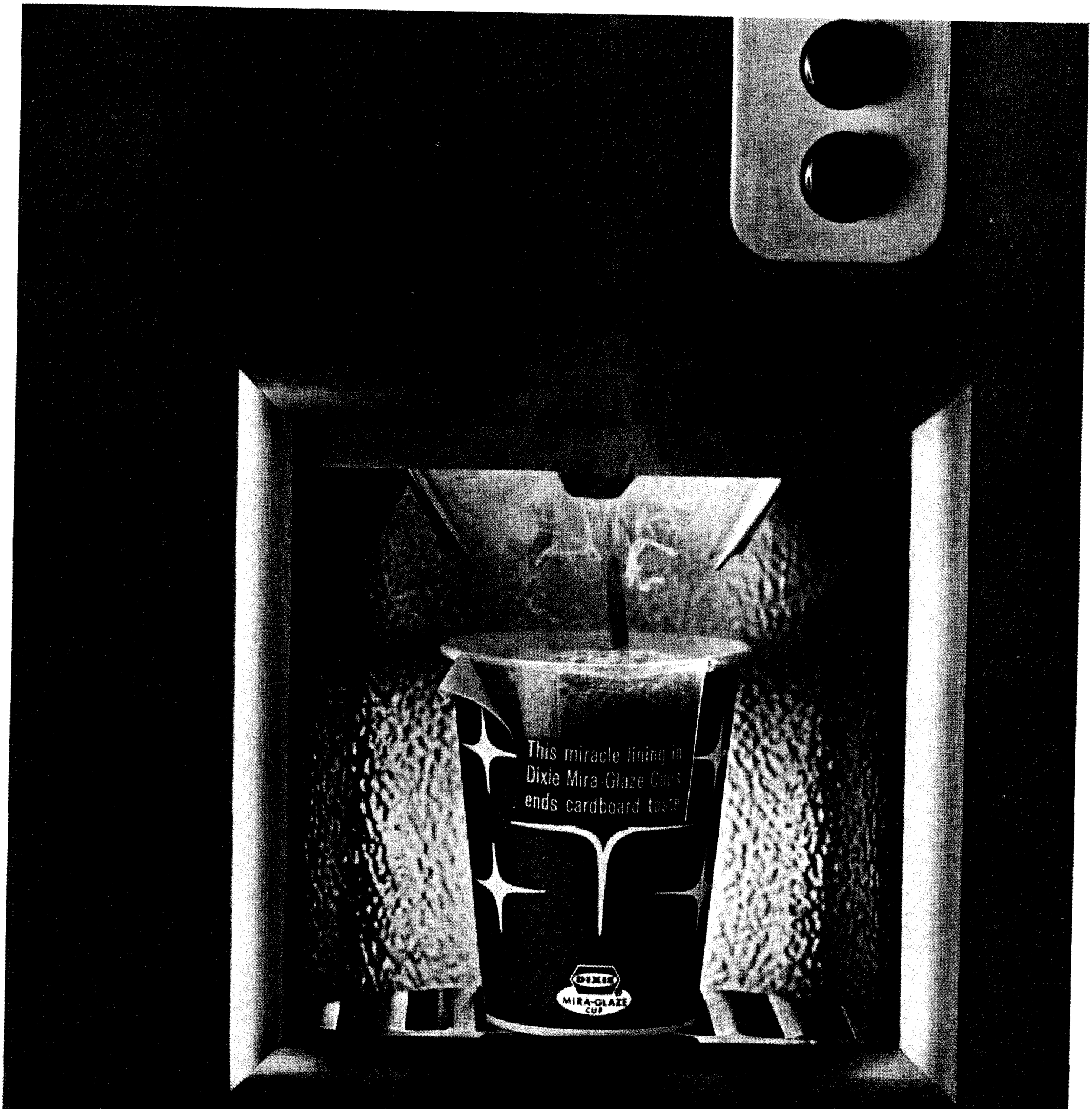

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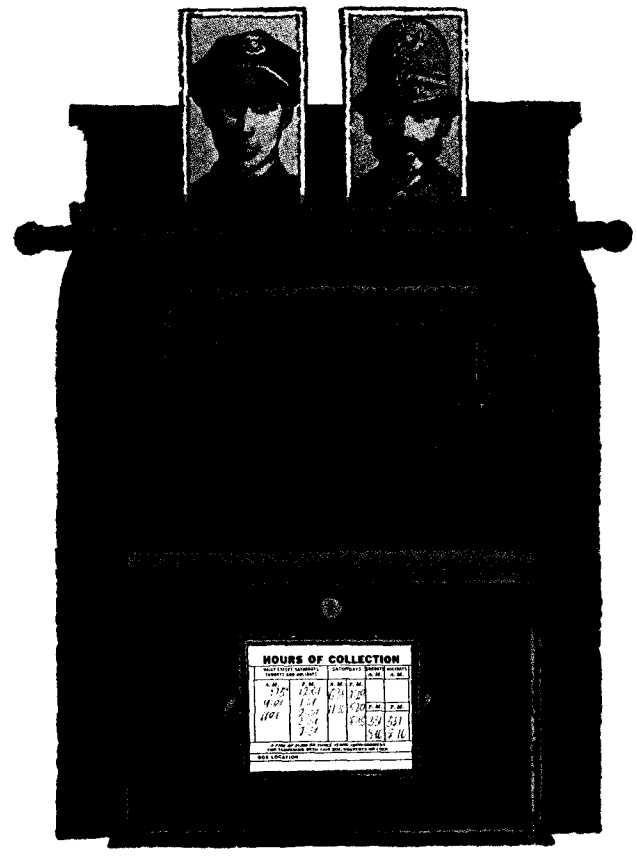

BY JACK FINNEY

When I walked into Sergeant Ihren's office, he stood up reluctantly, as though he weren't sure but that he'd be throwing me into a cell in the next few minutes and would regret such politeness. "I'm Bernard Weygand," I said brightly, stopping at his desk, but he didn't smile.

"Yeah," he said. "Nice of you to come," he added suspiciously and gestured at the chair before his desk. We both sat down.

"Glad to come," I said, "though I have no idea why you want to see me."

He didn't rise to that; he just sat looking me over. "Pretty young to be a professor, aren't you?" he said.

"Well, actually I'm an assistant professor."

"Young for that too, aren't you?"

"Sure. That's the reason for these metal-rimmed professor-style glasses and the burlap suit; it helps the image, as the political-science boys say." He didn't smile; I had the sudden feeling that he was absolutely uninterested in anything but his work; that, except for crime news, he read nothing; that he was intelligent, shrewd, perceptive and humorless; and that he probably knew no one but other policemen and didn't think much of most of them. He was a young-middle-aged, undistinguished, formidable man and, if he'd murmured *boo* just then, I'd have leaped from my chair and confessed to anything.

He said, "There's some people we can't find, and I thought maybe you could help us." I looked politely puzzled, but he ignored it. "One of them worked in Haring's restaurant; you know the place, been there for years. He was a waiter, and he disappeared at the end of a three-day weekend with their entire receipts—nearly $5000. Left a note saying he liked Haring's and enjoyed working there, but they'd been underpaying him for ten years, and now he figured they were even. Guy with an oddball sense of humor, they tell me." Ihren leaned back in his swivel chair and frowned at me. "We can't find that man. He's been gone over a year now and not a trace of him."

I thought he expected me to say something, and I did my best. "Maybe he moved to some other city and changed his name."

Ihren looked startled, as though I'd said something even more stupid than he expected. "That wouldn't help!" he said, irritated.

I was tired of feeling intimidated. Bravely I said, "Why not?"

"People don't steal in order to hole up forever; they steal money to spend it. His money's gone now, he feels forgotten, and he's got a job again somewhere as a waiter." I looked skeptical, I suppose, because Ihren said, "Certainly as a waiter; he won't change jobs. That's all he knows, all he can do. Remember John Carradine, the movie actor? Used to see him a lot. Had a face a foot long, all chin and long jaw; very distinctive." I nodded, and Ihren turned in his swivel chair to a filing cabinet. He opened a folder, brought out a glossy sheet of paper and handed it to me. It was a police WANTED poster and, while the photograph on it did not really resemble the movie actor, it had the same remarkable long-jawed memorability. Ihren said, "He could move, and he could change his name, but he could never change that face. Wherever he is, he should have been found months ago; that poster went everywhere."

I shrugged, and Ihren swung to the file again. He brought out and handed me a large old-fashioned sepia photograph mounted on heavy gray cardboard. It was a group photo of a kind you seldom see any more; all the employees of a small business lined up on the sidewalk before it. There were a dozen moustached men in this and a woman in a long dress, smiling and squinting in the sun as they stood before a small building, which I recognized. It was Haring's restaurant, looking not too different than it does now. Ihren said, "I spotted this on the wall of the restaurant office; I don't suppose anyone has really looked at it in years. The big guy in the middle is the original owner who started the restaurant in 1885, when this was taken; no one knows who anyone else in the picture was, but take a good look at the other faces."

I did and saw what he meant; a face in the old picture almost identical with the one in the WANTED poster. It had the same astonishing length, the broad chin seeming nearly as wide as the cheekbones, and I looked up at Ihren. "Who is it? His father? His grandfather?"

Almost reluctantly he said, "Maybe. It could be, of course. But he sure looks like the guy we're hunting for, doesn't he? And look how he's grinning! Almost as though he'd deliberately got a job in Haring's restaurant again and was back in 1885, laughing at me!"

I said, "Sergeant, you're being extremely interesting, not to say downright entertaining. You've got my full attention, and I am in no hurry to go anywhere else. But I don't quite see ——"

"Well, you're a professor, aren't you? And professors are smart, aren't they? I'm looking for help anywhere I can get it. We've got half a dozen unsolved cases like that; people that absolutely should have been found, and found easy! William Spangler Greeson is another one; you ever heard of him?"

"Sure; who hasn't in San Francisco?"

"That's right; big society name. But did you know he didn't have a dime of his own?"

I shrugged. "How should I know? I'd have assumed he was rich."

"His wife is; I suppose that's why he married her, though they tell me she chased him. She's

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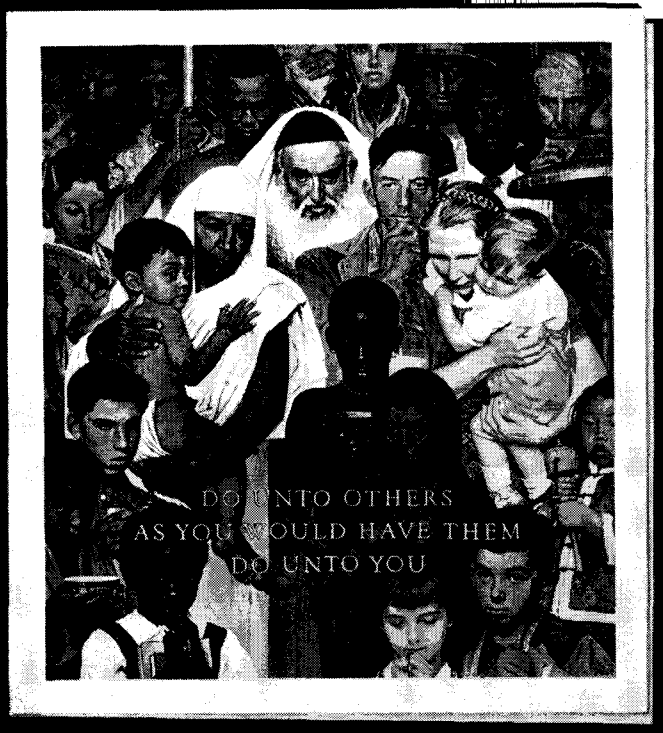
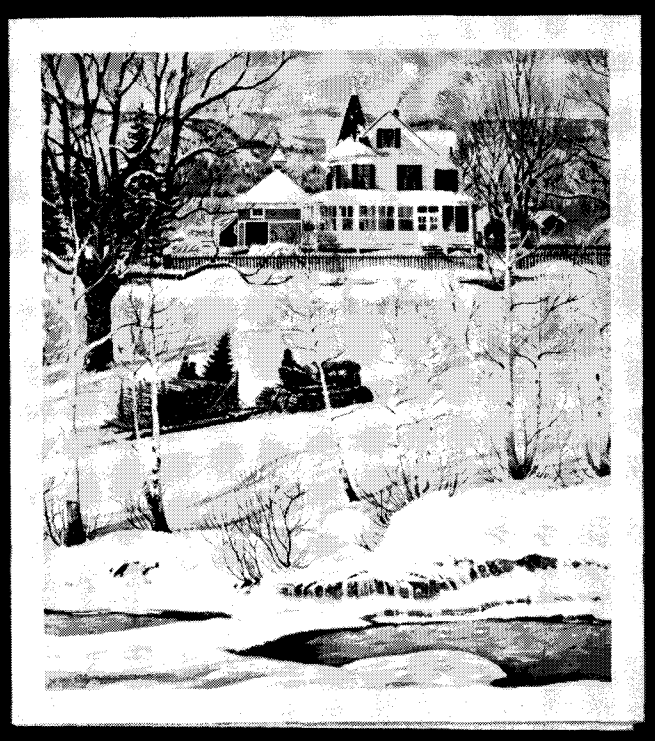


Style A: greeting inside—"Season's Greetings"

Style B: greeting inside—"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"



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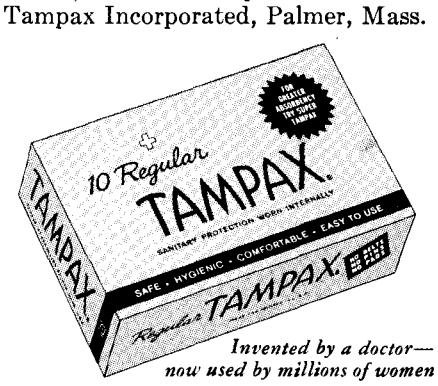


Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TIME older than he is, quite a lot. Disagreeable woman; I've talked to her. He's a young, handsome, likable guy, they say, but lazy; so he married her."

"I've seen him mentioned in Herb Caen's column; had something to do with the theater, didn't he?"

"Stage-struck all his life; tried to be an actor and couldn't make it. When they got married, she gave him the money to back a play in New York, which kept him happy for a while; used to fly East a lot for rehearsals and out-of-town tryouts. Then he started getting friendly with some of the younger stage people, the good-looking female ones. His wife punished him like a kid. Hustled him back here, and not a dime for the theater from then on. Money for anything else, but he couldn't even buy a ticket to a play any more; he'd been a bad boy. So he disappeared with $175,000 of hers, and not a sign of him since, which just isn't natural. Because he can't—you understand, he *can't*—keep away from the theater. He should have shown up in New York long since with a fake name, dyed hair, a mustache, some such nonsense. We should have had him months ago, but we haven't; he's gone too." Ihren stood up. "I hope you meant it when you said you weren't in a hurry, because ——"

"Well, as a matter of fact ——"

"—— because I made an appointment for both of us. On Powell Street near the Embarcadero; come on." He walked out from behind his desk, picking up a large Manila envelope lying on one corner of it. There was a New York Police Department return address on the envelope, I saw, and it was addressed to him. He walked to the door without looking back, as though he knew I'd follow. Down in front of the building he said, "We can take a cab; with you along I can turn in a chit for it. When I went by myself, I rode the cable car."

"On a day like this, anyone who takes a cab when he can ride the cable car is crazy enough to join the police force."

Ihren said, "O.K., tourist," and we walked all the way up to Market and Powell in silence. A cable car had just been swung around on its turntable, and we got an outside seat, no one near us; presently the car began crawling and clanging leisurely up Powell. You can sit outdoors on the cable cars, you know, and it was nice out, plenty of sun and blue sky; a typical late-summer San Francisco day. But Ihren might as well have been on the New York subway. "So where is William Spangler Greeson?" he said, as soon as he'd paid our fares. "Well, on a hunch I wrote the New York police, and they had a man put in a few hours for me at the city historical museum." Ihren opened his Manila envelope, pulled out several folded sheets of grayish paper and handed the top one to me. I opened it; it was a Photostatic copy of an old-style playbill, narrow and long. "Ever hear of that play?" Ihren said, reading over my shoulder. The sheet was headed, TONIGHT & ALL WEEK! SEVEN GALA NIGHTS! Below that, in big type: MABEL'S GREENHORN UNCLE!

"Sure, who hasn't?" I said. "Shakespeare, isn't it?" We were passing Union Square and the St. Francis Hotel.

"Save the jokes for your students and read the cast of characters."

I read it, a long list of names; there were nearly as many people in old-time plays as in the audiences. At the bottom of the list it said, MEMBERS OF THE STREET CROWD, followed by a dozen or more names in the middle of which appeared WILLIAM SPANGLER GREESON.

Ihren said, "That play was given in 1906. Here's another from the winter of 1901." He handed me a second Photostat, pointing to another listing at the bottom of the cast. ONLOOKERS AT THE BIG RACE, this one said, and it was followed by a half inch of names in small type, the third of which was WILLIAM SPANGLER GREESON. "I've got copies of two more playbills," Ihren said, "one from 1902, the other from 1904, each with his name in the cast."

The car swung off Powell, and we hopped off and continued walking north on Powell. Handing back the Photostat, I said, "It's his grandfather. Probably Greeson inherited his interest in the stage from him."

"You're finding a lot of grandfathers today, aren't you, professor?" Ihren was replacing the stats in their envelopes.

"And what are you finding, sergeant?"

"I'll show you in a minute," he said, and we walked on in silence. We could see the bay ahead now, beyond the end of Powell Street, and it looked beautiful in the sun, but Sergeant Ihren didn't look at it. We were beside a low concrete building, and he gestured at it with his chin; a sign beside the door read, STUDIO SIXTEEN; COMMERCIAL TV. We walked in, passed through a small office in which no one was present and into an enormous concrete-floored room in which a carpenter was building a set, the front wall of a little cottage. On through that room—the sergeant had obviously been here before—then he pulled open a pair of double doors, and we walked into a tiny movie theater. There was a blank screen up front, a dozen seats and a projection booth. From the booth a man's voice called, "Sergeant?"

"Yeah. You ready?"

"Soon as I thread up."

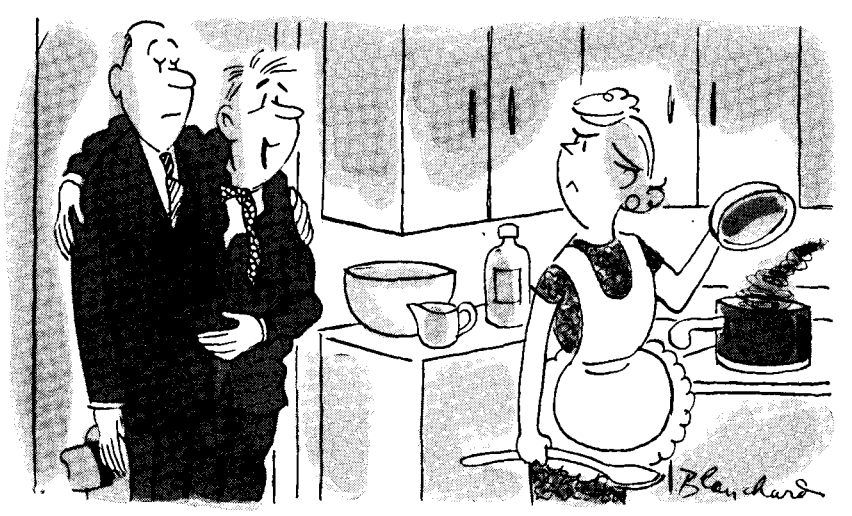
"O.K." Ihren motioned me to a seat and sat down beside me. Conversationally he said, "There used to be a minor character around town name of Tom Veeley, a sports fan, a nut. Went to every fight, every Giant and Forty-Niners game, every auto race, roller derby, and *jai-alai* exhibition that came to town—and complained about them all. We knew him, because every once in a while he'd leave his wife. She hated sports, she'd nag him, he'd leave, and we'd have to pick him up on her complaint for desertion and nonsupport; he never got far away. Even when we'd nab him, all he'd talk about was how sports were dead, the public didn't care any more and neither did the players, and he wished he'd been around in the really great days of sports. Know what I mean?"

I nodded, the tiny theater went dark, and a beam of sharp white light flashed out over our heads. Then a movie appeared on the screen before us. It was black and white, square in shape, the motion somewhat more rapid and jerky than we're used to, and it was silent. There wasn't even any music, and it was eerie to watch the movement, hearing no sound but the whir of the projector. The picture was a view of Yankee Stadium taken from far back of third base, showing the stands, a man at bat, the pitcher winding up. Then it switched to a close-up, Babe Ruth at the plate, bat on shoulder, wire backstop in the background, fans behind it. He swung hard, hit the ball, and—chin rising as he followed its flight—he trotted forward. Grinning, his fists pumping rhythmically, he jogged around the bases. Type matter flashed onto the screen: THE BABE DOES IT AGAIN! it began and went on to say that this was his fifty-first home run of the 1927 season and that it looked as though Ruth would set a new record.

The screen went blank except for some meaningless scribbled numbers and perforations flying past, and Ihren said, "A Hollywood picture studio arranged this for me, no charge. Sometimes they film cops-and-crooks television up here, so they like to cooperate with us."

Jack Dempsey suddenly appeared on the screen, sitting on a stool in a ring corner, men working over him. It was a poor picture; the ring was outdoors and there was too much sun. But it was Dempsey, all right; maybe twenty-four years old, unshaven and scowling. Around the edge of the ring, the camera panning over them now between rounds, sat men in flat-topped straw hats and stiff collars; some had handkerchiefs tucked into their collars and others were mopping their faces. Then, in the strange silence, Dempsey sprang up and moved out into the ring, crouching very low, and began sparring with an enormous slow-moving opponent; Jess Willard, I imagined. Abruptly the picture ended, the screen illuminated with only a flickering white light. Ihren said, "I looked through nearly six hours of stuff like this; everything from Red Grange to Gertrude Ederle. I pulled out three shots; here's the last one."

On the screen the scratched flickering film showed a golfer sighting for a putt;



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"An old friend brought me home to dinner."

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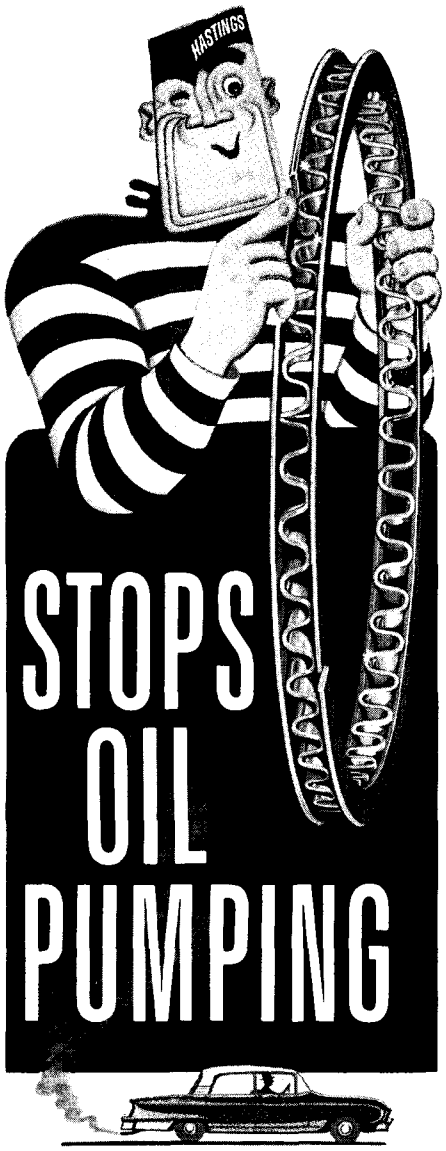

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spectators stood three and four deep around the edge of the green. The golfer smiled engagingly and began waggling his putter; he wore knickers well down below his knees, and his hair was parted in the middle and combed straight back. It was Bobby Jones, one of the world's greatest golfers, at the height of his career back in 1930. He tapped the ball; it rolled, dropped into the cup, and Jones hurried after it as the crowd broke onto the green to follow him—all except one man. Grinning, one man walked straight toward the camera, then stopped, doffed his cloth cap in a kind of salute and bowed from the waist. The camera swung past him to follow Jones, who was stooping to retrieve his ball. Then Jones moved on, the man who had bowed to us hurrying after him with the crowd, across the screen and out of sight forever. Abruptly the picture ended, and the ceiling lights came on.

Ihren turned to face me. "That was Veeley," he said, "and it's no use trying to convince me it was his grandfather, so don't try. He wasn't even born when Bobby Jones was winning golf championships, but just the same that was absolutely and indisputably Tom Veeley, the sports fan who's been missing from San Francisco for six months now." He sat waiting, but I didn't reply; what could I say to that? Ihren went on, "He's also sitting just back of home plate behind the screen when Ruth hit the home run, though his face is in shadow. And I think he's one of the men mopping his face at ringside during the Dempsey fight, though I'm not absolutely certain."

The projection-booth door opened, the projectionist came out, saying, "That all today, sergeant?" and Ihren said, "Yeah." The projectionist glanced at me, said, "Hi, professor," and left.

Ihren nodded. "Yeah, he knows you, professor. He remembers you. Last week, when he ran off this stuff for me, we came to the Bobby Jones film. He remarked that he'd run that one off for someone else only a few days before. I asked who it was, and he said a professor from the university named Weygand. Professor, we must be the only two people in the world interested in that one little strip of film. So I checked on you; you were an assistant professor of physics, brilliant and with a fine reputation, but that didn't help me. You had no criminal record, not with us, anyway, but that didn't tell me anything either; most people have no criminal record, and at least half of them ought to. Then I checked with the newspapers, and the *Chronicle* had a clipping about you filed in their morgue. Come on"—Ihren stood up—"let's get out of here."

Outside, he turned toward the bay, and we walked to the end of the street, then out onto a wooden pier. Ihren sat down on a piling, motioning me to another beside him, and pulled a newspaper clipping from his breast pocket. "According to this, you gave a talk before the American-Canadian Society of Physicists in June, 1960, at the Fairmont Hotel."

"Is that a crime?"

"Maybe; I didn't hear it. You spoke on 'Some Physical Aspects of Time,' the clipping says. But I don't claim I understood the rest."

"It was a pretty technical talk."

"I got the idea, though, that you thought it might actually be possible to send a man back to an earlier time."

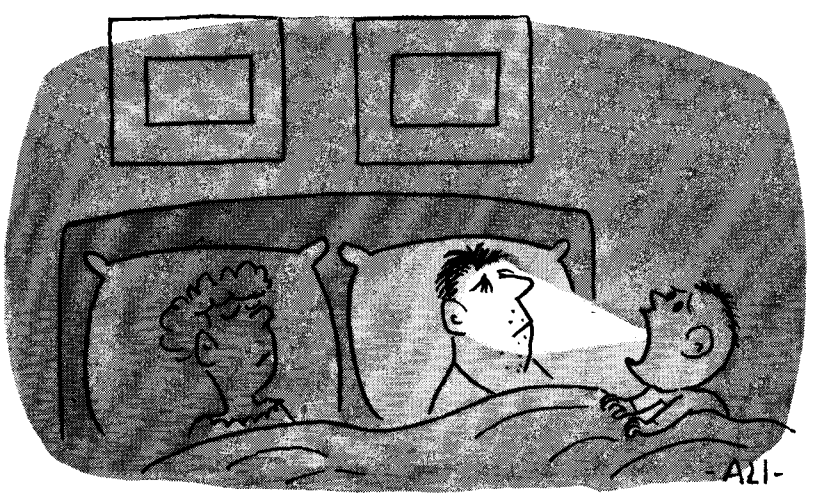
I smiled. "Lots of people have thought so, including Einstein. It's a widely held theory. But that's all, inspector, just a theory."

"Then let's talk about something that's more than a theory. For over a year San Francisco has been a very good market for old-style currency; I just found that out. Every coin-and-stamp dealer in town has had new customers; odd ones who didn't give their names and who didn't care what condition the old money was in. The more worn, dirty and creased—and therefore cheaper—the better they liked it, in fact. One of these customers, about a year ago, was a man with a remarkably long, thin face. He bought bills and a few coins; any kind at all suited him—just as long as they were no later than 1885. Another customer was a young, good-looking, agreeable guy who wanted bills no later than the early 1900's. And so on. Do you know why I brought you out on this dock?"

"No."

He gestured at the long stretch of empty pier behind us. "Because there's no one within a block of us, no witnesses. So tell me, professor—I can't use what you say, uncorroborated, as evidence—how the hell did you do it? I think you'd like to tell someone; it might as well be me."

Astonishingly he was right; I *did* want to tell someone, very much. Quickly, before I could change my mind, I said, "I use a little black box with knobs on it, brass knobs." I stopped, stared for a few seconds at a white Coast Guard cutter sliding into view from behind Angel Island, then shrugged and turned back to Ihren. "But you aren't a physicist; how can I explain? All I can tell you is that it really *is* possible to send a man into an



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TIME earlier time; far easier, in fact, than any of the theorists had supposed. I adjust the knobs, the dials, focusing the black box on the subject like a camera, as it were. Then I switch on a very faint, specialized kind of precisely directed electric current, or beam. And while my current is on —— How shall I put it? He is afloat, in a manner of speaking; he is actually free of time, which moves on ahead without him. I've calculated that he is adrift, the past catching up with him at a rate of twenty-three years and eleven weeks for each second my current is on. Using a stopwatch, I can send a man back to whatever time he wishes with a plus-or-minus accuracy of three weeks. I know it works because—well, Tom Veeley is only one example. They all try to do something to show me they arrived safely, and Veeley said he'd do his best to get into the newsreel shot when Jones won the Open golf championship. I checked the newsreel last week to make sure he had."

The sergeant nodded. "All right; now, *why* did you do it? They're criminals, you know; and you helped them escape."

I said, "No, I didn't know they were criminals, sergeant. And they didn't tell me. They just seemed like nice people with more troubles than they could handle. And I did it because I needed what a doctor needs when he discovers a new serum—volunteers to try it! And I got them; you're not the only one who ever read that news report."

"Where'd you do it?"

"Out on the beach, not far from the Cliff House. Late at night when no one was around."

"Why out there?"

"There's some danger a man might appear in a time and place already occupied by something else; a stone wall or building, his molecules occupying the same space. He'd be all mixed in with the other molecules, which would be unpleasant and confining. But there've never been any buildings on the beach. Of course the beach might have been a little higher at one time than another, so I took no chances. I had each of them stand on the lifeguard tower, appropriately dressed for whatever time he planned to enter, and with the right kind of money for the period in his pocket. I'd focus carefully around him so as to exclude the tower, turn on the current for the proper time, and he'd drop onto the beach of fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years ago."

For a while the sergeant sat nodding, staring absently at the rough planks of the pier. Then he looked up at me again, vigorously rubbing his palms together. "All right, professor, and now you're going to bring them all back!" I began shaking my head, and he smiled grimly and said, "Oh, yes, you are, or I'll wreck your career! I can do it, you know. I'll bring out everything I've told you, and I'll show the connections. Each of the missing people visited you; more than once. Undoubtedly some of them were seen. You may even have been seen on the beach. Time I'm through, you'll never teach again." I was still shaking my head, and he said dangerously, "You mean you won't?"

"I mean I can't, you idiot! How the hell can I reach them? They're back in 1885, 1906, 1927, or whatever; it's absolutely impossible to bring them back. They've escaped you, sergeant, forever."

He actually turned white. "No!" he cried. "No; they're criminals, and they've got to be punished, *got* to be!"

I was astounded. "Why? None of them's done any great harm. And as far as we're concerned, they don't exist. Forget them."

He actually bared his teeth. "Never," he whispered, then he roared, "I *never* forget a wanted man!"

"O.K., Javert."

"Who?"

"A fictional policeman in a book called *Les Misérables*. He spent half his life hunting down a man no one else wanted any more."

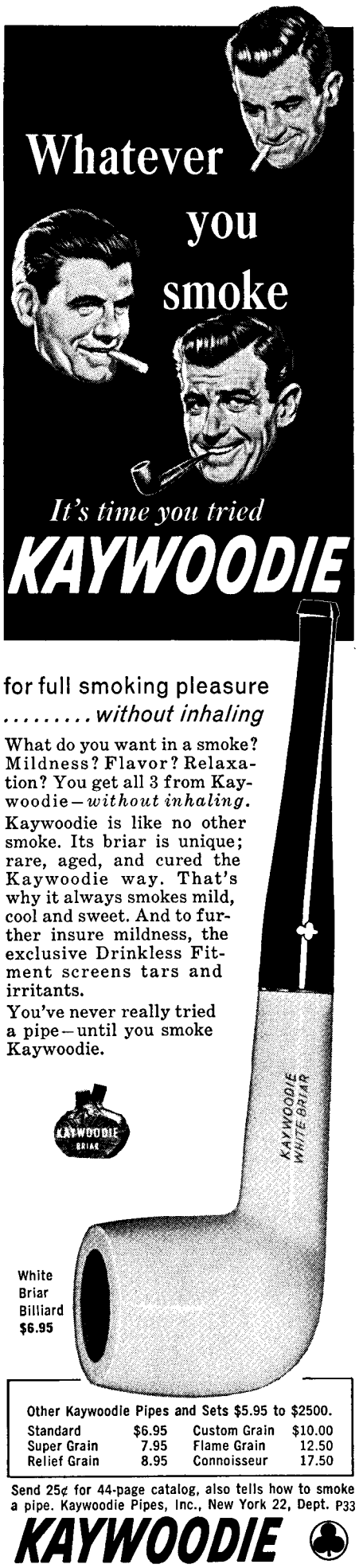
"Good man; like to have him in the department."

"He's not generally regarded too highly."

"He is by me!" Sergeant Ihren began slowly pounding his fist into his palm, muttering, "They've got to be punished, they've got to be punished," then looked up at me. "Get *out* of here," he yelled, "*fast!*" and I was glad to and did. A block away I looked back, and he was still sitting there on the dock, slowly pounding his fist in his palm.

I thought I'd seen the last of him then, but I hadn't; I saw Sergeant Ihren one more time. Late one evening about ten days later he phoned my apartment and asked me—ordered me—to come right over with my little black box, and I did, even though I'd been getting ready for bed; he simply wasn't a man you disobeyed lightly. When I walked up to the big dark Hall of Justice, he was standing in the doorway, and without a word he nodded at a car at the curb. We got in and drove in silence out to a quiet little residential district.

The streets were empty, the houses dark; it was close to midnight. We parked just within range of a corner street light, and Ihren said, "I've been doing some thinking and some research since I saw you last." He pointed to a mailbox beside the street lamp on the corner a dozen feet ahead. "That's one of the three mailboxes in the city of San Francisco that has been in the same location for almost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Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly—except alternate wks. during July & Aug. & at year end: 45 issues—at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1962.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Editor, Robert Sherrod, New York, N.Y.

Managing editor, Davis Thomas, New York, N.Y.

Business manager, None

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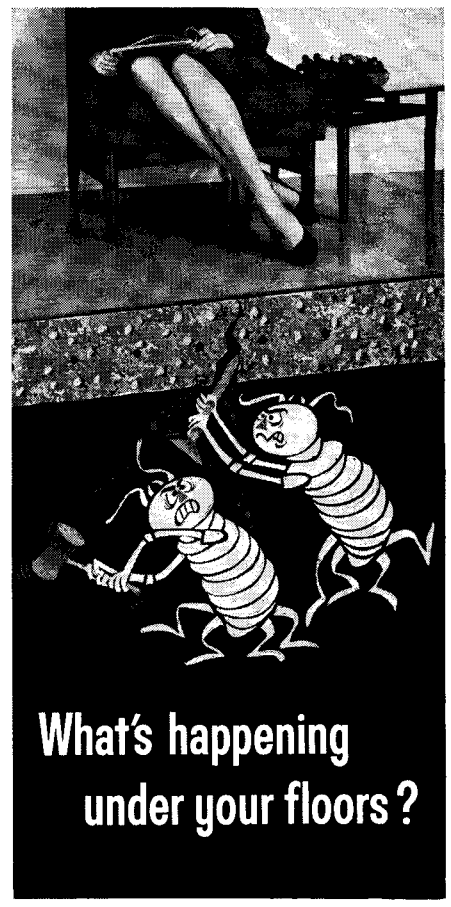
*July 1, 1961 through June 30, 1962

Robert Sherrod, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of August, 1962. DOROTHY W. STEM, [Seal]
Notary Public, City and County of Philadelphia
(My Commission Expires March 22, 1965)



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ninety years. Not that identical box, of course, but always that location. And now we're going to mail some letters." From his coat pocket, Sergeant Ihren brought out a little sheaf of envelopes, addressed in pen and ink and stamped for mailing. He showed me the top one, shoving the others into his pocket. "You see who this is for?"

"The chief of police."

"That's right; the San Francisco chief of police—in 1885! That's his name, address and the kind of stamp they used then. I'm going to walk to the mailbox on the corner and hold this in the slot. You'll focus your little black box on the envelope, turn on the current as I let it go, and it will drop into the mailbox that stood here in 1885!"

I shook my head admiringly; it was ingenious. "And what does the letter say?"

He grinned evilly. "I'll tell you what it says! Every spare moment I've had since I last saw you, I've been reading old newspapers at the library. In December, 1884, there was a robbery, several thousand dollars missing; there isn't a word in the paper for months afterward that it was ever solved." He held up the envelope. "Well, this letter suggests to the chief of police that they investigate a man they'll find working in Haring's restaurant, a man with an unusually long thin face. And that if they search his room they'll probably find several thousand dollars he can't account for. And that he will absolutely not have an alibi for the robbery in 1884!" The sergeant smiled, if you could call it a smile. "That's all that they'll need in order to send him to prison and mark the case closed; they didn't pamper criminals in those days!"

My jaw was hanging open. "But he isn't guilty! Not of that crime!"

"He's guilty of another just about like it! And he's got to be punished; I *will* not let him escape, not even to 1885!"

"And the other letters?"

"You can guess. There's one for each of the men you helped get away, addressed to the police of the proper time and place. And you're going to help me mail them all, one by one. If you don't, I'll ruin you, and that's a promise, professor." He opened his door, stepped out and walked to the corner without even glancing back.

I suppose there are those who will say I should have refused to use my little black box, no matter what the consequences to me. Well, maybe I should have, but I didn't. This sergeant meant what he said, and I knew it, and I wasn't going to have the only career I ever had or wanted be ruined. I did the best I could; I begged and pleaded. I got out of the car with my box; the sergeant stood waiting at the mailbox. "Please don't make me do this," I said. "Please! There's no need! You haven't told anyone else about this, have you?"

"Of course not. I'd be laughed off the force."

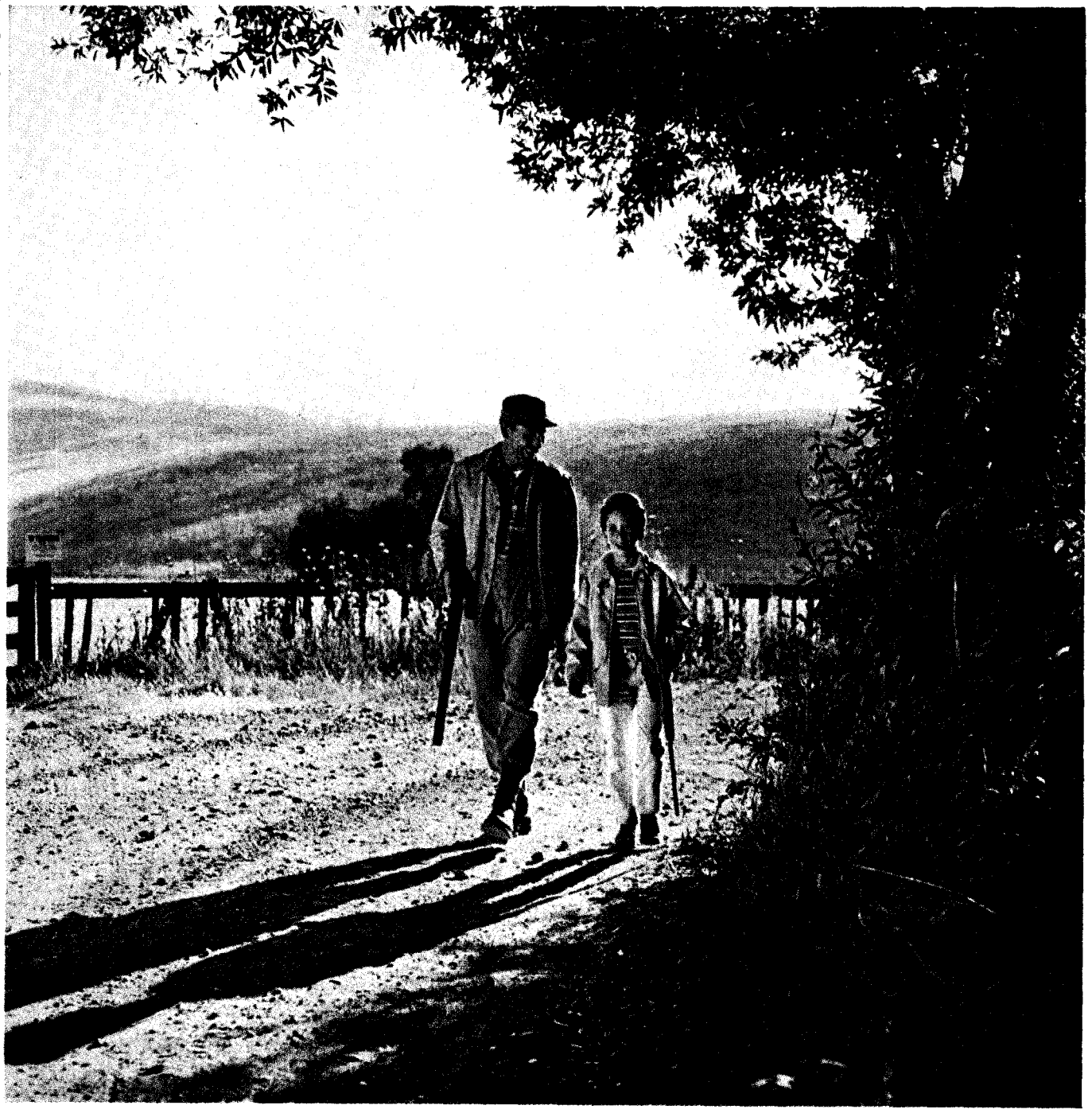
"Then forget it! Why hound these poor people? They haven't done so much; they haven't really hurt anyone. Be humane! Forgiving! Your ideas are at complete odds with modern conceptions of criminal rehabilitation!"

I stopped for breath, and he said, "You through, professor? I hope so, because nothing will ever change my mind. Now, go ahead and use that damn box!" Hopelessly I shrugged and began adjusting the dials.

I am sure that the most baffling case the San Francisco Bureau of Missing Persons ever had will never be solved. Only two people—Sergeant Ihren and I—know the answer, and we're not going to tell.

For a short time there was a clue someone might have stumbled onto, but I found it. It was in the rare-photographs section of the public library; they've got hundreds of old San Francisco pictures, and I went through them all and found this one. Then I stole it; one more crime added to the list I was guilty of hardly mattered.

Every once in a while I get it out and look at it; it shows a row of uniformed men lined up in formation before a San Francisco police station. In a way it reminds me of an old movie comedy, because each of them wears a tall helmet of felt with a broad, turn-down brim, and long uniform coats to the knees. Nearly every one of them wears a drooping moustache, and each holds a long night stick poised as though ready to bring it down on Chester Conklin's head. Keystone Cops they look like at first glance, but study those faces closely and you change your mind about that. Look especially close at the face of the man at the very end of the row, wearing sergeant's stripes. It looks positively ferocious, glaring out—or so it always seems—directly at me. It is the implacable face of Martin O. Ihren of the San Francisco police force, back where he really belongs, back where I sent him with my little black box, to the year 1893. **THE END**



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Tip to Toe Fad in Fabulous Furs

Women are finding that furs are a girl's best friend. They make her feel important and "safe."

By EUGENIA SHEPPARD

Since the first cavewoman convinced her husband to bring home a pelt or not come home at all, women have been in hot pursuit of furs—and never more so than this season.

From ermine to zebra, mink to mole, "fur" is a three-letter word that spells elegance and luxury. The current fur craze covers women from head to toe—from fur boots to muffs, suit borders, coat linings, scarves and hats. Every woman can find a pelt she can afford—whether she saves trading stamps for a single mink skin, orders a $199 mink cape stole from a Sears, Roebuck catalog, or convinces a well-heeled gentleman to give her a $50,000 sable topcoat.

And what makes fur so desirable to women? At any price, furs are credited with giving the wearer complete security in herself.

"Fur still stands, in a mysterious way, as a primitive symbol of strength," says Louis O. Wheeler, manager of furs for the firm of Bonwit Teller and Gunther Jaeckel, oldest American-founded fur company. "It creates a 'protection image.'" In 1961 consumers spent $350,000,000 on furs.

Fur fashions have long been influenced by the desires and tastes of beautiful women. Around 800 B.C., for instance, an alluring Assyrian queen named Semiramis is said to have draped a tiger skin around her shoulders, one of 8000 skins brought as a tribute from India by her soldiers. From that date fur became a favorite costume with females and royalty. Last year, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy in Washington and Elizabeth Taylor in Rome were photographed in chic coats of spotted leopard, an animal once worshiped in Egypt as a beast-god. The horizon was soon spotted with genuine leopard coats plus copies in leopard-dyed rabbit.

"But fur is not an automatic fashion passport for any woman," stresses James Terence Brady, one of America's outstanding designers of furs. "In fact, most of the furs women wear make them look awful. The usual mistake is playing it too safe, trying to buy one fur coat that will fit all occasions. Too many women think of a good fur as an investment, not a possession. A fur coat is not a Picasso or shares of blue-chip stocks. It is a personal thing. It must suit the woman and the occasion for which it is worn.

"I would rather see a woman buy three small, well-styled garments in a lesser fur than put the same money into something expensive but limiting. After all, she can't wear chinchilla to lunch."

Today the United States fur manufacturers supplying pelts and finished garments to stores all over the country are headquartered in a few grimy blocks in the lower 30's and upper 20's along 7th Avenue in New York City. Many wholesalers specialize in a single fur and are known by the name of their product. B. Wollman of B. Wollman and Brothers, who advertises $50,000 sable coats in the *Wall Street Journal*, is a "sable man," for instance. Jack Zimmerman of Zimmerman-Scher, Inc. is "a Persian-lamb man." In the New York fur district there are over 200 "mink men" alone.

Most Women Think Mink

Fur these days means mink to most women, and no wonder. Mink is native to this country and Canada. It is as American as turkey and the No. 1 fur in popularity since the late 1930's. Mink accounts for at least 80 percent of fur sales. There are about 500,000 mink coats and jackets hanging in American closets, and the same number of stoles. Furriers expect to sell about 20,000 more of each this winter, including more than 1500 pieces to customers who buy a new mink each year.

Mink got its head start to high fashion in the 1920's when the "letting-out" process was invented. Mink skins are small and a mink coat looked as patchy as a brick wall before the new cutting technique came in. Mink pelts are now opened down the back and then sliced into tiny spaghetti strips that are sewn together on the diagonal, in a chevron pattern, giving the illusion of long, unbroken strips of fur. The work is so painstaking that it takes a workman two weeks to make a mink coat, or 10 days and more workmen if the customer is rich and impatient.

The real impact of mink developed in the 1940's, when the mutations appeared. Occasional litters produce a "sport," a kit with fur of an unusual color. Several astute breeders pooled their breeding stock to produce new colors. Silverblu, the first mink mutation, made its debut in 1942, and the first coat was sold for $18,000. Today a mutation mink may cost $25,000, but the average price is $3000.

Fine mink is no spontaneous gift of nature. Mink are sensitive, vicious little beasts that must be raised in separated cages to keep them from fighting and ruining their valuable coats. Successful mink ranchers (There are about 6000 in the United States) may each raise 15,000 head at a time, providing careful living conditions and a controlled diet that is high in both protein and cost. It takes about four tons of food to "feed a mink coat" (65 mink are used in the average coat) from kit to pelting.

In the mink world there is, each season, some special color, cut or breed that is more fashionable than the rest. Right now, almost-black mink, with a bluish cast to the hairs, seems to be what every woman wants. Furriers can hardly find enough dark mink to satisfy customers.

In all the careful experiments with mutations, no one has ever quite matched the color and richness of the original Labrador wild mink, a beautiful pale brown fur that is now rare. Only eight or ten topcoats of Labrador mink are available each season and are as high as $35,000.

Imaginative designing has also helped the status-conscious consumer stay individual in a mink-covered world. Many designers have departed from the classic "Joan Crawford" look—that full, swinging, collared and cuffed overabundance of fur in which every pelt suggested a dollar sign. Designers approach mink with respect still, but with less awe. Gintel-Spaulder this season, for instance, has in-

Wrapped in $3500 worth of social security—a mink stole that bears its own exotically impressive name of Morning Light Tourmaline—any woman feels brave enough to tackle the problems of her world.

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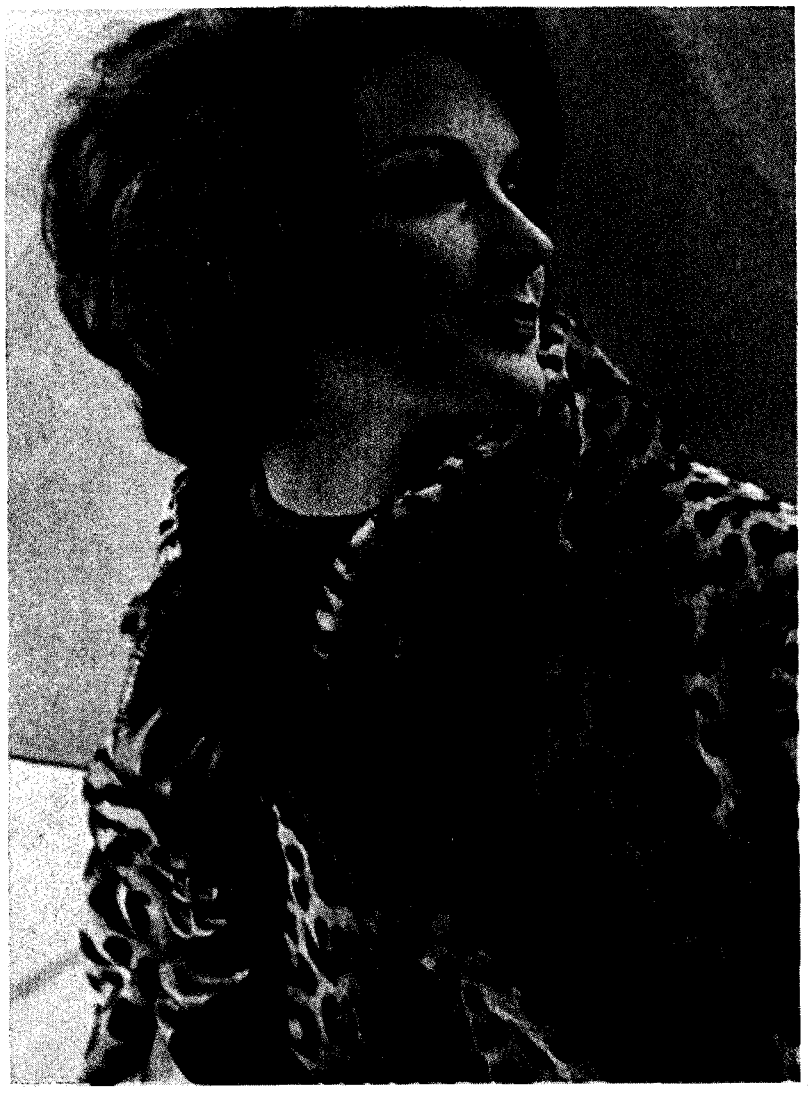
"A fur is not a Picasso. . . It must suit the woman and the occasion."

Madame Anna Potok, surrounded by $100,000 in furs, runs Maximilian, most famous made-to-order fur salon in America.



Full-length coat of Somali leopard, a fashion favorite since Jacqueline Kennedy wore one to India, costs about $8000.

troduced a "sports-minded mink," a simply designed coat humbled with matching wool knit border, collar and covered buttons. And Jean Louis of California has designed a mink polo shirt with a loose, relaxed collar and push-up sleeves—the ultimate expression of the casual in mink.

In spite of its wide circulation, mink is far from reaching the saturation point in the United States. So far supply just about equals demand.

A fur that means so much to so many women is sure to become a fashion cliché to those who pride themselves on individuality. Designer Valentina dismissed the queen fur with "Mink is for football games." Someone else called the mink coat "the Indian blanket for every American squaw." Yet even the super-sophisticated enjoy wearing a mink hat, and the white mink jacket is still "in."

In the late 1920's and '30's, fox fur was riding as high in fashion as mink is today. No self-respecting movie siren would be caught in public unless muffled to her ears in fox. Mainbocher designed a fox jacket for the much-publicized trousseau of Wallis Warfield, now the Duchess of Windsor. Women were even photographed wearing fox jackets over bathing suits at Miami Beach. The overexposure of those bulky little jackets, unflattering to short figures and matronly silhouettes, began the undoing of silver fox.

The fox market crashed toward the end of the 1930's. When World War II broke out in Europe, Norway hastily disposed of its foxes to the American market and prices here broke. Many furriers were caught with huge supplies, and millions of dollars were lost. Furriers still hate to talk about the fox collapse and turn vague when pressed for details of how many fox pelts are still on ice in warehouses, where uncured skins can be kept indefinitely.

In spite of sporadic enthusiasm, fox and all the other long-haired furs that went down the drain with it have come back to fashion only partially. Silver fox was evident recently in a self-conscious revival of fashions from the '20's and '30's. Red fox hasn't made it back except for hats. The only successful foxes have been Norwegian blue, a smoky shade, and a complete newcomer, golden amber.

Fox Revival Possible

Golden amber fox is one of those occasional rarities in the fur industry. In the early 1940's, just as the fox market hit bottom, a kit in a handsome new rusty color turned up on one of the Wisconsin farms of the Fromm Brothers, the most famous name in foxes. The Fromm Brothers believed in the shade so strongly that they propagated the strain. It takes seven generations to "fix" a mutation and 12 more to breed for selective coloring. Golden amber fox finally made its public appearance in 1959, when it had a splashy debut in the Paris collections.

"Great things are being done today with the shaping and treatment of fox," says James Terence Brady. "But with fox, as with other furs, both the shape of the fur and the shape of the woman must be carefully considered. Otherwise, both look ridiculous."

Those in the fur industry, especially the "fox men," are hopefully alerted to a potential revival in this fur's popularity. A secret order for one specially designed floor-length fox evening coat has been placed by an extraordinarily well-known American woman, internationally recognized as a taste-maker. If that coat makes its fall debut on schedule, "fox men" can take their skins off ice and prepare for a hot fashion comeback.

Neither as long-haired as fox nor as short-haired as mink, but richer than either, is today's ultimate fur, wild Russian sable. This is so precious that a topcoat can cost as much as $100,000. Sable is highborn Russian weasel which thrives in snow and heavy forests, achieving a pelt so dense that it can hardly be blown open with the human breath.

Russia, following the American success formula for mink by raising fine sables on ranches, has a thriving industry. Unlike the United States, however, Russia refuses to sell its young sables around the world for breeding purposes. One American breeder did manage to smuggle a pair of sables out of Russia but when they arrived in this country he discovered that the male had been castrated.

Chinchilla From Chile

For sheer luxury, the only rival to mink and sable is chinchilla. These sensitive, elusive, squirrel-sized rodents are native to South America, preferring to live on mountain peaks, often 12,000 feet up. The fur, blue-gray and fantastically soft, was prized by the ancient Peruvians as a luxury skin to be used for muffs, trimmings and tippets, the forerunner of today's "little summer furs." At one point in history, the chinchilla had been trapped almost out of existence. Then Mathias Chapman, an American engineer in Chile, foresaw the profitable possibilities of ranch-raising chinchillas in the United States. It took him years to capture 23 animals and move them down the Andes 500 feet at a time, with lengthy stops at each level. He reached California with only 11 chinchillas alive. They were the ancestors of all chinchillas in this country, raised on ranches but with considerably more difficulty than mink. Chinchillas seem to pine for the freedom and peaks of the Andes; some still thrive only in hanging cages.

Launched into fashion in 1953, chinchilla was promoted in national and international advertising campaigns by Empress Chinchilla, a group of 700 California farmers. In spite of its rare beauty, odds were against its becoming a desired fur. Extremely soft, chinchilla is not as durable as mink, nor is its color so flattering. Because older women felt it complimented gray hair, it became known as a "dowager fur," a fashion death label. An astute advertising campaign in which the fur was promoted as "young, rare and expensive" brought chinchilla into favor.

For each of the past two years more wealthy women have worn chinchillas than mink to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera. A custom-designed chinchilla may cost up to $30,000. Hope Hampton, former musical-comedy star and now a café socialite who can be counted on to appear in whatever fashion is the current symbol of money combined with sex appeal, owns four chinchilla coats, each in a different length. (Miss Hampton, who says she suffers from cold, has an off-beat wardrobe in other furs as well: a full-length white ermine, a white mink and a white Persian lamb dinner dress.)

If the old-time charmer, Russian ermine, is around less often than it used to

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be, it's not because women are tired of its baby-doll, boudoirlike prettiness, but because it is one of the group of furs on which the U.S. Government has clapped an embargo. Russian kolinsky and Baum marten are among the others. The Government believes these furs, when American-raised, are just as good as the Russian imports. Furriers and customers don't always agree.

A woman determined to wear one of these Russian furs can still have it legally, however, if she isn't in a hurry. Her American furrier sends a canvas cut to her size to a Canadian furrier who is allowed to import these skins. The Canadian partially makes the coat and ships it back to the States for completion. There is no embargo on skins that have been sewn.

Treating Fur as Fabric

There is no embargo, either, on Russian broadtail, one of today's most stylish furs. Soft and supple, the fur conforms best to the current fashion dictum—"treat fur like fabric." Designers such as Pauline Trigere use broadtail for theater suits and dinner dresses. The fur, with moiré markings, is as flexible as velvet and must be given the same careful treatment.

It's recognized today that no fur can really succeed in fashion without promotion behind it. Recently the Southwest African Persian Lamb Advisory Board was successful in getting most of the Paris designers to include Persian lamb coats, jackets, borders and hats in their collections by providing the furs without charge to the Paris *couture*.

Four years ago the fur industry organized the Fur Information & Fashion Council to make the public conscious of other furs besides mink. The mink breeders were canny enough to contribute. What's good for the industry is good for mink, and the female public has been reintroduced to a number of excellent but neglected furs such as seal, beaver, nutria, otter and ocelot. A recent successful introduction is Lakoda seal, which is sheared female seal, available for the first time only because of such a population explosion among seals that the Government allowed some of the females to be slaughtered. Lakoda seal is so pale blond, lightweight and easy to handle that designers find it especially inspiring for high-waisted, semifitted coats, the latest smart silhouette in cloth.

One of the newest notes in furs is the "fashion-designer touch," just another step along the road to making last year's fur coat look out of style. Fur designers now follow all the ins and outs of fashion. They raise or lower waistlines, widen or narrow shoulders, take to a collarless neckline, abbreviate sleeves to bracelet length or go single- or double-breasted along with clothes fashions. Many firms whose fur coats used to be designed by the boss in the front office in a huddle with the cutter now use the talents of both French and American designers. In this country Norell, Trigere, Scaasi, Mr. John and many others have their names on labels in fur coats.

The classic fur coat—the big, unstyled, soul-satisfying hunk of fur that a woman could wear anytime over anything and feel as if she looked as great as its price tag—simply doesn't exist anymore. A fur coat these days is just as specialized as any other fashion.

Some fur coats are, however, just for fun. The "fun fur" coat has given a big boost to the industry. Roughly, these furs have a price range around $500, but definitely under $1000. After $1000 a fur coat becomes serious business.

"What fun!" is the correct note of appreciation when the lady appears looking like a refugee from the jungle in zebra stripes, mink bellies, hair seal, kangaroo, blue-dyed rabbit, kit fox, snow leopard, or Mongolian sheep, a weird-looking fur that turned up in Paris about two years ago. The Mongolian sheep pelt looks like a ball of unraveled yarn and can be dyed mad colors. "Fun furs" are bought by avant-garde folk who wouldn't be caught dead in a prosaic mink. They are bought also as second or third coats by women with minks or sables already stashed away in their closets.

One step down from the "fun furs" in price and prestige are the freakish furs, usually antique. About five years ago Sue Salzman, a girl just out of college, discovered and wore a raccoon topcoat of the F. Scott Fitzgerald era. So many friends admired it that she bought out a warehouse of old raccoon coats in New York's used-fur district. First she sold them through college shops, then Lord and Taylor. When that store advertised the coats for $25, a stampede ensued. The coats attracted both secretaries and men who bought them as a gag for their wives to wear to football games.

A pair of young career girls, Jimmi York and Carolyn Sherwin, recently cornered a supply of beaver coats, skunks, opossums, squirrels and many other hit furs of the 1920's and '30's. They turned them into ski parkas and big fur hats. The parkas failed to sell, but the hats, retailing at $15, became big business.

Semi-Beatnik Furs

The freakish furs have become a cult rather than a fashion. They satisfy the intellectual, semi-beatnik types who revolt against the stuffy conventions and success symbols of the fashion world.

Over the years Paris has helped supply the industry with many ways to make women want to wear fur. Paris invented the fur-lined fur coat with its double-barreled price tag. Intermittently it has sponsored fur-trimmed coats, suits and dresses and the fur-lined cloth coat that is reaching volume proportions this year. It has also started crazes for fur handbags, belts and, most important, hats.

For the past few years, fur hats have been on all the right heads at all the right places. One season it was the leopard pillbox; then came the bushel-basket-sized turban of Russian sable. Even though the price of the sable turban was $395, made to order, one New York specialty shop could hardly keep up with the orders.

Last year the House of Dior introduced an oversized mink beret. Using four mink skins, it flopped on the wearer's shoulder blades like a 1940's glamour bob. This hat, too, was priced, and popular, at $395.

How long will furs continue to fascinate women? "Furs will always be fashionable, in one form or another," designer Brady says, "since they are one of nature's beauties. Besides elegance, flattery and comfort, furs provide for women something they are eternally seeking—group status."

THE END

The craving for fur adds up to a $350,000,000 industry.

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

Eight leopard hides adorning fur worker go into a coat—at $750 wholesale. Below: broadtail, Tourmaline, ranch mink.

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WHAT IS UP FRONT?

Up front, ahead of a modern filter, only Winston has Filter-Blend... rich, golden tobaccos specially selected and specially processed for full flavor in filter smoking. It's what's up front that counts!

PURE WHITE, MODERN FILTER

PLUS **FILTER - BLEND** UP FRONT

Winston tastes good

like a cigarette should!

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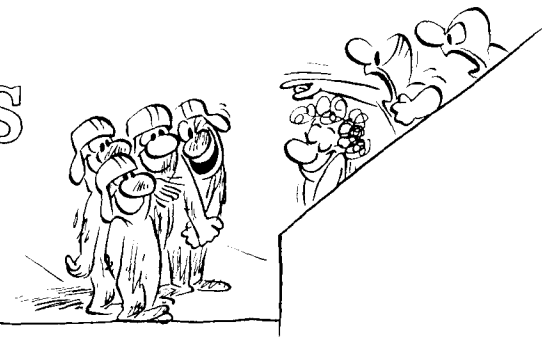
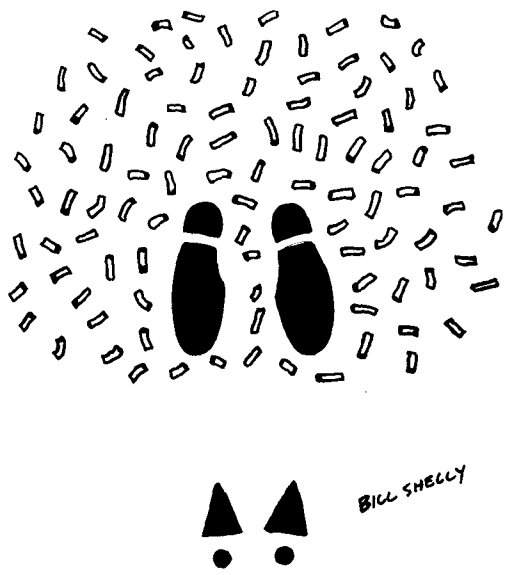
post scripts



"What luck, dear! It's *Bucephali miceli*—a very rare mushroom noted for a peculiar side effect."



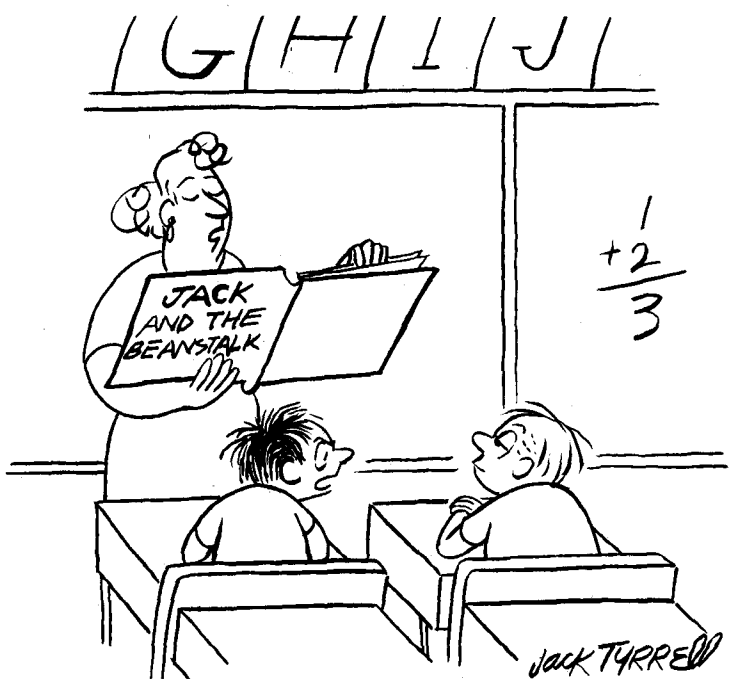
"Sorry I'm late, dear. Been waiting long?"

"Martha!"

From the Mouths of Babes

His cute remarks, in which we pride,
Are whispered in a low aside,
But words we'd rather none would hear
Are always shouted, loud and clear.

BETTY ISLER



"Lousy plot!"

"Sorry, but I'm only qualified to take on people."

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Rosalind Russell tells her own story

The Kind of Gal I Am

CONCLUSION. *A durable star's candid views on Hollywood, its people—and her own career.*

By ROSALIND RUSSELL

It was during the period when I was playing the successful woman executive in a long string of films that the National Federation of Businesswomen, an organization of career women, tapped me for their award at their annual convention. The affair was held at the Cow Palace in San Francisco, and the huge hall was jammed to the rafters.

Part of my speech was serious, but I also decided to kid my career-woman roles. "Sister executives," I said, "I am well aware of the weight of your responsibilities in the business world, but I'd like to ask you a few questions. How many phones do you have on your desks? Two? Three, maybe? I have at least five or six. When I play a newspaper editor I tear up the front page twice every edition. When I play a lawyer, I win every case.

"I always work on the fortieth floor of Rockefeller Center. My organization is never less than fifty rooms. I have blond walls, blond furniture, blond secretaries, everything matches. I wear Chanel-type suits which cost $700. I give more orders in one morning than you give in a month, and then I go to lunch. You won't see me in the office again that day. Can you do that?

"I have a home on Long Island, a penthouse in New York, a place in the Adirondacks. I invariably take a trip to Europe three times during each film. Now what do you girls do? You stay on the job, that's what you do. But please don't envy me, for in the end I always give up this grandeur to go live with Fred MacMurray in a mosquito-ridden bog near Jersey City. It is now the eighth reel, and I yearn to fulfill myself as a woman. So we fade out on a little picket fence, a baby buggy, and me in a gingham apron."

Costumes Tried and True

The titles of my pictures changed, but the script and the clothes only slightly. I'd phone the costume designer and say, "Make up three suits—one plaid, one gray flannel and a beige—well, maybe make it four and throw in a stripe. I'll also need an evening dress, a costume for my lodge in the country and of course a negligee." The negligee was for my crying scene (seventh reel), when I was sorry I hadn't been feminine enough. The only problem was the outfit for the country, because the scriptwriters had a vexing habit of switching the kind of lodge I owned. One time it was a ski lodge, the next it might be a hunting lodge.

I always sat behind the same blond desk, and the cameraman, Joe Walker, would look out the window of the office set and say, "Let's move the Empire State Building over to the left this time." Joe was a great one for changes. Blackie, the prop man, would say, "How many phones did she have in the last epic? Six? Throw in two more."

Sex and the Career Woman

Scene One: Fade in on me holding a meeting in my office, blasting my staff, all men. I had every answer; they didn't dare have one. I'd say, "Get that account. . . . I don't care how long B.B.D. and Y. have had it. . . . Get B on the phone. . . . No make it D. . . . I met him in Nassau. . . . Pin him down for lunch." Finally I'd see an outsider sitting with hat pulled down over his eyes, and I'd say crisply, "Who are you?" He would reply, "Verrry interesting," and then, outraged, I'd snap, "You mean you've been sitting here all the time while I've been in conference?" You're right, this was the fellow with whom I'd end up back of the picket fence.

The fans liked these films, and they were very successful at the box office. They were fun to do, up to a point—until I finally got surfeited and bored. Doris Day and Rock Hudson are making them now, but with an added ingredient—sex. In those days, sex had to be handled very delicately on the career-woman beat.

I recall one incident when I was working with James Stewart in one of these films. We were man and wife, and I was in bed all fluffed up in a feathered bed jacket. He was about to leave for work, and he bent over to kiss me good-bye, when a horrified director yelled, "Stop!" Jimmy was fully dressed, and we were safely married, but he couldn't come near my bed. Today, however, you not only don't have to be married, you *can't* be.

Business-career women in real life are often a breed unto themselves, and someday I'd love to do one honestly. Sometimes the top-flight female executive is both driven and dominating. She's apt to have a husband who is an alcoholic, or is sick, or has quit work because she makes more money than he does. Sometimes she's becoming the alcoholic because her home life is unsatisfactory. She wears a hat in her office—the status symbol of the female wheeler-dealer—and she's always going to quit right after . . .

I hasten to say that many businesswomen are perfectly normal people, but there is this dramatic side, a tragic but fascinating story.

Of course, I played in many movies other than the career-woman type. *The Women* was one of the most successful of these. But in the late 1940's and early '50's, Hollywood seemed to be determined to keep me typecast as a businesswoman. Finally, as I have mentioned previously in this autobiographical sketch for *The Saturday Evening Post*, I broke out of the mold by going into the stage show, *Bell, Book and Candle*, in late 1951, and then into the Broadway musical hit, *Wonderful Town*, in 1953.

When the long run of *Wonderful Town* eventually ended, I returned to Hollywood to appear in the movie version of *Picnic*. Josh Logan had asked me if I would consider playing the frustrated schoolteacher in that remarkable film drama. Bill Holden and Kim Novak were to be the lovers, and Josh wasn't sure that I would be willing to play second fiddle, even though the part of Rosemary, the schoolteacher, was a strong one.

New Image as Old Maid

"Would I?" I said to him. "I'm thrilled you have asked me." Farewell, career women. At last, here was the opportunity I was looking for to create a new image. Rosemary was a lonely old maid who, with horrible shamelessness, wanted a man. I knew that to do the part, to show my face naked of makeup, to reveal a desperate woman with her guard completely down would take a certain amount of courage.

It was a challenging assignment, and I tried to give it everything. I felt rewarded when the part of Rosemary won the Laurel Award in 1956, an honor voted me by 17,000 motion-picture exhibitors. Awards in our industry are like dividends, and over 25 years the accumulation on my desk is full and impressive. However, it is just possible I could make room for one more. A man named Oscar keeps eluding me. He has nodded to me four times by way of nominations—but it would be nice if he would stop flirting and take me seriously.

During *Picnic* I read the galleys of Patrick Dennis's new book, *Auntie Mame*. I immediately got in touch with Bobby Fryer, *Auntie Mame*'s producer, and Morton DaCosta, the director, and told them I would do it on Broadway. The play ran almost two years after which I did the film version for Warner Brothers and happily it ran up a gross of $15,000,000. I loved Auntie Mame, and the audiences adored her too—her outrageous clothes, her zany behavior and, above all, her spirit.

From "Mame" to "Mrs. Jacoby"

During the Broadway run my son Lance and my husband Freddie were both with me in the East. Lance was in prep school and Freddie had had two highly successful musical productions running on Broadway, *The Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees*.

From Auntie Mame to my next part as Mrs. Jacoby in the movie, *A Majority of One*, was another big switch. As Bertha Jacoby, the wise and warmhearted Jewish woman, I would have to be something so different from the flibbertigibbet Auntie that the thought frightened me. However, it didn't seem to frighten Jack Warner or the director Mervyn LeRoy. So when the great Alec Guinness was signed to play the male lead, the Japanese gentleman who falls in love with Mrs. Jacoby, I grabbed the part. After all, if the British Sir Alec would play a Japanese gentleman, I thought I surely could try to be a Yiddisher mama. And, incidentally, working with Sir Alec was a rich experience. Whom do you look at in a crowd when everyone else is running? The person who's not running, of course. In a Guinness movie the stroller is almost sure to be Sir Alec. And if everyone else walks slowly, Sir Alec picks up his pace. He is a fine artist and a brilliant man.

In preparing *A Majority of One* for Warner Brothers I had many conferences with Leonard Spiegelgass, the author; Mervyn LeRoy, and Orry Kelly, the costume designer. I also rode the New York subways for days disguised in a gray wig

Relegated to career-woman roles in 23 movies, Roz finally got a chance to kick up her heels as Auntie Mame (at right).

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Roz laughs at her own bobble after missing a cue on the set of Gypsy.

Roz says she must keep working to be happy: "Idleness would drive me mad."

Russell and Mrs. Jacoby-type clothes. I roamed a big store in the Bronx, made purchases at a Brooklyn delicatessen, sat in a park and listened to Jewish people visiting with one another. I lunched with people I knew of the Jewish faith, probed them about Jewish mannerisms and habits of speech. I doubt that I ever worked so hard before in preparing myself for a part.

Like all entertainers I talk about my successes and prefer to forget my flops. Actually, actors and actresses are no different in this respect from people in other occupations. I have noted that businessmen seldom talk about the big deal that fizzled. Well, I'll match my flops with anyone's. For instance, *Mourning Becomes Electra* won me many awards, but not at the box office. *The Guilt of Janet Ames* I rarely mention except in an inaudible whisper. And *The Casino Murder Case* I don't mention even in a whisper. These pictures showed me not so much what to do, but what not to do. Failure has taught me more than successes.

Sister Kenny, which was successful in certain areas of the world and not in others, was made because of my interest in handicapped children. Soon after I came to California I got together with some doctors' wives, and we formed an organization called The League for Crippled Children. Years later Sister Kenny came to the Coast. I became acquainted with her and wanted to do a picture about her remarkable life.

Using Gentle Blackmail

I persuaded the well-known writer, Dudley Nichols, to go to Minneapolis, where that dedicated Australian nurse lived and worked, to prepare a movie script about her. Then came the tough job of getting it produced. I was under contract to do three pictures for RKO, and had the right to approve the choice of stories. RKO didn't really want to do *Sister Kenny*, and at this point I used what I call gentle blackmail. I hinted that I wouldn't approve *any* scripts if they weren't willing to do the Kenny film.

In the end, that picture did pull out of the red and make a profit for the studio. So I didn't feel too badly about my stubborn attitude. Moreover, it proved to be a boost for Sister Kenny's work, and it helped underscore the fact that something *must* be done to wipe out polio.

I value my working relationship with the various studio heads. Although I have had my battles over money, scripts and other matters, I have managed over the years to get along well with my Hollywood employers. Sometimes I even have a little fun at their expense. I still recall one episode with Harry Cohn, the boss of Columbia. Some people didn't cozy up to Harry, but I got along well with him. Although technically I had become a free lancer when my seven-year contract with Metro ended in 1941, I did sign with Columbia at that time for one picture a year.

So when World War II came along, and I was about to do a camp tour to entertain the boys, I still had this connection with Columbia and Harry Cohn. I went to his office and said, "Harry, I am going on a tour of the military camps, and I'll need some of the clothes I wore in this last picture. Naturally, I'm willing to pay the usual 50 percent of the original cost."

"There'll Be No Clothes"

"There'll be no clothes," Harry barked. "It's impossible. You know we can't get fabrics in wartime. Jean Arthur was up here wanting clothes. Rita Hayworth wants clothes. You all want clothes. There'll be no clothes!"

"Now, Harry," I sighed, "you know how it is. The GI's deserve the best, and I *must* look as glamorous as I can for them. All I want are some beaded dresses, low-cut evening gowns, flashy stuff like that. You wouldn't want me to go to the newspapers and tell them that you *personally* let me entertain our fighting men in my conservative rags."

He studied me a minute, "You'd do it too," he said. "So OK! You can have the clothes—for cost! *Full cost*, which includes studio overhead." I told him what I wanted; he added up the items and said, "That'll be $2700." He had a girl get the costumes, and then he held out his hand for the check.

"Now, just a minute, Harry," I said. "You may not know it, but you owe *me* some money. You will recall that in the picture I wore a fur coat. That was *my* fur coat, and it cost me $4000. If you had rented it for the picture, it would have cost you $100 a day, and I wore it in the picture for 34 days. That comes to $3400 you owe me, and the difference between what I owe you and what you owe me is $700. So now you give me a check *and* the clothes."

Such frantic breast beatings! But I think Harry secretly enjoyed our financial sparring. I smiled at him: "I had to do it this way, Harry, because sometimes you try to take advantage of me." I put the clothes over my arm and said good night. As I went through the door, he muttered a word I never heard at the convent.

Nowadays when Freddie and I are in California, as we are much of the time, we live rather quietly in our Beverly Hills home. It is not elaborate, certainly, but it is a comfortable place and we enjoy it.

My great regret is that Freddie and I didn't have more children. Lance, who is now 19, is interested in journalism, and for the past two summers has worked for the Los Angeles *Times*. He got the job on his own, without any helping hand from us.

I am most fortunate in one thing: My husband understands me and my need

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"Actors' mistakes are publicized, exaggerated, exploited. It's sad to see good people being maligned for the unfortunate behavior of a few."

to work. Sometimes when I get discouraged and rattle on about putting a period to my career, he reiterates a simple truth. "Roz," he says, "you wouldn't be happy not working."

Of course, he's right. Idleness would drive me mad. I simply don't know what it is to make a big morning out of phoning, lunching with the girls, plus a stimulating afternoon of canasta. About once every three years I lunch with women friends. I make myself go, and I always enjoy such occasions, simply because it's only once every three years.

Freddie and I have been quoted as saying, "Our house is our refuge. We don't talk business at home." We've never said that, and in fact it's a lot of nonsense. When I come home from the studio, I rehash everything with my husband, and as an active Hollywood and Broadway producer (*The Pleasure of His Company*, *The Gazebo*, and so forth) he has plenty to discuss with me. True, we try to talk about our work with a certain amount of humor. It helps.

Not long ago I trudged home after a day-long recording session on my current film, *Gypsy*, gingerly carrying a record bearing my best vocal effort of the day. As I placed it on the machine Freddie stumbled into the house weighted down with briefcases. "Can you imagine Columbia wants to change the title of our film, *Five Finger Exercise?*" he moaned. "And Fred Hebert called from my New York office to report that we need cast replacements for *The Caretaker* immediately! On top of that, a cable from my London partner that we can't get a theater this season for our production of *Under the Yum Yum Tree!*"

"You think you've got trouble," I said helpfully. "Listen to this!" I snapped on the record player and an 84-piece orchestra blasted out *Everything's Coming Up Roses* from *Gypsy*.

"It sounds great to me," Freddie screamed over the music, "except for that clinker in the brass section. What's that?"

"That's me," I wailed. He laughed alone that night.

We usually have dinner rather late because of our work, and for relaxation after dining we switch on some music and dance everything from the twist to an adagio. Occasionally we run films including those of Freddie's father, Carl Brisson, the famous musical star. Now there was a man. I loved him. Carl came from the people, and when he passed away he was carried from the church back through the part of Copenhagen where he was born. The prime minister of Denmark and 50,000 people turned out to pay him homage.

Somehow Carl reminded me of Maurice Chevalier. They were good friends. Not long ago, when I was presenting a special award to Maurice at the annual Academy Awards affair in Hollywood, he turned to me and said, "I hope Carl is looking down. I think he would be happy." Maurice is a wise and mellow man.

Warped View of Movies

Come to think of it, I know many wise and wonderful people in the entertainment world. It's a great and vital industry. How it remains so, I often wonder, considering the lack of support it is given. The motion-picture business, one of the biggest in the United States, exists without a lobby in Washington, without good public relations or press protection; rather it is viewed through a telescope warped by misinformation and magnified out of all proportion. Few realize that the industry is composed of intelligent, hard-working, highly trained professionals. It's sad to see them maligned so often because of the unfortunate behavior of a few. These few exist in every business and community, and on every level of society. The great difference is that our mistakes are publicized, exaggerated and exploited.

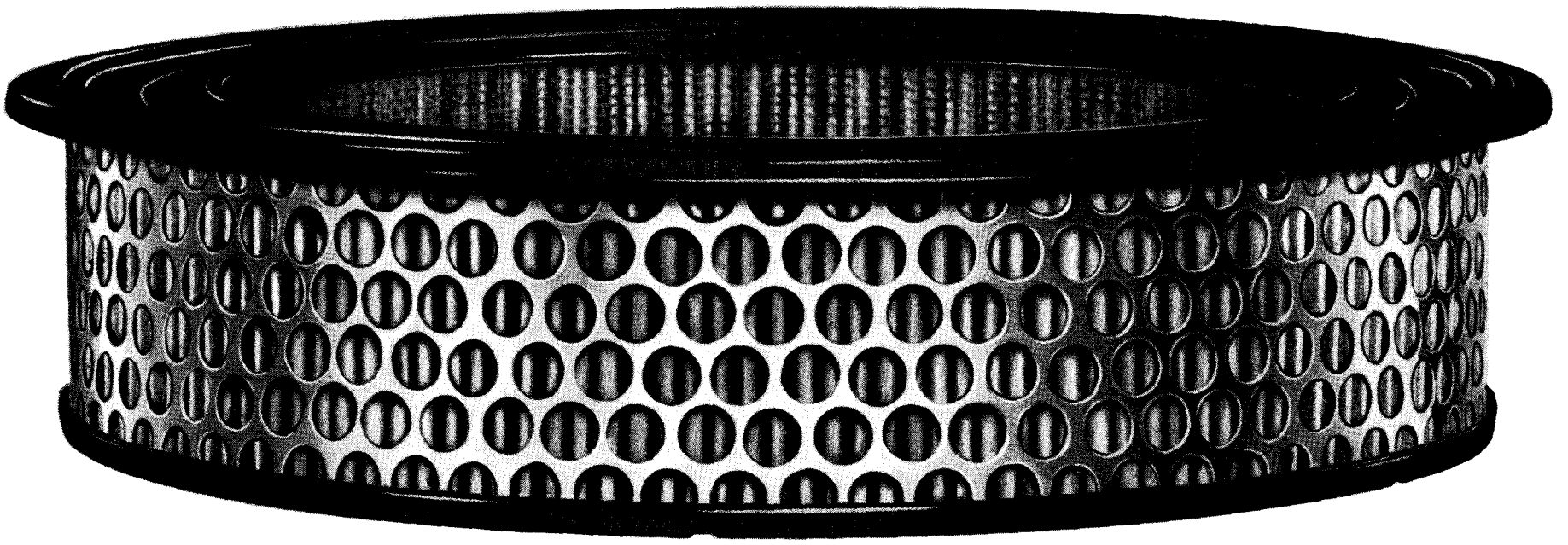
Before I put a period to this narrative, I want to say I owe a great deal to a great many. No career is achieved without help, and I've had more than my share. To mention one important incident that helped me . . .

It happened while I was at M-G-M when I took a problem to one of the top executives named Eddie Mannix. Eddie was a friend, and I could count on him for straight answers.

I told him about some trouble I was having with the producer of my current picture. "Eddie, am I right or am I wrong?" I asked.

His answer was one I have never forgotten. "You're right," he said, "but you're wrong in being right. This producer has made a mistake," he went on, "but he's not going to like you for being right. As the producer, and boss of the picture, he can't be dictated to by his actors or actresses. There are times when you should forget whether you are right or wrong. Think it over." I did.

So, as you can clearly see, I don't have all the answers. Not a half; not a quarter; but maybe a few. **THE END**



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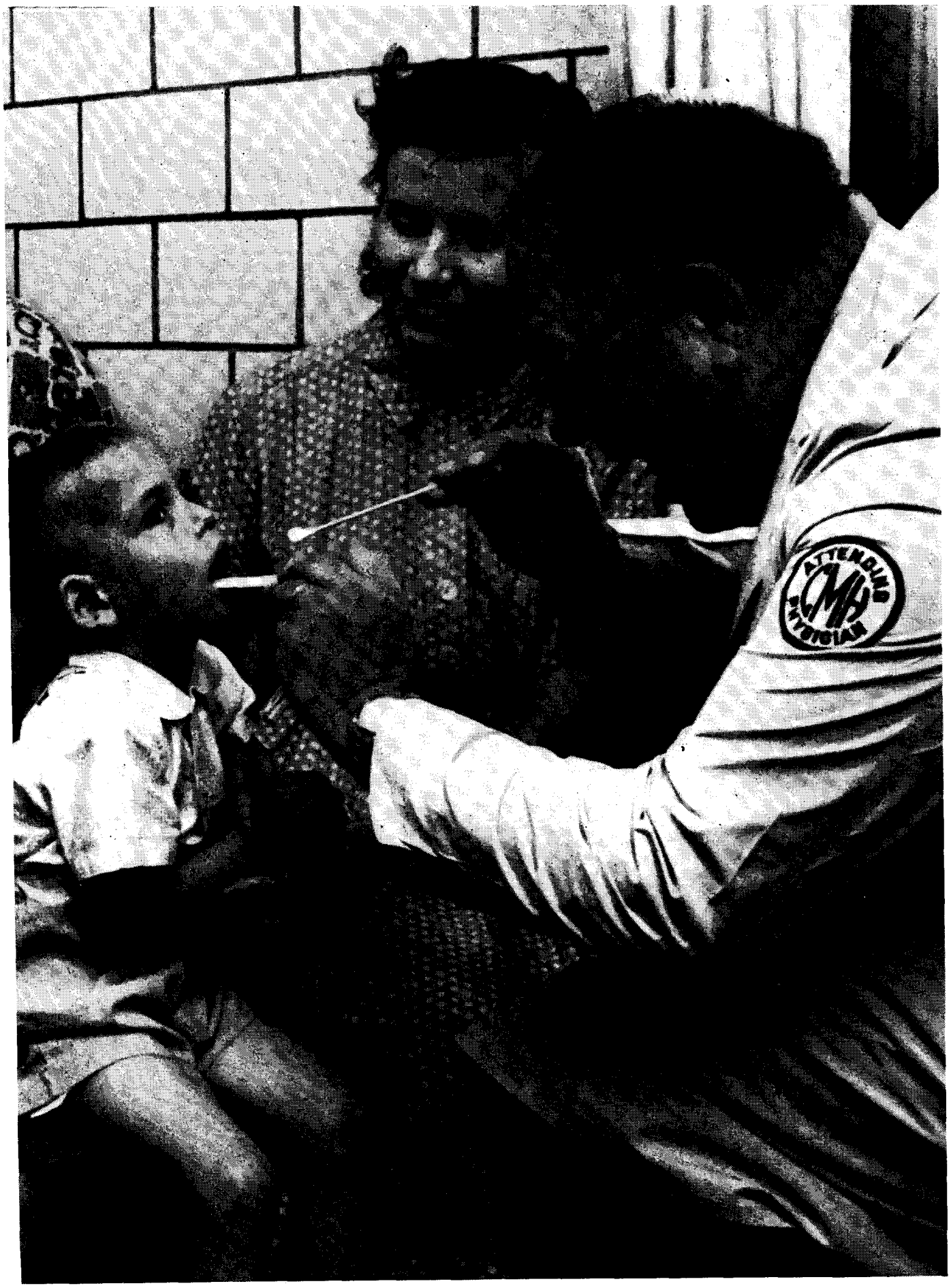
Tracking Killer Germs

By ALICE LAKE



A Chicago physician starts an FA test for strep, forerunner of rheumatic fever. Diagnosis used to take two days or more—a dangerously long time. With the new method it requires just two hours.

Thanks to an amazing test, we'll now survive many diseases that have long mystified doctors.

Late in 1960 a young resident physician at a Dallas hospital made a fearful discovery: Epidemic diarrhea, a death threat to the newborn, had struck in the nursery for premature babies. Very quickly four of the tiny infants were stricken. Thirty-two other premature babies were exposed.

If the disease had hit in another city, doctors might have had to stand by and watch half of those new lives flicker out. (In several recent years in the U.S. more than 500 newborn babies have died of epidemic diarrhea.)

But Dallas doctors had at hand a remarkable new method of diagnosis called the FA (fluorescent-antibody) test. With this test they positively identified the vicious germ behind the disease in only three and one half hours. Immediately they began treatment.

The test also told them that five of the exposed babies were incubating the germ. The babies were promptly isolated. Thanks to the fast, accurate FA test, not one of the babies died of diarrhea.

Stopping epidemic diarrhea in its tracks is just a sample of the FA test's momentous effect on American health. Doctors across the country have found it a powerful weapon against many of their ancient enemies—strep throat (the prelude to rheumatic fever), venereal disease, rabies, undulant fever and dozens of other diseases.

Said an editorial on the FA test in a medical journal: "We are on the threshold of a new era in the diagnosis and control of infectious disease."

The FA test is saving lives by revolutionizing the timetable of disease diagnosis. Most laboratory tests can't be hurried. Disease germs must first be isolated, then allowed to multiply into tens of millions. The process takes two days, two weeks, sometimes longer. FA diagnosis, which requires as few as 200 germs, takes one to four hours.

The greater the need for speed in diagnosis, the more valuable the FA test—in fighting rheumatic fever, for example. Rheumatic fever often begins with a streptococcal infection which, if detected early enough, can be cured. A child with a streptococcal sore throat will usually snap out of it in a few days. A week or two later the fever and aching joints of rheumatic fever may develop. But if this strep throat is treated with penicillin, and if the treatment is kept up for 10 days, he will not get rheumatic fever.

The joker: How does the doctor recognize the strep throat? In a recent study

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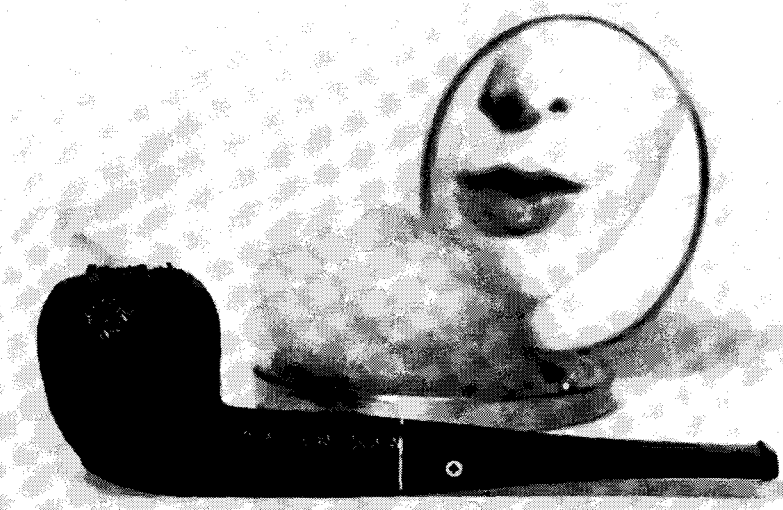
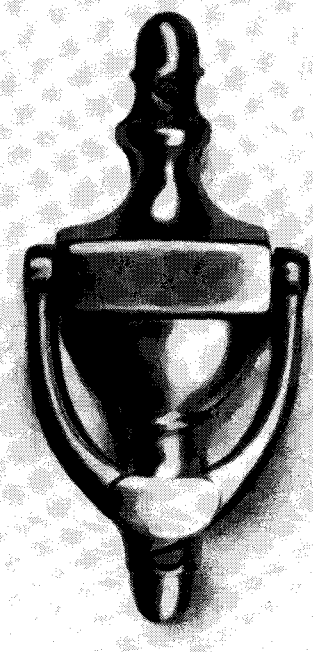
women

adults



homes



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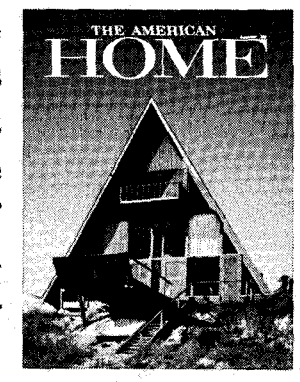

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The FA test is sparing thousands the painful—and sometimes crippling—injections for rabies.

Killer Bugs in Brookline, Massachusetts, 22 physicians were asked to diagnose the sore throats they saw in 605 patients. Their bedside diagnoses missed one out of every three strep throats.

Conventional laboratory tests provide clinching evidence of a strep throat, but the tests take two to four days, and some doctors don't bother with them. An eight-year-old whom we'll call Johnny Black is a victim of such neglect. When Johnny developed a fever of 103 degrees, a stuffy nose and a cough, his doctor prescribed a liquid antibiotic for three days, instead of the 10 days rheumatic-fever experts advise. Two weeks later Johnny was feverish again, his knees and ankles tender and swollen. Johnny's heart is permanently damaged by his bout with rheumatic fever.

A boy we'll call Donald Sammis, a third-grader in a school in Dade County, Florida, fared better. Don awakened one morning a few months ago with a headache, a dry throat and a fever of 103. His mother kept him in bed, and a public-health nurse came over to take a swab of his throat. By three in the afternoon the family doctor was told that the swab was teeming with streptococci. Two days later Don was back in school; his penicillin treatment was continued. He did not develop rheumatic fever.

Don is a beneficiary of a pilot program run in three Dade County elementary schools by Miami's National Children's Cardiac Hospital and financed by the Federal Government. Every time a youngster is absent from school with a fever or sore throat, a public-health nurse goes to his home and takes a throat swab, which is examined for strep in an FA test at the hospital laboratory. If the sample is positive, the child's doctor is asked to start treatment immediately.

Diagnosing Via the Mail

Similar programs to wipe out rheumatic fever have been started recently by more than half a dozen states and cities. These programs offer free diagnosis to doctors who mail throat swabs to central laboratories. In Connecticut and in a five-county area in Colorado, the process is speeded by telephoning the doctor whenever a positive diagnosis turns up. The state heart association pays for toll calls.

Another disease which the FA test quickly detects is rabies. Although not so prevalent a health menace as rheumatic fever, its treatment causes a great deal of suffering. Two million Americans a year are bitten by animals. Of these, 32,000 must take the painful rabies treatment, involving daily injections for two weeks. One in 700 persons reacts badly to rabies vaccine, with permanent paralysis an occasional result.

Before a fluorescent-antibody test for rabies was developed by the U.S. Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center, laboratories had two tests to determine whether an animal was rabid. The first was often inconclusive and the second took two weeks or more. Two weeks is too long to wait before starting rabies shots.

"Without the FA test," says a state public-health official, "I recently would have had to recommend immediate injections for a five-year-old girl bitten by the family dog. But the FA test enabled us to tell her parents within a day that the dog was not rabid."

When diagnostic tools are faulty, tragedy can result. This tragedy is compounded with a disease like gonorrhea, in which one infected person may set up a chain reaction to involve hundreds. In its early stages the disease is usually unnoticed by women; laboratory examination of a vaginal smear takes as long as 10 days and is not always conclusive.

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

"We've been cut off."

Last year a prostitute in a large West Coast city unknowingly contracted gonorrhea. She infected a 16-year-old boy, a member of a gang of 19 high-school boys, all from middle-class families. Most of them were intimate with a 15-year-old girl. Within a few weeks the girl and nine of the boys had gonorrhea.

"We have been helpless to prevent the spread of gonorrhea in cases like this without a quick way of spotting the infected woman," says an official of the Communicable Disease Center's Venereal Disease Branch. "With the thirty-minute fluorescent-antibody test developed in our CDC laboratories, we think we've finally got a potent weapon."

The FA technique is based on the antigen-antibody reaction. Antigens belong to the army which invades the body when infectious disease strikes us; antibodies are the defenders our bodies manufacture to repel them. Nature has designed each antibody to stick to its own antigen, just as snugly as two spoons fit together. Streptococcus antibody is tailored to battle strep antigen; staphylococcus antibody fights staph antigen.

The process remained invisible until a way was found to illuminate the antigen and the antibody as they cling together. Suppose a laboratory wants to learn whether the throat swab from a sick child contains streptococcus bacteria. After dropping the swab in a nutrient broth for a couple of hours, the technician smears it on a slide. Then he adds a few drops of strep-antibody solution, which has been treated to make it fluorescent.

If the throat swab contains strep germs, the antibodies will be drawn to them within an hour, and will stick to them even when the slide is washed. Under a microscope using fluorescent light the technician will see the illuminated germs glowing pale green, like a string of neon lights. Germs so thinly scattered would be virtually invisible without their fluorescent "taillights." If the throat swab and slide contain no strep for the fluorescent antibodies to latch onto, washing the slide will flush the antibodies away, and nothing will show up under the microscope.

No one is more pleased about the success of the fluorescent-antibody technique than its originator, Dr. Albert H. Coons. He has been passionately curious about antibodies for more than 20 years. As a young research doctor at Harvard Medical School in 1939, he wanted to learn more about their role in rheumatic fever. But a tool was lacking—the ability to see antibodies in human tissue. Doctor Coons wondered if there weren't some way of dyeing an antibody, or lighting it up so that it would be visible under the microscope. Luckily, other young scientists were working on complementary projects in the same building.

"Down in the basement," recalls Coons, "were two young fellows already hooking fluorescent compounds to proteins. Antibodies are proteins; so these fellows offered to couple their fluorescein to my antibodies. A few floors up another colleague was constructing a fluorescent microscope for kidney research. I ran up and down the stairs all day."

Coons worked out the new technique during the 1940's. His sphere, however, is pure science; the job of applying his findings fell to the scientists of the Communicable Disease Center. They have developed fluorescent-antibody tests to spot streptococcus, rabies, syphilis, gonorrhea and *Escherichia coli*, the germ which commonly causes epidemic diarrhea.

Rogues' Gallery of Bugs

The future? FA tests are being developed against a rogues' gallery of lethal bugs which cause diphtheria, influenza, typhoid, polio, meningitis, whooping cough, malaria, amoebic dysentery and three menaces with tongue-twisting names—histoplasmosis, toxoplasmosis and blastomycosis. Tests should soon be available to spot 50 major disease-producing organisms of the 1000 known to man. FA is even turning up lethal germs hitherto unknown. Already it has found a microbe—the Eaton agent—which causes about one out of 10 cases of serious respiratory illness in children.

Doctor Coons, who now does research for the American Heart Association, calls the fluorescent-antibody technique "a new way of looking at the world." Many scientists think that its value as a research tool may eventually outweigh its contribution to the diagnosis of disease. A fertile field is the host of human diseases whose causes are unknown or only dimly understood. Prominent among these are cancer, rheumatoid arthritis and rheumatic heart disease. (Although the strep germs are strongly implicated in rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, the mechanism isn't yet understood.)

Because of the fluorescent light which first glowed green under Doctor Coons's microscope, you can expect to recover more quickly from some diseases, and avoid catching others altogether. Someday his laboratory detective may illuminate many still-dark areas in man's knowledge of how his body functions in sickness and health. **THE END**

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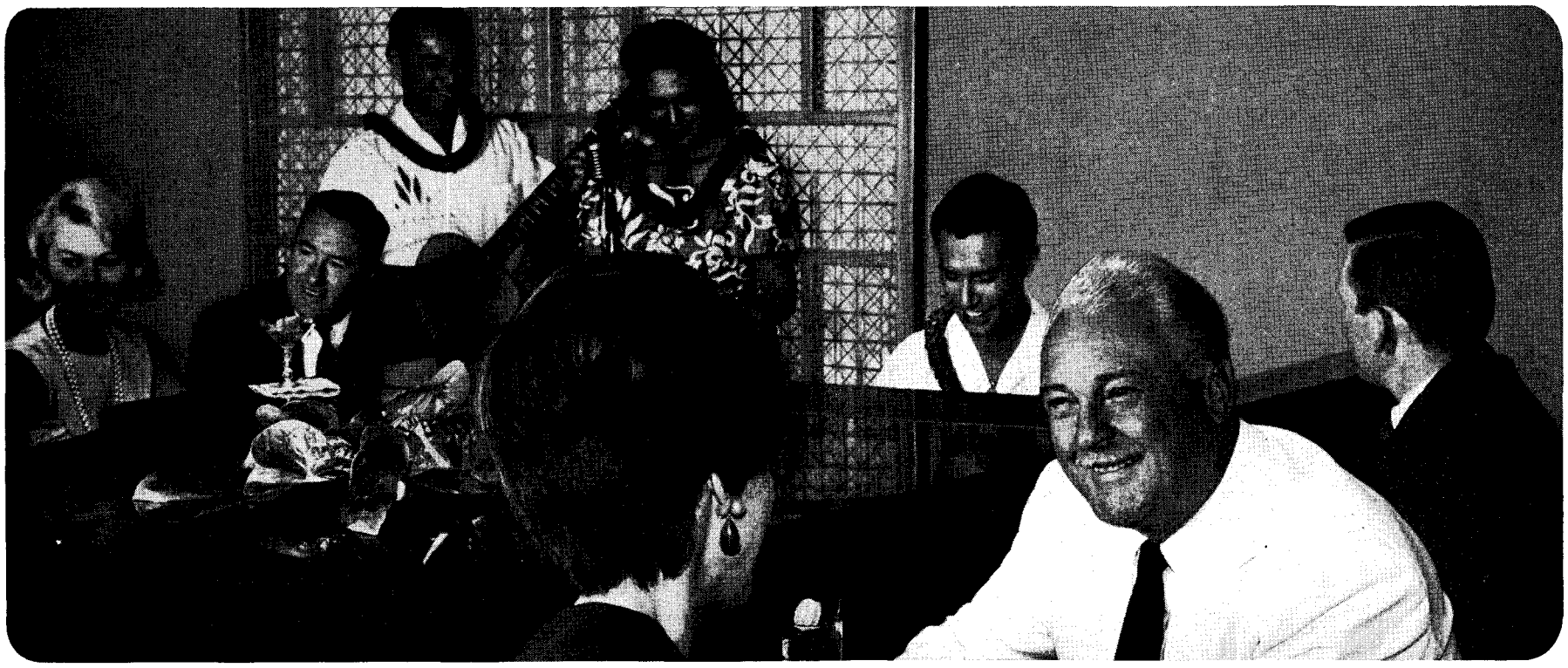

"Matson is the Vacation Way to Hawaii," says Charles Farrell

"I'm an up-and-at-'em sort. I like 'things' happening from sun-up to sun-up. And I find what I like on Matson. Take golf. I've played with the big names on the best courses. But I hadn't gone the distance until I drove my first bucket of balls off the ranges on a Matson resort-liner.

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Cuba Under Communist Rule

Despite hardships and police-state tactics, many still call Castro a hero. An American reporter's revealing, firsthand impressions.

By RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES

The author questions a Castro aide.

The U.S.'s Dilemma

For more than half a century Americans have looked on Cuba with a special mixture of affection and concern. American troops helped liberate the island from Spain, American business helped make it one of the most prosperous islands in the Caribbean, American tourists frolicked at its beaches and casinos. To many Americans the triumph of Fidel Castro's revolution in 1959 seemed a welcome relief from the Batista dictatorship and children even made a fad of wearing wispy Castro beards.

Castro himself changed all that, first by mass executions of his enemies, then by expropriating American firms, then by announcing last spring that he was a "Marxist-Leninist." In this shift to Communism, Castro has had solid support from Nikita Khrushchev, millions in economic aid, tons of arms, and even thousands of Russian military "technicians." The establishment of a Communist beachhead in the Caribbean has naturally worried Cuba's neighbors, and many Americans are openly debating the question of intervening under the Monroe Doctrine (see editorial, page 86).

What is Cuba really like today? Virtually no Americans have been allowed to report freely from Cuba in recent months. Just before the current Soviet military shipments, however, Ruth Sheldon Knowles spent four weeks on the island, traveling more widely than any other American correspondent, and talking to Cubans in all walks of life. Mrs. Knowles, an oil expert rather than a political expert, knows both the language and life of Cuba from working there from 1951 to 1959. This is her personal account of her stay. —*THE EDITORS.*

I don't think I really felt any fear until the plane wheels touched down at Havana airport. Back home in Tulsa people had asked if I wasn't afraid to go to Cuba, and I had shrugged off the question. My nine-year-old daughter Nora would joke with our friends: "Do you know why Castro isn't going to shoot Mommy at dawn? Because she doesn't get up that early!" The refusal of any insurance company to insure my life for the trip had been less amusing, but I was too excited about going to Cuba to worry much about that. Only now, with the plane rolling to a stop in Havana, did I permit my mind to think about the dangers of such a trip.

By the time I left, I knew that Castro's Cuba is indeed ruled by a combination of police power and demagoguery. I also found some things quite different from what I expected.

- There are food shortages, but I found nobody actually starving.
- Bureaucracy and bungling have made a mess of the economy, but I found no sign of collapse.
- Castro has virtually destroyed the middle class that helped bring him to power, but I found that many people still consider him a hero.

My introduction to Castro's police state came a few minutes after I checked into an ocean-view room at the Hotel Havana Riviera. An armed militiaman appeared and apologetically made a token search of my luggage. He was looking for bombs. Havana probably has the only resort hotels in the world where desk clerks and even newsstand girls dress in army uniform, with sidearms, for their weekly volunteer militia duty.

Havana looks more empty than before. Most of the 300,000 people who have fled Cuba since Castro took over were from the capital. And there are fewer cars on the streets—a lack of American spare parts has demobilized an estimated 40 percent of the city's automobiles. Still, the men and woman look as neatly dressed as always as they patronize the many coffee bars and crowd around the vendors of sweets.

The lack of commercial billboards made the city look different. The bill-

Brooding figure of José Martí, Cuba's 19th-century revolutionary hero, overshadows Castro reviewing a rally.

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Lenin said revolution relies on women. Castro has given them new jobs and army uniforms.

At a rehabilitation center former prostitutes tend their children—and mend uniforms for prisoners.

boards are still there, but now they say things like To Be Cultured Is to Be Free or Patria o Muerte, Venceremos (Fatherland or Death, We Will Win). This last exhortation is heard everywhere—secretaries say it when they answer office phones, letters are signed with it, and any slightly critical remark about Castro is answered with this phrase.

Evidences of Cuba's ties to other Communist countries are everywhere. In the dock area, buildings are draped with Russian and Cuban flags, given equal prominence. The young women who roam the streets in militia uniforms, carrying rifles and sidearms, are wearing Czech army pants. (With big side pockets, they do very little for the figure.) The mirrors of the hotel beauty shop were decorated with paper Russian flags.

My hotel was teeming with foreign visitors, most of them "invitados," guests invited and paid for by the Cuban government to be shown the "progress and blessings of socialism" in the Western Hemisphere. (I was not one of these, of course. I paid my own way.) There were Australians, Canadians, Belgians, Frenchmen, Africans in their strange costumes, as well as Russians, Red Chinese, Czechs and Poles. Cuba seems to be the Communist crossroads of the world these days.

Communism, however, has not made Havana lose all its gaiety. Cubans love music, they love to have a good time, and no political regime is likely to change that. Many resort hotels have been turned into schools, but some try to keep up the tourist atmosphere, despite frayed carpets and bath towels. Restaurants are always crowded—this is one way to get around food rationing. And on weekends, cabanas, swimming pools and nightclubs are full. It isn't night life as it once was known in Havana. Castro has closed the gambling casinos and the notorious brothels. Showgirls wear more than they used to, and there is propaganda in the floor shows—Russian and Chinese dance numbers are done with typical Cuban verve. One place I visited featured an anti-American number in which a white-robed Ku Klux Klan chorus line did the rumba.

Warm Reception — at First

My first experience with Cuba's officials was pleasant. I was warmly received at the Foreign Ministry when I presented my credentials. The press director told me I was free to go anywhere in the country and talk to anyone.

Fine. But later I was tipped off that G-2, the secret police, thought I was a CIA agent, that my room was bugged, all my telephone calls were being monitored and I was being followed. Naturally I had expected to be investigated, but it was an uncomfortable feeling to be thought of as a spy. I felt like a character in a paperback novel and every time I entered my room I wondered where the microphone might be hidden. I looked in the air-conditioning unit—which didn't work—and in the radio, but found nothing. But the warning gave me an understanding of the fear with which the average Cuban lives. I did not feel free to express opinions. Even when talking to people from the free world, I was always looking over my shoulder.

On my very first interview I learned that the free rein I had been promised by the Foreign Ministry was worthless. I called on Salvador Sala, director of the Cuban Petroleum Institute, and asked to visit some refineries. Señor Sala was friendly but said he could not permit me to visit refineries, or discuss oil with me at all, without specific permission from the Ministry of Industry. I made several visits to the Ministry of Industry and finally was told that nobody was permitted to visit industrial plants or interview directors of government companies. So I was free to talk to anybody, but nobody was free to talk to me.

Appeal to "Ché" Guevara

There was only one way to blast through this wall of government opposition and that was by direct appeal to Ernesto "Ché" Guevara, the ardent Communist who had been the brains of the Castro revolution. He was now Minister of Industry, the most important man in Cuba next to Fidel. I sent Guevara an $11 telegram and asked his help.

I also asked an influential Cuban to intercede for me personally with Guevara. He had a chance to do so one day as he was cutting sugarcane in the same field with Guevara; both were volunteer workers. This approach, together with the telegram, worked, and Guevara issued orders that I should be permitted to inspect plants and interview officials. Soon I was on my way across Cuba, talking to all kinds of people—farmers, fishermen, oilmen, scientists, schoolchildren, educators—and seeing the places where they lived and worked.

Even in Havana it had been obvious to me that there was a food shortage. Restaurant menus offer little choice, and nothing is well cooked because there is no butter, no olive oil, no cooking oil. Bread, rice and potatoes are plentiful, and Cubans are gaining weight as a result, but meats, dairy products and vegetables are scarce. Food is rationed, and when a housewife takes her ration book to the supermarket, she never knows what it will buy. Eggs are there one day, then disappear for weeks.

But it wasn't until I got out of Havana and into the Cuban countryside that I realized how grave the food problems are. Even though Cuba imported 30 percent of its food before the revolution, its agricultural economy was expanding rapidly because of a favorable climate, plenty of productive land and a good supply of labor. Under Castro, food imports have been reduced by a third, but Cuba's farms have failed to make up the difference. Rather, production has declined because of poor use of land and a lack of farm workers. The situation has been made worse by the most severe drought since 1906. "Even God is on Kennedy's side," say the Cubans.

Castro's first plan for Cuban agriculture was the state farm, the classic Communist model, which he calls "people's farms." He expropriated large sugar and cattle estates and created 300 state farms. He also tried to band together independent farmers in collectives, but the peasants resisted, just as they have in every Communist country. Production on the collectives was poor, as farmers

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tilled a small piece of land and kept a few animals on the side. Recently Castro announced an intensified campaign to nationalize all farms. This has never worked successfully in a Communist country—there is no particular reason to think it will work in Cuba.

However, in my opinion, Castro has improved life considerably for Cuba's half million sugarcane workers. Once they were employed only three or four months a year; they could not earn enough money in this time to provide food for the rest of the year, and they lived in hunger and squalor. Castro put 100,000 of these people to work on the expropriated cattle and sugar plantations, on a year-round basis.

Inside a Cuban State Farm

I visited one of these model state farms, about which visitors from Communist countries have enthused, and wondered if they noted, as I did, that the well-kept cows were being milked by U.S.-made milking machines; that prize Canadian bulls were being used for artificial insemination; that Canadian turkey and hatching eggs were building up the poultry stock. "Before, this belonged to the imperialists, now it is ours," one worker told me.

In trying to solve one problem, however, Castro created another. Now there is a shortage of sugarcane workers. Sugar is Cuba's main export, almost its only export, once mostly to the United States, now to the Soviet bloc. This sugarcane must be cut, and getting that job done has been the regime's biggest headache this year. Government workers and their families were exhorted to go to the fields. On Saturdays and Sundays fleets of transport trucks would leave Havana at 4:30 in the morning to take volunteers to the cane fields.

I joined a volunteer brigade one Sunday and found a picnic atmosphere in the fields. Men, women and children were singing. Unfortunately, all the willingness in the world cannot replace skill. The sugar concentrate is in the bottom two inches of the stalk. If you cut the cane too high you miss a valuable part of this concentrate; if you cut too low the root is damaged. How much of Cuba's sugar crop has been ruined by the weekend machete wielding of city volunteers remains to be seen. This year's harvest, less than 5,000,000 tons, was 1,000,000 tons short of the average for the last five years and less than Cuba's barter commitments to the Communist bloc.

In return for sugar, Russia supplies all Cuba's wheat and large amounts of rice, potatoes, beans, lard, canned meat, milk and fish, not to mention military equipment. Russia, Czechoslovakia and Poland have sent thousands of trucks, tractors, jeeps, buses and machinery of all kinds. Cubans complain, however, that there is never enough of anything and that quality is poor. In several cities I saw women in queues in front of department stores, waiting to buy dress material.

A joke currently going the rounds, which even government officials enjoy telling, concerns a Cuban newspaperman who had been in New York. On his return he went to see Castro, who asked him how things were in the States. "Fidel, you wouldn't believe it," the newspaperman said. "There's no progress. They have ham. They have butter. They have spare parts for their cars, and nylons and Chiclets. Why, they're just where we were three years ago!"

Cuba's dependence on her Communist allies is even greater in industry than in agriculture. Soviet technicians are running the island's two formerly American nickel plants, and the Cubans claim they are in full production. In Santiago de Cuba I saw a large plant, equipped with Czech machinery, ready to start manufacturing nuts, bolts and rings. Across the road another plant, also Czech-equipped, was ready to produce cutlery.

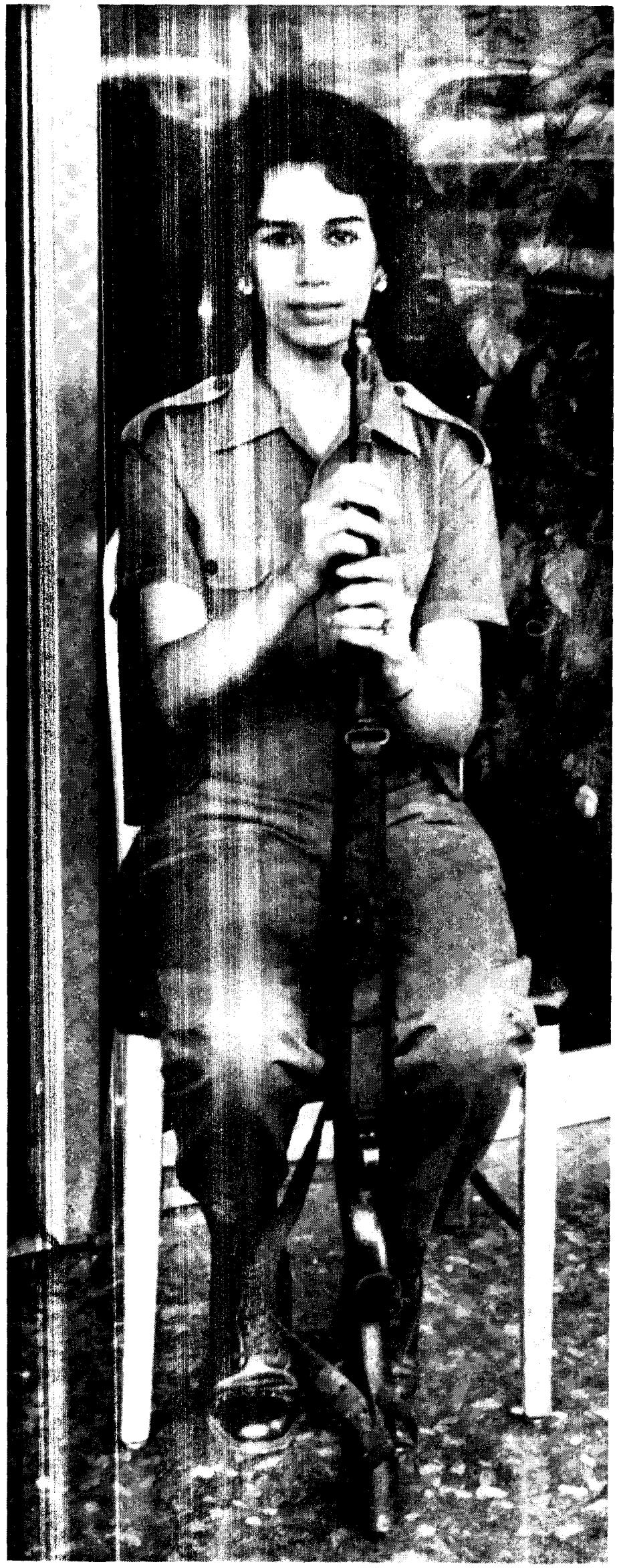
Russians are furiously at work looking for oil in Cuba. Dr. Augusto Enriquez, a physician who is director of the Cuban Mineral Resources Institute, told me, "Oil exploration has first priority as far as the government is concerned." Two Soviet seismograph boats are at work off the north coast of Cuba, rechecking preliminary exploration work done by American and British oil companies. Doctor Enriquez showed me a contract for two Soviet deep-drilling rigs, valued at $4,500,000, which will be shipped to Cuba for offshore exploration. Two Romanian rigs arrived a year ago. Together with eight rigs expropriated from American companies, they have been drilling exploration wells. So far all they have found are dry holes. I also visited the Jatibonico oil field, which I had helped to find in 1955. For years it produced, but now only a few wells were still pumping in a sugarcane field. Many geologists believe there are major oil deposits in Cuba, or off its shores, but they are extremely tricky to find.

Not all Cuban industry is run by East European technicians. Cubans are now operating the three refineries that were expropriated from American firms. Despite predictions that these refineries, designed to take Venezuelan crude oil, would not run on Russian crude, which has a high sulfur and salt content that erodes refining equipment, they are running—not smoothly, but they are running. Russian crude does wear out the equipment, but Cubans are now making their own spare parts from special steels sent from Russia. They are so proud of this achievement that they held an exhibition of spare parts. They are even prouder of the fact that Cubans, not Russians, are working these refineries.

Where Cubans Get Machinery

All around the island new plants are starting to make picks and shovels, fence wire, ceramics, pencils, fertilizer, textiles, antibiotics, crackers, shoes, spark plugs, cans, bicycles, plywood, plastic items and radio and television sets. Some of the machinery for these new plants comes from Communist countries but some also comes from France, Italy, Japan and England.

This new industrial effort is still in its infancy, however, and it is hampered by incredible government bureaucracy and inefficiency. As a European diplomat commented, "They have perfect disorganization." Or as an official from another South American country, who was organizing a new department, told me, "I



A volunteer militia girl sits out her weekly stint on guard duty outside the Petroleum Institute in Havana.

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"Tell the Americans that I hope someday they, too, will be free and have the same freedom we now have in Cuba."

have just been given two Cuban assistants; it has cut my efficiency in half."

One ministry doesn't know what another is doing. There is great duplication of work. Dock warehouses are filled with goods nobody knows are there. For example, 14 badly needed refrigeration trucks from Hungary sat in a warehouse for two months before they were discovered. Fifty buses were paralyzed for 21 days because of red tape encountered in trying to find a certain kind of wood to make a mold for a spare part. In the time they sat idle they could have earned $70,000.

Castro publicly admits the government's deficiencies and tells the people that they are being corrected, while he urges them on to further sacrifices. "Oh, these things of the revolution! Don't we know them," he said recently. "No revolutionary knows all when he begins to make a revolution. On the contrary, he knows very little and he has to learn as he goes, by difficulties and mistakes." With the carrot of new industries, new jobs, a better future held out before them—and the club of police harassment and possible imprisonment held over them—the people go along with Fidel.

The Opponents Still Fight

I don't mean that there is no opposition to Castro. Apart from the 300,000 who have fled Cuba, there are reported to be about 500 guerrilla fighters in the mountains, where Castro himself once hid from Batista, and occasionally the government reports that counterrevolutionaries have been shot in skirmishes in the countryside. There has been some sabotage in the form of burning sugarcane fields.

I saw a subtle form of opposition one night in a movie house in Havana, where Hollywood's *Can Can* was playing. When a Cuban newsreel came on, there was dutiful applause for the statements of Castro, the "Maximum Leader." But when Castro left the screen and the American movie began, the audience applauded wildly, stamped and whistled. A few nights later the audience was infiltrated by militiamen and women in uniform. When the same demonstration began, they rose to their feet shouting "*Gusanos!*" (the Spanish word for "worms" and the Cuban word for "counterrevolutionaries"). "*Gusanos!* Will you sell the Fatherland for Frank Sinatra?" Next day the government closed the theater.

Castro's police system makes organized resistance extremely difficult. In addition to the regular army, the G-2 (secret police) and the armed volunteer militia, there are 1,000,000 members of the Committee in Defense of the Revolution. Members of this committee handle ration books and other routine chores, but one of their big jobs is to inform on their fellow citizens—to report anti-government remarks, malingering on the job, deliberate absenteeism or any other activity that could possibly be called "counterrevolutionary." In effect, Castro has one Cuban out of every seven watching his countrymen.

The secret police are greatly feared. They are young zealots who are eager to make a record of arrests and who use no judgment. And there is little justice in the Cuban courts.

While I was in Cuba a man wanted to sell a lithographing machine and advertised it in the newspapers. Shortly after he sold it he was arrested as a counterrevolutionary because the person who bought the machine used it to print antigovernment material. When the former owner protested his innocence in court, the judge said, "Oh, everybody has a story like that. Seven years!"

No one knows how many political opponents Castro has thrown into prison, certainly thousands, on the Isle of Pines and elsewhere throughout Cuba.

The church offers little hope for opposition. In strange ways Cubans have managed to mix Catholicism with Communism. In its simplest form, this combination is to be seen in the many workers' homes in which a picture of Fidel Castro is enshrined next to a statue of the Virgin Mary. I talked at length with a priest who told me, "The church is weak in Cuba. We do not say anything against Communism and we have suspended publication of our magazine. Things are at an impasse. The church is just waiting. However, a phenomenon is that the '*gusanos*' who have been without faith have now come back into the church. There are more people coming to church than ever before. They feel it is a refuge and it is one way of showing they are against the government."

Nobody can tell with any accuracy how many Cubans are for or against Castro, but even though Castro rules by force, I am convinced that he also has much popular support among farmers, workers, students, many of whom have benefited from his regime. On the outskirts of a fishing village on the southern coast, a strapping country woman in an army uniform hitched a ride into town in my car. When she learned I was an American, she said, "You can tell your people that you rode with a woman who fought, along with my husband and sons, in the rebel army with Fidel in the mountains. Also tell the Americans that I hope someday they, too, will be free and have the same freedom we now have in Cuba."

If this seems an incredible statement, perhaps it is explained by some of the changes that Castro has introduced.

To Study Is a Cuban Duty

He has built homes for the former sugar workers who operate the state farms. In the cities, according to government claims, 10,000 apartments and houses are being built each year.

In education, Castro makes the extraordinary claim that he has reduced illiteracy from 23.6 percent to 3.9 percent. He says he has built 907 new schools, two thirds of them in rural areas. The educational drive is not confined to youth. At every new construction project I visited, temporary classrooms were set up where workers attended classes from six until eight A.M., before starting a 10-hour workday.

At a mass rally I heard Castro exhort students, "What is your duty in this battle?" They shouted with one voice, "To study!" and he repeated after them, "To study! To study! To study!" and they broke into applause. I came away from this rally with the feeling that Castro was as great a spellbinder as Hitler and that he used the people's desperate desire for education as one of his main baits.

Women: Castro Counts on Them

Another reason for Castro's popularity is his elevation of women to something resembling equal status. Lenin wrote, "The success of a revolution depends on the degree of participation which the woman has in it," and Castro has pressed this point. Militia women may look funny in their outsized Czech army pants, but they walk with a swagger of new self-confidence. The Cuban Federation of Women has built and staffed a great many day nurseries so mothers can work or go to school. In one school where mechanics, riveters and other industrial workers were being trained, 350 of the 791 students were women.

I visited a school in Camagüey, central Cuba, where efforts are being made to rehabilitate prostitutes. This cattle-and-sugar-mill town once had a prostitute population of around 700. The government persuaded 200 of them, ages 14 to 45, to take up residence in a former Catholic home for the aged. There they are taught basic education, handicrafts and stenography. At first there was a bit of trouble because the girls kept slipping back to town to ply their trade in the bars, but the government stopped this by nationalizing the bars. The former ladies of the evening now spend their time learning to sew and type. Their children, 46 of them, live on an adjoining estate, confiscated from a wealthy Cuban, and are brought to their mothers after six P.M. In the mothers' dormitories, beds alternate with cribs. One 17-year-old girl told me, "This is a new life, and I will never go back to the old one." But it jarred me when I was told what the sewing class was doing—mending uniforms for political prisoners.

These girls and many other Cubans have reason to look upon Castro as a hero but this does not mean there is no opposition to him. I was surprised by the number of Cubans who spoke against the government, saying such things as, "This is a worse dictatorship than Batista's." But they accept it, so far at least, and they see no alternative, unless there is another invasion. I was asked several times, and I was never sure whether the question was put jokingly or not, "When is the next Yankee invasion coming, *por favor* (please)?"

I found the Cuban people friendly to me personally. No one was openly hostile, and in the plaza of Santiago de Cuba I even had to hold an autograph party for junior-high-school students when they found out I was an American. "We love the American people. It is only the American government which is against us," was an explanation I encountered rather frequently.

The Cuban fondness for things American confuses and annoys Cuba's Russian sponsors. Nor is that all they find baffling about the peculiar form of Communism practiced in Cuba. They have no appreciation for the light Cuban touch, so different from their own plodding ways. I came upon this marvelous scene in the government export-license office: An old woman and an official were having a long discussion about her request to send a bongo drum to her son in Miami. She explained that the boy had left Cuba because he was opposed to Castro but that he was feeling very lonely because he did not have his bongo drum. The Cuban official sympathized—(how could a Cuban in exile live without his bongo drum?) and granted the permit.

But, puzzled and irritated as they may be with the Cubans at times, the Russians are going to pour more money, technicians and military supplies into Cuba. For they know that Cuba is their only beachhead in the western hemisphere and that Castro, like him or not, is fully in charge of that beachhead.

We had better understand this too. If we simply denounce Castro and make no attempt to understand what he offers the Cuban people—a few specific achievements, a sense of national dignity and a large store of hope—then we will fail to understand what he offers to the rest of Latin America. If we are to combat Castro's revolution, we must combine the spirit of our own revolution of 1776 with our 20th-century technological revolution, and export this spirit and these accomplishments to Latin America.

How Castro Wins the Masses

I understood Castro's appeal better after I attended a mass rally in Havana. Most of the crowd of 70,000 were students from the new state schools. Castro spoke for more than an hour and held them almost hypnotized. He left no appeal to their emotions untouched. He hammered away at the advantages the government was giving them—education in schools made from the homes of millionaires who did not believe in the "humble people," millionaires who hope to return to Cuba, with the help of "Yankee imperialism." The students shouted back, "*Si!*"

Four young girls near me collapsed from emotionalism and were carried out on stretchers. Another teen-ager was sobbing in the arms of friends, telling them she was an orphan and she must talk to Fidel, because he was mother and father to her. At the end of his speech she managed to break through the guards who had linked arms to protect him, and he hugged and kissed her as she sobbed out her emotions on his shoulder.

As Fidel Castro left the platform, these young boys and girls of Cuba rose to their feet and sang the Spanish words to the Communist "Internationale." It was hard for me to realize that the cause of freedom in the western hemisphere had actually come to this. **THE END**

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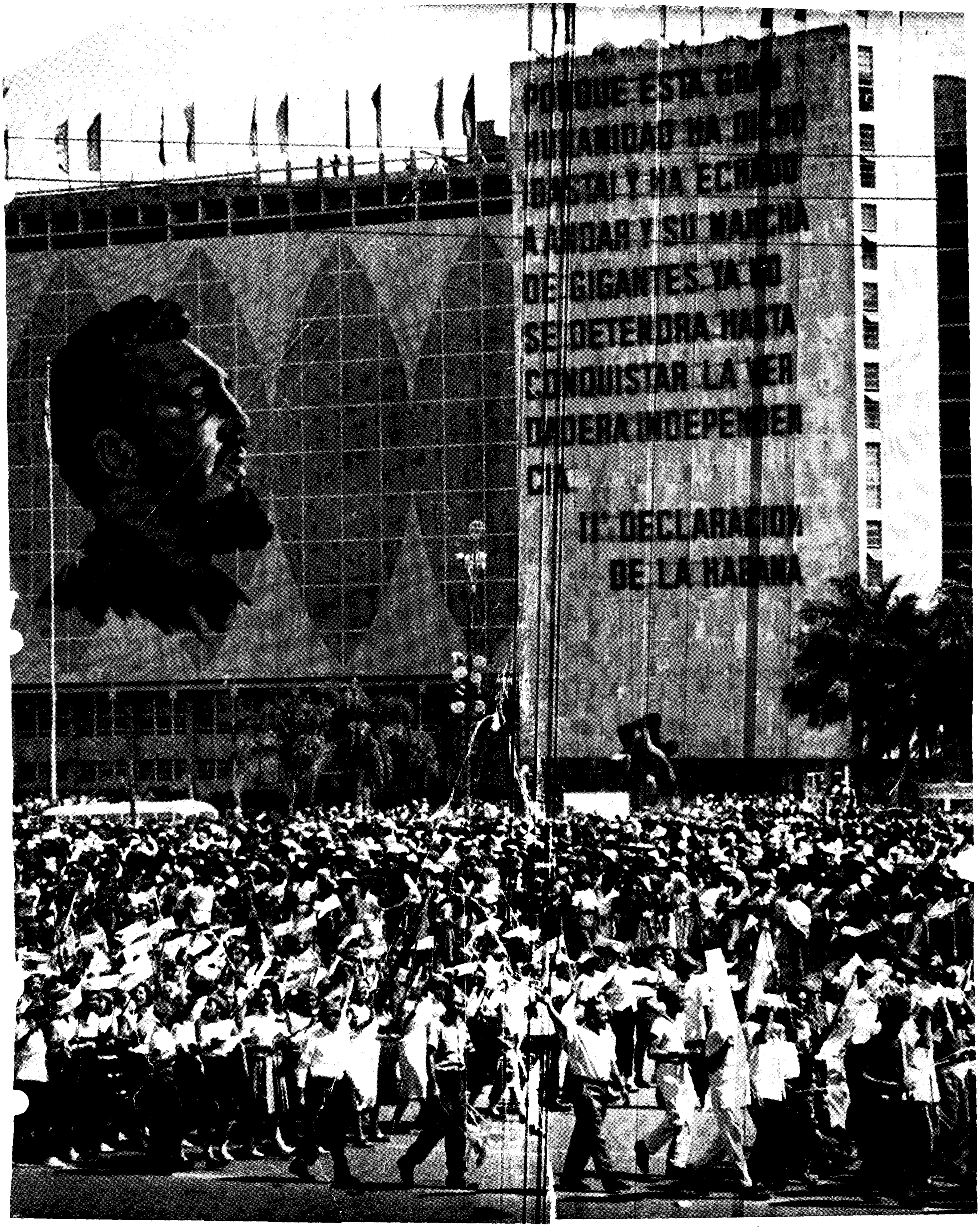

What Castro sees from his reviewing stand: Thousands of marchers troop past in a mass May Day parade.

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A Rational Policy Toward Cuba

It is only natural that the American people should be alarmed and excited by recent developments in Cuba. The appearance of Soviet rockets, "technicians" and other military paraphernalia so close to our shores is a deeply disturbing event. The picture of Communist regimentation of Cuban life painted by Mrs. Ruth Sheldon Knowles (p. 81) is repugnant to us.

The situation calls for hard thinking rather than emotional outburst. Our record in Cuba is a chronicle of miscalculations and wasted opportunities. We cannot afford another calamitous mistake. The best chance to choke off Castro, no doubt, was lost in 1958, shortly before he came to power. While he was still an outlaw, his guerrillas kidnapped 30 marines and sailors who were stationed at Guantanamo, and 20 civilians. The Navy wanted to intervene, figuring that a single division could wipe out Castro's flimsy force. But the State Department view—that military intervention in Cuba would lead to no end of troubles—prevailed, and the American consul at Santiago, Park Wollam, negotiated the safe return of the 50.

The Navy may well have been right. We might have stopped Castroism then and there, although probably at a sacrifice of 50 lives (including three Canadians), but we can't even be certain of that.

The Bay of Pigs invasion in the spring of 1961 might have succeeded if President Kennedy had helped the anti-Castro invasion with air support from our carriers. But what matters is what we ought to do now, and not what we might have done.

In recent weeks some pundits and politicians have been urging us to blockade Cuba or invade the island. Senators J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Homer Capehart of Indiana say we should invade Cuba. Senator Goldwater favors a "selective blockade." Former Vice President Richard Nixon, campaigning hard for the governorship of California, is for a "quarantine," an effort to isolate the island that could include a naval blockade, although Mr. Nixon is fuzzy on the details.

Instant experts on the Monroe Doctrine have been sprouting all over the place. They quote the portion of the doctrine that says "the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . We would consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. . . ." The doctrine is not dead, they say, and if we have the guts to enforce it, we certainly should run the Communists out of Cuba.

But, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, the Monroe Doctrine "was coupled with a renunciation of American interest in the Eastern Hemisphere: 'In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do.'" It is clear that the passage of time has rendered portions of the Monroe Doctrine obsolete, and the President's hands are not tied by that instrument.

As the campaign of 1962 draws to a climax, the clamor for stronger action on Cuba inevitably mounts. But every politician who shakes his fist and thunders against the sky for us to "do something about Cuba" should be required by his constituents to specify precisely what he would have us do. Otherwise, his thunder is nothing but demagoguery. Those who advocate a blockade are saying that we should stop Soviet ships, search them and dump into the sea whatever arms they carry. This may sound good, but it is an act of war. The pundits and the politicians who pronounce these words can put on their hats and go home. They have no responsibility for the consequences. But the President of the United States is responsible, and Congress has resolved to give him almost unlimited support in dealing with Cuba.

Those among us who shout "Invade Cuba!" toss off this phrase as if they were speaking of a maneuver or field exercise. But military experts in this country take a different view. They calculate that 10 or more U.S. infantry divisions would be required to make a Cuban invasion stick.

Throughout Latin America and throughout the world, the consequences of an invasion of Cuba are incalculable, no matter what some politicians may say. Khrushchev has rattled his nuclear weapons and threatened us with all-out war if we invade Cuba, and the State Department rightly has branded this bluster as an "obvious propaganda" move. But the President has to consider the global ramifications of our Cuban policy. Unlike his critics, he has to take into account the likelihood that any military action in Cuba will provoke a Communist reaction in Berlin, Turkey or South Korea, among others. He also has to take into account the wisdom of tying up the bulk of our military reserves in Cuba when trouble is likely to break out elsewhere in the world. (The standby authority granted him by Congress—to call up 150,000 reserves—is a gesture that will have little bearing on the present situation.)

In the light of all these considerations the President has announced our policy for the present. That policy is to keep Cuba "under the most careful surveillance," and "if at any time the Communist buildup in Cuba were to endanger or interfere with our security in any way, including our base at Guantanamo, our passage to the Panama Canal, *our* missile and space activities in Cape Canaveral or the lives of American citizens in this country, or if Cuba should ever attempt to export its aggressive purposes by force or the threat of force against any nation in this hemisphere or become an offensive military base of significant capacity for the Soviet Union, this country will do whatever *must* be done to protect its security and that of its allies."

There are many who have criticized this as a "weak policy" or "no policy at all." We think not. Unless further provocation occurs, it is the only sensible policy.

A Pyrrhic Victory for Teddy?

Well, Teddy won the Democratic nomination for the Senate, and we suppose that is all that matters in many minds. The voters of Massachusetts, to paraphrase a close relative of Teddy's, have made their judgment, and who can question the wisdom of the Democratic voters? Let us now close ranks, rally round the flag, remember Pearl Harbor and accept the verdict of the highest judge.

As far as we are concerned, the voters of Massachusetts made a mistake. They picked a charming, handsome, golden-voice youngster with a name—a man who is unqualified for such an exalted office. We don't know what will become of Eddie McCormack, but we will say one thing for him: He got off the best line of the primary during the first debate when he pointed to his opponent and said, "If his name was Edward Moore, his candidacy would be a joke—nobody is laughing—your name is Edward Moore Kennedy."

The way Teddy uses that name is an affront to the voters of Massachusetts, the White House and the Senate. His slogan, "He can do more for Massachusetts," is about as subtle as a sledge hammer. It is simply another way of saying that he would have more influence in Washington because he is a Kennedy. Teddy has already accomplished one thing, though. He has handed the Republicans a ready-made issue. As Stewart Alsop reported in THE MOOD OF AMERICA (*Post*, Sept. 22), the feeling that there are "too many Kennedys" in high places extends from coast to coast. How much difference it will make in Massachusetts will depend on Teddy's opponent, George Cabot Lodge, but Massachusetts is only a part of the picture. Republicans will be running on it all across the land.

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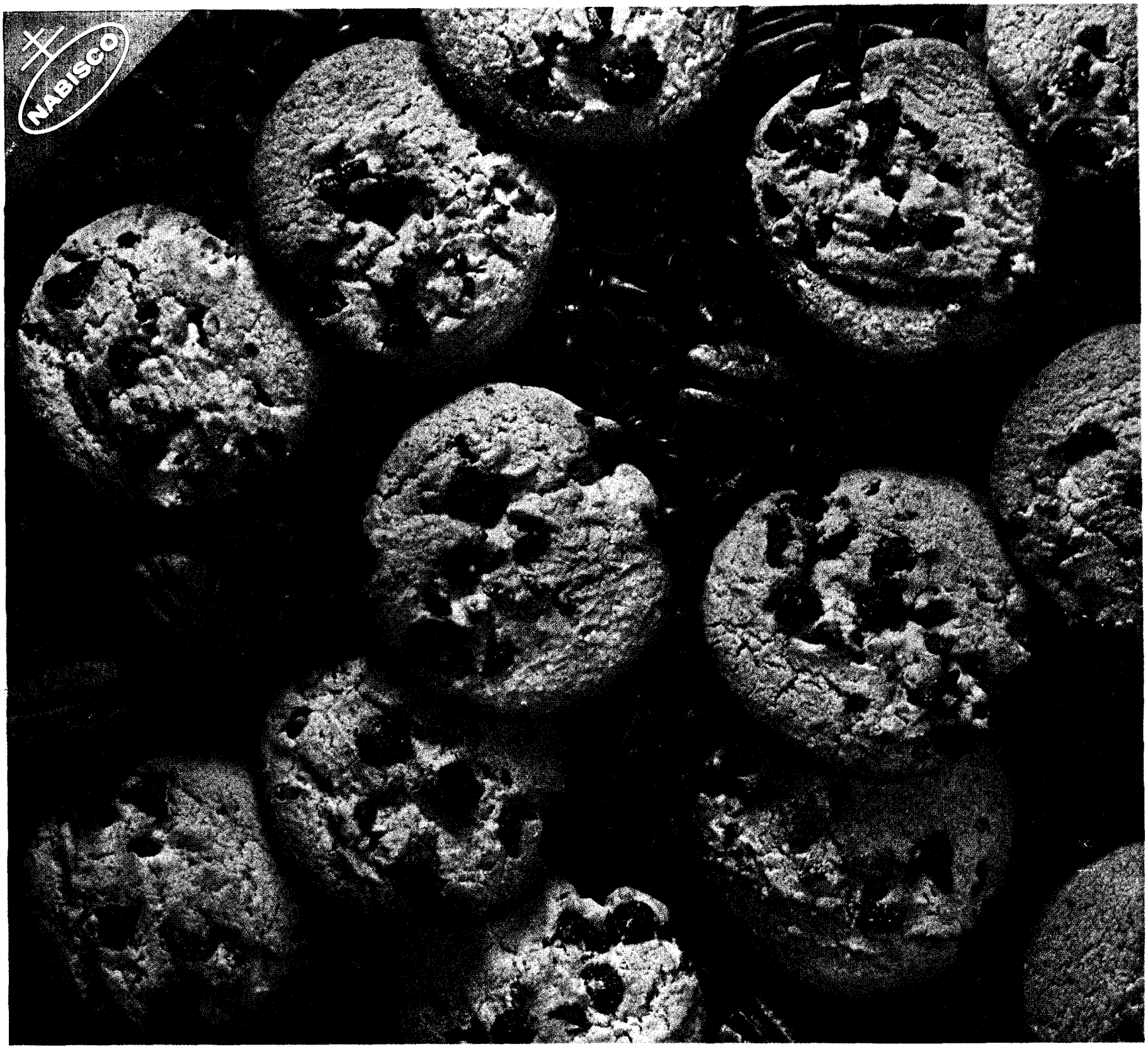

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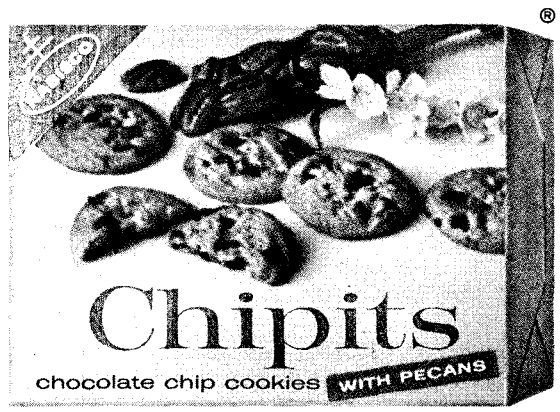

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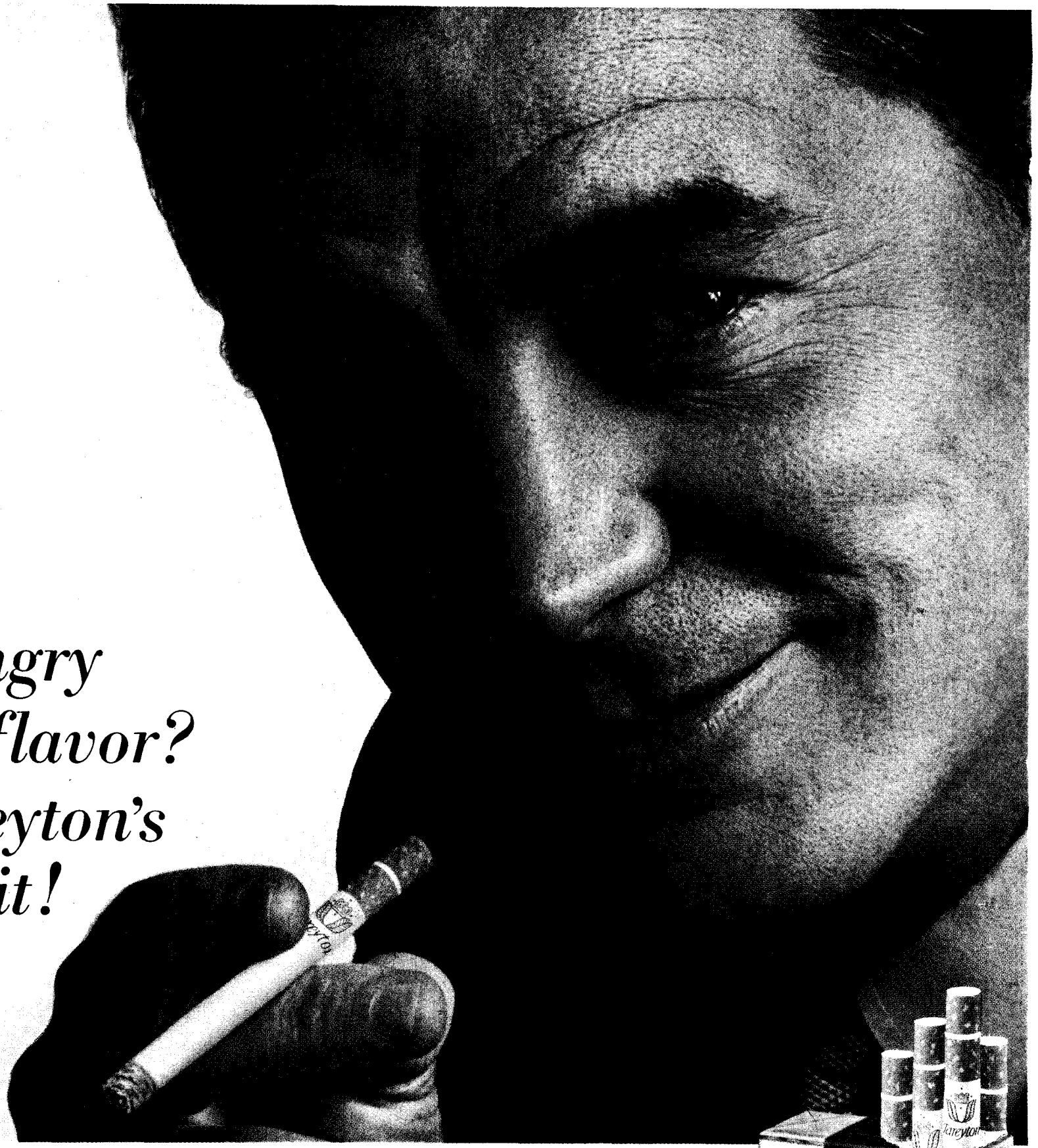

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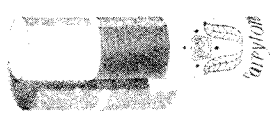

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